

Falling in love with Paris! Music, art, and style in the French capital.

XLR8R

111
OCTOBER
2007

...ATING MUSIC AND C...

Paris
ANNUAL CITY ISSUE



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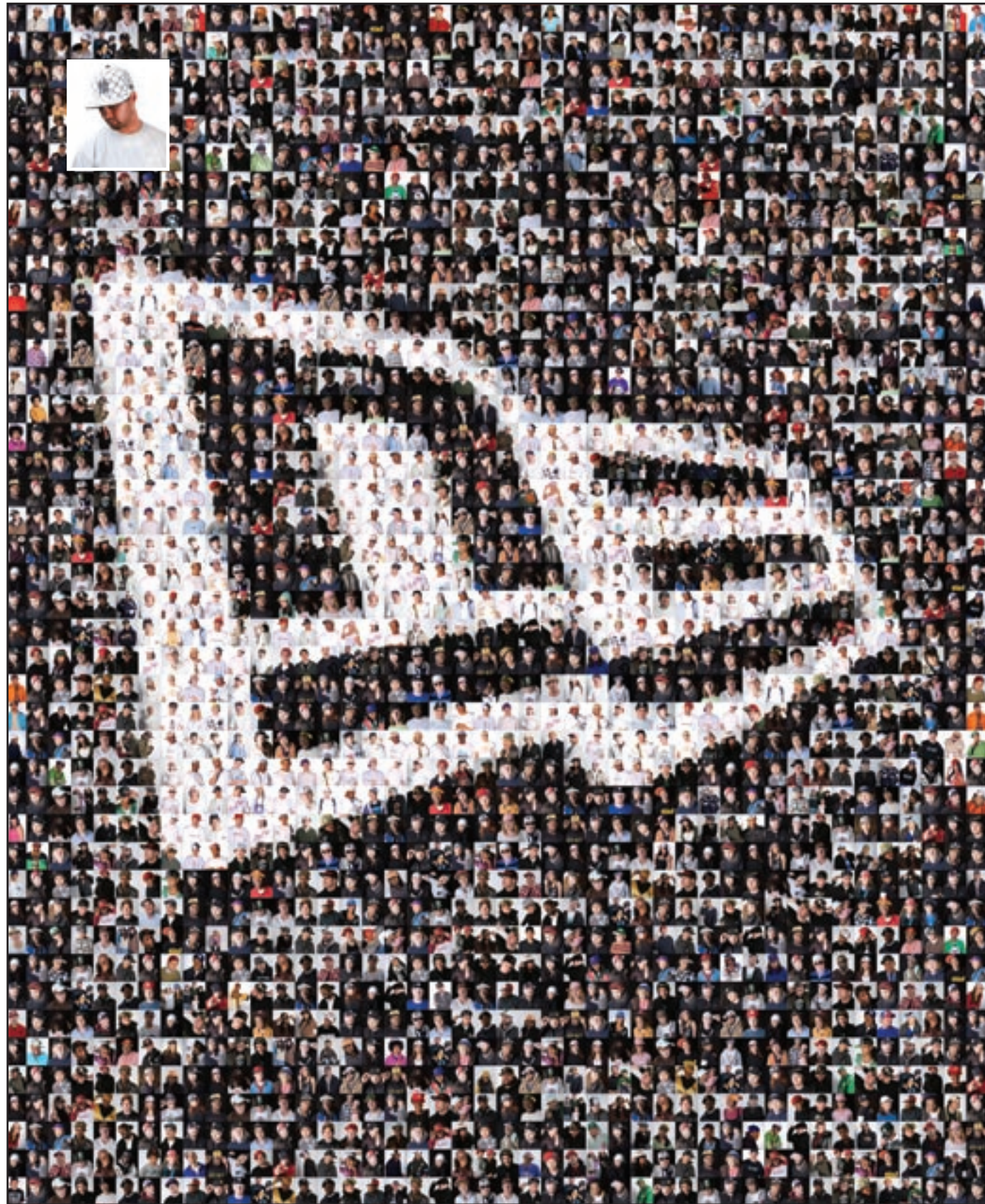
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Photograph of Cassius by Nigel Bennett. For more on French house go to page 50.

TOMMY DEWAR SAYS...

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ED'S RANT LET'S FRENCH



XLR8R Editor Vivian Host looking incredulous in front of Sacré Coeur. (Photo Andrew Taylor)

It happened kind of unexpectedly, but sometime late last year we realized that every other club anthem we were hearing had some connection to Paris. Reeling from the one-two punch of Justice's "Never Be Alone" and "Waters of Nazareth," we decided to put Ed Banger's distortion-loving posterboys on the cover of our Best of 2006 issue... but that was just the beginning.

In the months that followed, we kept hearing about the French capital, with TTC raging on American shores and Kitsuné 12's closing the rock/dance divide once and for all. Ex-ravers and new acolytes alike were snapping up Daft Punk tickets and rediscovering old Crydamour and Roulé records. And, for the first time since the French Touch years, people were coming back from the City of Lights raving about its club scene.

It was unanimous that people wanted to hear more about what was going on in Paris, so *voilà!* But there's way more inside than just "the new French house." Geneviève Gauckler and Fafi throw down great illustration, we get the lowdown on multi-disciplinary space Point Éphémère, and touch on some aspects of France's massive hip-hop scene. We also survey producers and labels that haven't gotten nearly enough shine, from the quirky party techno of the Circus Company camp to the leftfield bass bangers of Ekler'o'Shock to the cheeky electro-house of Teenage Bad Girl. (We didn't mention Parisian techno standard-bearer Laurent Garnier in this issue, but rest assured his influence on the local scene has not gone unnoticed.)

In this special edition, we also uncover some of the city's less obvious haunts. The filmmakers behind the *Dead Space* documentary give us a peek into the catacombs below Paris, Blek Le Rat and Teki Latex tour their favorite spots, and in the City Guide we highlight clubs, shops, and galleries that are off the beaten path. In fact, there are so many DJ bars and interesting art venues that it was impossible to list them all.

We've heard all about Parisians' reputation for rudeness, but honestly, we could have not dealt with a more gracious bunch of people putting this one together—more amazing still was the fact that more than 50% of the people featured in this issue replied to us while out of the country or on vacation. With only two hours' notice, Creative Director Brianna Pope, photographer Paul O'Valle, and Busy P hooked up a photo shoot in New York; in 20 minutes Busy churned out more usable frames than most top models. Kourtrajme director Kim Chapiron came through with provocative film stills at a moment's notice, and invaluable tips flooded in from Institutbes booking agent Pierre, Ed Banger headmistress Amandine, and Kitsuné wrangler Jean.

We hope you enjoy this issue as much as we enjoyed creating it. *Bisous* to the good people of Paris, and goodnight.

- Vivian Host, Editor

Most romantic place in Paris: A picnic in the Père-Lachaise cemetery.

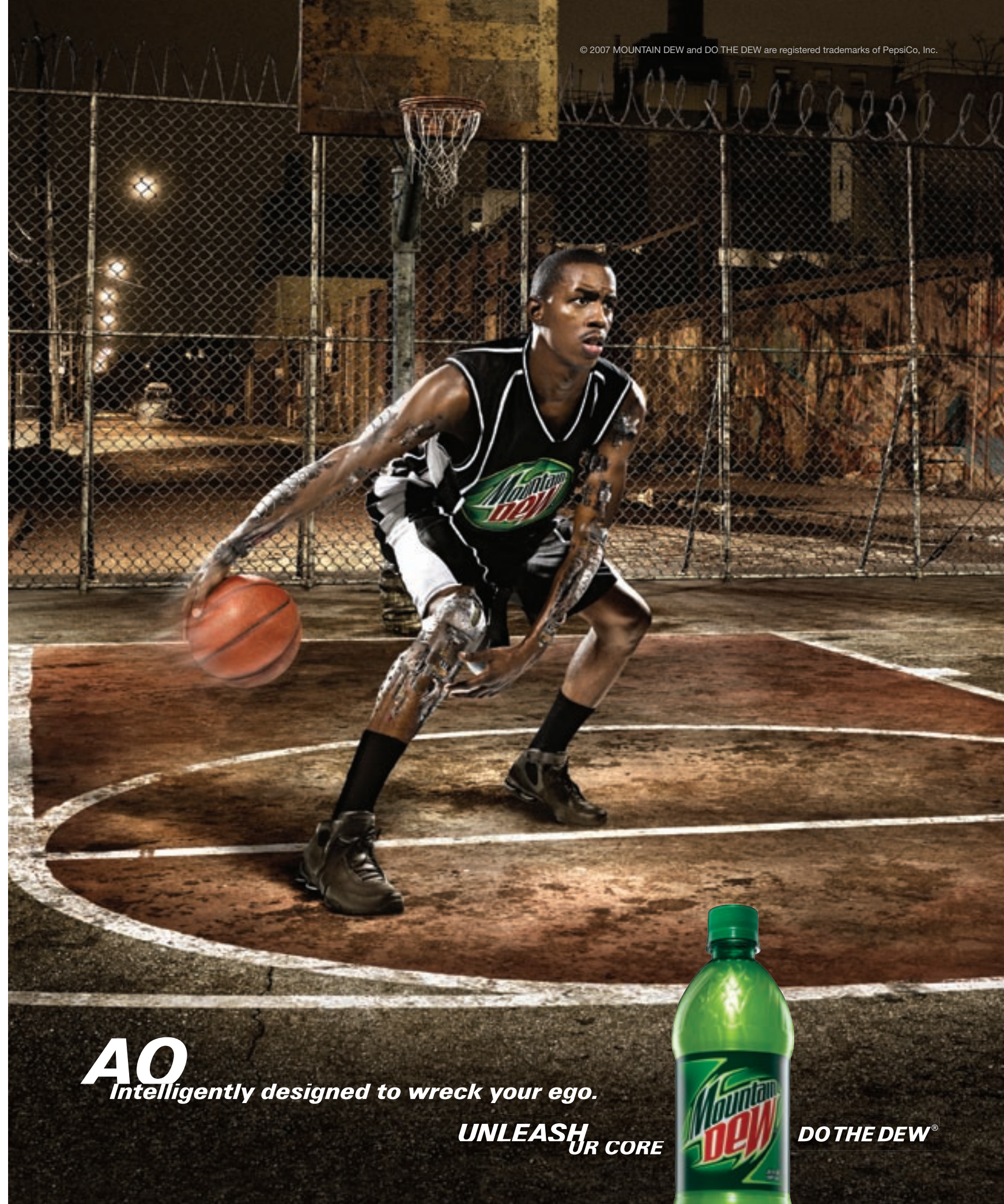
Favorite French expression: *Je suis fracassée.* "I'm smashed."



A crypt at Père-Lachaise cemetery. (Vivian Host)



A view of the Eiffel Tower at dusk, with its LCD screen counting down the days 'til the year 2000. (Vivian Host)



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AGNÈS DAHAN

After living in Paris for 10 years, self-taught photographer Agnès moved to New York last year for a new challenge. She shoots for French and German publications such as *Libération*, *Elle*, *Citizen K*, *Crash*, and the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, and she photographed the famed Respect parties for more than seven years. Agnès, 37, has exhibited her work at Colette's gallery/concept store in Paris, and at the Modern Art Museum of Marseille. Her photographs appear in our French Touch feature.



FAKER™

Faker™ is a French country farmer born far east of Paris, where computers are made of wood and old, stinky cheeses belong to the delicious deserts family. He's worked as a graphic designer since 2001 (for the likes of MTV France and SixPack) and recently joined *Clark* magazine as an art director; he says his graffiti-writer past inspires him to spend most of his time on typography. He's into having fun and working, and is inspired by love. For this issue of *XLR8R*, he illustrated the Ekler'o'shock piece.



FAFI

Born and raised in Toulouse, France, cover illustrator Fafi's name first emerged on her hometown walls in 1994. Her sexy, funny, and sometimes aggressive female characters kick-started a new graphic language by exploring femininity through stereotypes and using it to her advantage. Now her Fafinettes can be seen in Europe, the US, Japan, China, in Lily Allen and Mark Ronson videos, and in the books *Girls Rock* and *Love and Fafiness*. www.fafi.net



FETTE

Fette is a French visual artist who creates surreal hand-rendered images. She and her studio, The Filth, currently reside in Los Angeles. Fette's unique style conjures kinky references and organic aesthetics while making ironic statements. Since her first appearances in the infamous *Beast Magazine*, she has collaborated on countless projects and has been featured in numerous international publications. When she is not sketching, Fette edits *The Flog*, a website about the exploding Los Angeles art scene, where she reviews exhibitions. www.the-filth.com, www.the-flog.com

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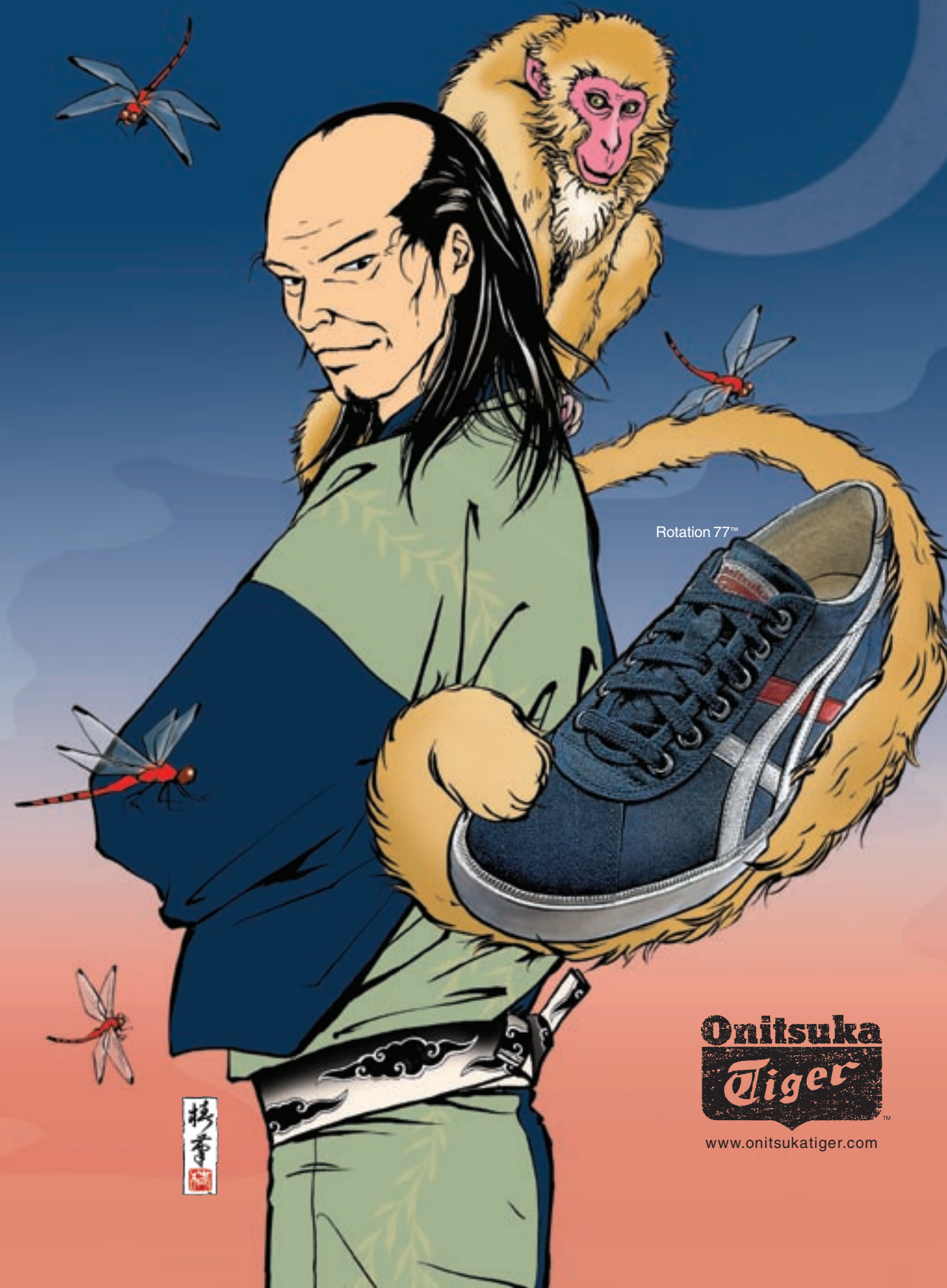
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Fafi, Faker™, Fette, KRSN, Sandrine Pagnoux, Stereo Panda

ON THE COVER

Fafi exclusive for our Paris City Issue

Deception is like a monkey,
it's only a matter of time before it bites you.



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KRSN

After an accident in 1986, a bedridden KRSN had only the magazines and flyers that his girlfriend brought him to keep in touch with the outside world. It was at that point, after reading an article on street art, that he decided drawing and graffiti would be his chosen occupation. Since then, KRSN's sparse drawings have evolved into full-on art pieces. For this issue's French hip-hop feature, he recreated the storied Stalingrad metro-station wall, a graffiti artist's North Paris paradise in the early '80s.

nsrkn.net.free.fr



BASTIEN LATTANZIO

This 23-year-old may have an Italian-sounding name, but he's actually one of the hottest new French photographers that we've seen in a while. The completely self-taught Lattanzio credits his girlfriend leaving him six years ago with inspiring his creativity (he says he replaced her with a camera), and now shoots regularly for *Clark*, *Standard*, and *Vice* (France), and makes videos for Yelle, Hearts Revolution, and Digitalism. He has also worked for DC Shoes, SixPack, and Pharmacy Industry. Lattanzio shot and co-curated this month's style feature.



SANDRINE PAGNOUX

Paris-based designer Sandrine Pagnoux was born in 1976. "What I love in my graphics work is that I am self-contained," says Pagnoux. "To be independent has always been my goal." There's a madness and ecstasy to her work, she says, and it's felt in her beautiful drawings, illustrations, and typography that she's done for magazines like *IdN*, *Zoot*, *Wig*, and in her work to be exhibited at the Gwangju Design Biennale later this month. Pagnoux designed the artwork for "Gallic Swarm" in this issue.



AMI SIOUX

Born in 1972 in Stockton, California, Ami Sioux lived and worked in San Francisco, hitchhiked her way to New York, and floated to Berlin before making Paris her current home. She's photographed Dennis Cooper, Larry Clark, Jeremy Scott, Pierre Cardin, and Ellen Allien for the likes of *i-D*, *Paper*, and the *New York Times Style Magazine*, and shot this issue's Paris City Guide. A book of her photography, *REYKJAVIK 64°08N 21°54W*, was published last year by Scintilla Ltd.

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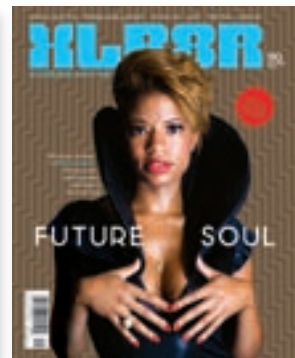
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Got something to say? Love us? Hate us? Write us at letterbox@xlr8r.com or send mail to *XLR8R* Magazine, 1388 Haight Street #105, San Francisco CA 94117.



August Issue #109



September Issue #110

eProps

It's nice to see your little mag start at issue #1 in Seattle and grow to where it is now. Good jobs, guys. It's so nice to see you're doing well!

VyBe Development Group, via XLR8R's MySpace page

Ken Responds: Thanks! Keep your eye out for 15-year anniversary plans real soon.

Underground Resistance

Dear *XLR8R*

I'm a big fan and I love the Audiofile section of the mag. It's cool to learn about new artists and see a lil' light shed on DJs I thought no one but me and my boys listened to. But how about giving some love to some unsigned, way-under-the-radar DJs? These days, there are kids living all over the country makin' beats, droppin' rhymes, all from their bedrooms. I know I do. Do a piece on me and my crew!

Holla,

DJ Tanner, via the web

No Love Lost

Hey, I loved the labels issue as always ["Labels We Love," August #109], but you should cut out all the lame, more mainstream labels and just stick to the small electronic-music labels that sling 12"s. I mean, no offense, but XL? Astralwerks? Epitaph and Anti? Leave that to *Spin* and spend some more time on Solid Groove or dirtybird.

Best,

Lucas J., via the web

It Don't Got to Have Soul

Dear Editors

I spend my hard earned 20 bucks a year for my subscription to your magazine, and for the most part, it's worth every freakin' penny, but what was going on with that style issue, excuse me the R&B issue ["Future Soul," September #110]. New soul or nu-soul or neu-soul is crap and has nothing to do with electronic music. Keep it away!

Sincerely,

Sergio, via the web

Art Attack

Dear *XLR8R*

Wanted to throw some props where props are due. I started reading your magazine because of the music stuff, but now I practically read your magazine just for the design/fashion/art stuff. Keep it up—you've introduced me to so much amazing new art. Vis-Ed shreds.

Thanks,

Lindsey P., via the web



XLR8R'S "EUROPEAN VACATION" CONTEST

Hot kicks and tracks so sick make this contest *la merde*.

Even those who haven't seen the classic Chevy Chase *Vacation* film series know that a trip to Europe isn't complete without a stopover in the famed City of Lights. Whether you've been there or not, you've probably got some impression of the fair city on the banks of the Seine, and we want to hear about it. Tell us what your favorite Parisian attraction is—real or imagined—and why you (think you) love it so, and we'll lace you with some amazing items for your European pseudo-sojourn.

Firstly, our friends at **PF Flyers** offer up their super-cool Perrin and Neon Pintail shoes to two lucky winners. The Perrin fuses sneaker-and-dress-shoe style with fine, layered Japanese textiles and agile outsoles, while the Pintail is based off a 1940s PF silhouette but comes in neon Italian patent leather! Next, the metal heads at Ed Banger Records have kicked down a few **Justice** tour t-shirts and copies of **Mr. Oizo's** "Steak" 7-inch. Plus, you'll receive **Galactic's** *From the Corner to the Block* (Anti), **Eddie Meets Yannah's** *Once in a While* (Compost), and **The Go! Team's** *Proof of Youth* (Sub Pop) CDs to boot.

So, tell us about your favorite Parisian haunt in less than 200 words, and snatch up a sweet prize pack!

One female and one male winner receives: A pair of PF Flyers, a Justice tour t-shirt, and each of the CDs and record listed.

Two runners-up receive: A Justice tour t-shirt and each of the CDs and record listed.

Entries will be accepted via standard mail and email. Entries must be received by October 23, 2007. Send your entry, along with t-shirt and shoe size (designating male or female) to *XLR8R's* European Vacation Contest, 1388 Haight St. #105, San Francisco, CA 94117 or email contest@xlr8r.com with "*XLR8R's* European Vacation Contest" in the subject line.



www.pfflyers.com, www.edbangerrecords.com, www.compost-rec.com, www.subpop.com, www.anti.com

BJ "BITTER" BASTARD'S I HATE PARIS

Oh la la. There are so many things to get annoyed at in Paris that BJ "Bitter" Bastard has already filled five Moleskine notebooks. From pre-tentious American students trying to follow in Hemingway's footsteps to *branché* dickheads sniffing at your non-designer attire, from people groping everywhere to the line at the Louvre, Bastard's not feeling the romance, and here's a few reasons why.

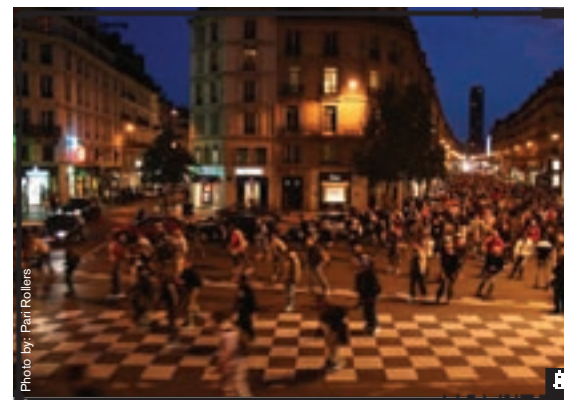


Photo by: Paris Rollers



1. Dog shit

Parisians let their little frou-frou dogs make *merde* everywhere—even if Prada made a pooper-scooper, they would not pick up their pets' shit. Walk around craning your neck at the beautiful buildings at your own peril.

2. Parkour

Leave it to the French to invent this "sport." Some people say it's about "flowing through the urban environment" or that it's a form of martial arts that teaches you how to flee your attacker. Ever seen a video of this? It's basically, um, running and jumping.

3. Macdo

There is nothing Parisians like more than to complain about Americans—how shitty our government is, how we're barbarians with no real culture. That may be true, but it doesn't explain why everyone there listens to American hip-hop and has no shame about eating at Macdo (a.k.a. McDonald's).

4. Smog

It's so quaint when you're walking down the street in Paris in July, choking on car exhaust. Oh, and you can only see the top of the Eiffel Tower because the rest is cloaked in a big brown cloud.

5. Weird business hours

Call us spoiled Americans, but French businesses have the most muffed-up hours. *Boulangeries* are open, like, two hours in the morning and two hours at night—if you miss the boat, no bread for you. Everything else is open from 11 a.m. 'til 7 p.m. with a three-hour lunch break built in. If you work early or stay up late, you will be surviving on nothing but kebabs.

6. August vacations

Since they're so tired from working those exhausting hours, nearly the whole city (nay, country!) takes off the entire month of August, and their vacations are paid for by the government. *Bâtards!*

7. Club doormen

The '80s never ended in Paris nightlife, which still has asshole doormen who "select" people out of line-ups and won't let you into the club unless you're white, rich, and dressed like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

8. Friday night rollerblading

Every Friday night, a group of around 300 people meet at the Tour Montparnasse for "Friday Night Fever," and then proceed to rollerblade around the city in what is the most dorky, spandex-filled spectacle ever. It's a testament to Parisian snobbery that they believe they've made even rollerblading cool. *Au contraire.*

9. Arguing

Parisians love arguing so much. A favorite trick of theirs is to switch stances in the middle of the conversation and contradict themselves just to get you more heated so the argument can last longer. If wine is involved and the topic turns to Franco-American relations, then you better run out that door quick or you'll be a trapped rat for the next 10 hours.

10. Bistro food

It's funny how people romanticize French food, when 90% of the bistros in Paris serve the most disgusting food. "Should I have *boudin noir* (black blood sausage) or *andouillette*, a sausage of pig intestines?" "I don't know honey, the sheep's offal and preserved duck are really tempting me... And don't get me started on that potted pork."



GOOD STUFF

A few of Colette's favorite things.

Often imitated, never duplicated, Parisian store Colette has been serving up the sweetest limited-edition accessories, art books, and cutting-edge fashions since 1997. The emporium has collaborated with numerous fashion designers, illustrators, and icons since the start, and is known for—among other things—throwing dance classes in clubs and having a bar that serves 90 brands of designer mineral water (including Cloud Juice, which is

composed of 7,800 drops of Tasmanian rainwater). Current employee obsessions include bicycles, the eco-friendly lifestyle, and boyfriends, says Sarah, who manages the store. We caught up with her as she was planning this month's gallery show, *From the Street to the Night*, featuring party photos from around the world, and asked her to show us some of the store's best products designed with Parisian collaborators. www.colette.fr

Fafi screenprints €250

This is the first time Fafi has done silkscreened prints. They're all signed, numbered, and limited to 50.

Domestic Vinyl Decals by So-Me

Part of a collection curated by Colette that also includes decals from KAWS, Jeremy Scott, +41, Nagi Noda, Fabien Baron, Greg Foley, André, and Claude Closky.

Genevieve Gauckler mugs by Medicom €25

Japanese toy makers Medicom have produced these mugs with illustrator Genevieve Gauckler, so her cool characters can join you while you drink tea.

Lancel bag by Cécile €195

Cécile, DJette from Les Putafranges, collaborates with classic French bag maker Lancel for a small collection of perfect accessories for DJettes always on the road. This Colette exclusive (limited to 100) is the right size for either your headphones or your stilettos, and there's also an iPod case and vinyl trunk in the collection.

Façade magazine

(price varies according to stock)

Published between 1976 and 1983, *Façade* was a cult French mag from the same era as the famed disco nightclub Le Palace; it was sort of like the French *Interview* of the '80s. Only 13 issues of *Façade* came out, and they're very collectible, so they made seven of these special cases exclusively for Colette with all original issues inside in perfect condition.

Kitsuné Boombox compilation CD

Compiled by Kitsuné and Boombox resident DJ Jerry Bouthier, this Colette exclusive includes tracks from Chromeo, Feist, Big Face, Daft Punk, Simian Mobile Disco, Digitalism, and many more.

La Clique tee by André €35

André designed this tee for La Clique, his friend's crew who takes care of the best parties in Paris at Le Baron, Le Paris Paris, Showcase, and La Scala.



WHAT IS IT? MUSIQUE CONCRÈTE

A primer on the Parisian-born precursor to sampling, scratching, and breakbeat battling.

A recorded sound can be the truth, a lie, or a domesticated animal. It is reality preserved, with an infinite potential for manipulation. A click of the mouse can mutate any sound into something unrecognizable and alien—an abomination to the natural world. Blame it on the French. And God bless them for it.

Most of the electronic musicians you read about in this magazine use studio techniques that are rooted in *musique concrète*, a nearly 60-year-old art form first explored in Parisian studios after World War II. *Musique concrète*, essentially, is the manipulation of recorded sounds, subsequently tweaked to the point at which the listener has little or no idea of their origins. It is a practice as basic as sampling a breakbeat or rhythmically scratching a record, or as elaborate as stitching together hundreds of sounds into a collage. Sounds are often caught in the wild via portable audio recorders; in keeping with Cagean philosophy, anything can be musical. As sound artist Janek Schaefer puts it, *musique concrète* “was the most profound liberation of sound and one of the greatest developments in the 20th century musical landscape.”

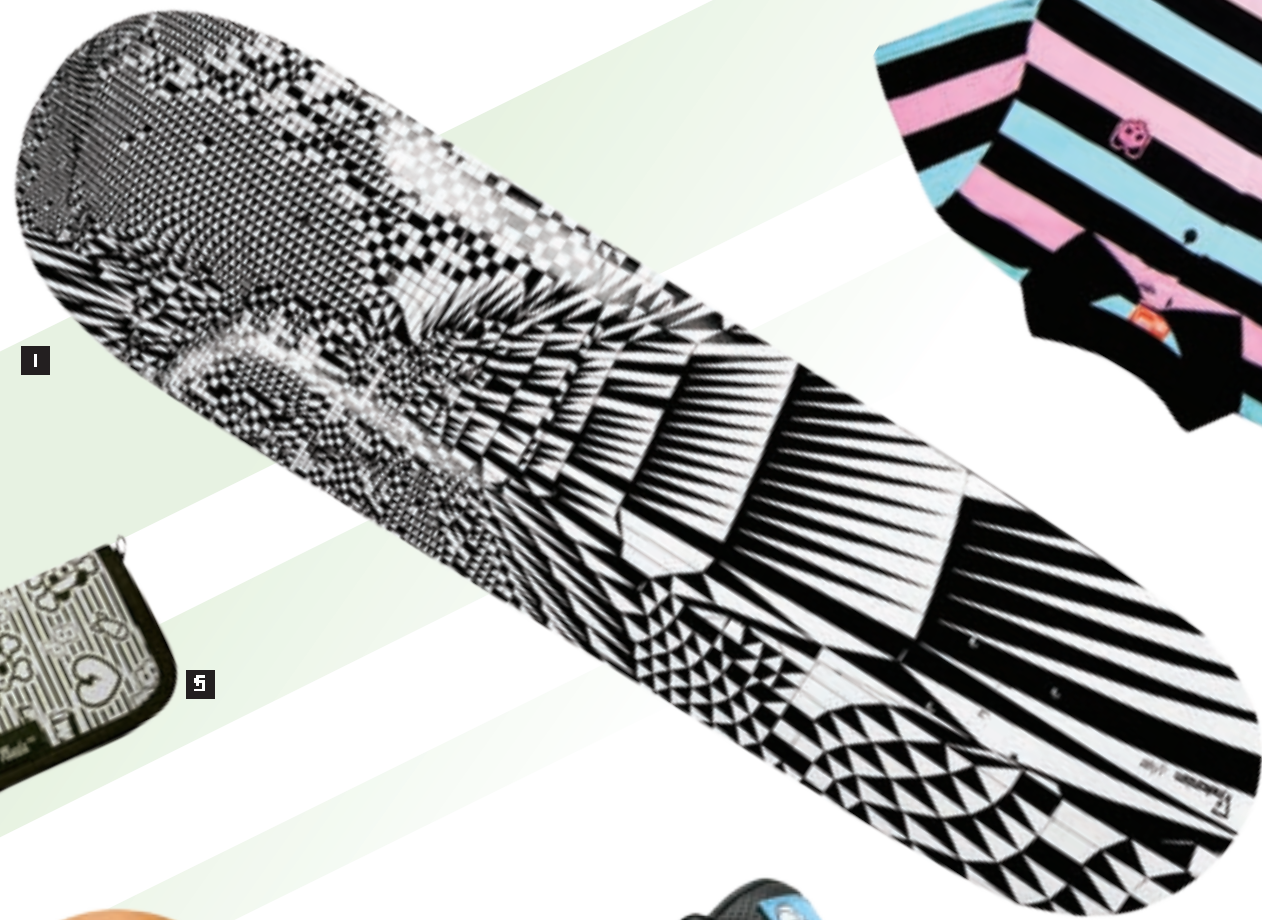
Musique concrète was born by accident in Paris' Studio D'Essai, when radio engineer Pierre Schaeffer scratched a record and caused a stylus to repeat a sound in what's now known as a locked groove. He coined his discovery *musique concrète* (or “concrete music”), where sounds could be divided into blocks for artistic rearrangement. Schaeffer later built tape

machines and studio gear that mutated, stretched, deformed, and shot new life into the mundane sounds of clanging pots, passing trains, orchestras tuning up, and women singing.

Numerous French artists soon took Schaeffer's lead. Pierre Henry injected great camp into the genre with his epic recording of door- and breathing noises, “Variations for a Door and a Sigh.” Edgar Varese built a netherworld where rehearsing singers, engines, and other striking sounds meshed with ghostly electronic noises in his masterwork, “Poème Électronique.” Luc Ferrari documented a visit to an Italian town in “Presque Rien.”

“I'm always impressed with the ways in which concrete sound can express ideas and ultimately enliven the ears,” says Room40 label owner and artist Lawrence English. English recently produced the compilation *Airport Symphony*, where artists like Fennesz and Tim Hecker remixed his field recordings from Australia's Brisbane Airport.

The late Schaeffer once lamented that there were too many possibilities unexplored in *musique concrète*. Even in our digital age, there is still much work to be done. “There is no one instrument to play *musique concrète*,” Schaeffer wrote. “This is the major difficulty. Instead, one must imagine an enormous machine, of a cybernetic type, capable of carrying out millions of combinations, and we haven't reached that point yet.” *Cameron Macdonald*



1



2



6



5



f



3



À La Mode

Flavorful accessories from a few French designers.

1. Warren Du Preez & Nick Thornton Jones Skate Deck by Mekanism \ €80 www.mekanismskateboards.com

2. 3 Tone Polo w€55 www.stereopanda.com

3. Tilt x Kid Robot Sneaker by JB Classics \ \$200 www.suite2206.com

4. Alexone Teddy Troop by Artoyz \ €15 www.artoyz.com

5. Black Canvas Panda Wallet by Stereo Panda \ €35 www.stereopanda.com

6. Hand-painted heels by Mathieu "Ndeur" Missiaen www.therage.etsy.com





The July 17 issue of *Les Inrockuptibles* and the March-April issue of *Clark*

PAPIER MASH-UP

Read up on Paris' trusty guides to music, style, and culture.

While the web continues to show its strength with club listings and gossip blogs, Paris has got plenty of well-established, paper-and-ink publications that will set you on the path to ultra-coolness with their music, fashion, and culture coverage. Here are five of our favorites. *Derek Grey*

LES INROCKUPTIBLES (€ 5.90)

The venerable *Les Inrockuptibles* has been around for more than 20 years in some form or another. Now it's a weekly, and its focus has moved beyond just rock music into discussions of art censorship, politics, and other broader social topics. Their website's filled with reviews, and offers a recently launched podcast featuring tons of hot tracks.

Cover Stars: Björk, Emilie Simon, Sofia Coppola
www.lesinrocks.com

CLARK (€ 5)

A kindred spirit of *XLR8R* and *Mass Appeal*, *Clark* covers its fair share of streetwear, hipster trends, design, style, art, and, of course, sick music. We're such close relatives we've employed illustrators like So-Me and Parra, and covered music from Dizzee to Ghostface to Hadouken. The French-language bi-monthly magazine is available at hip stores like The Lazy Dog, Artoyz, and Kiliwatch.

Cover Stars: TTC, Dalek, DJ Mehdi
www.clarkmagazine.com

PURPLE FASHION (€ 20)

The crème de la crème of Parisian fashion books, *Purple* features the world's top designers' work (usually photographed by Terry Richardson, Juergen Teller, or Richard Kern) alongside cultural news stories and interviews with subjects as far-flung as writer Chuck Palahniuk and Eminem. Like a French version of *Interview*, only far less frequent and way more expensive.

Cover Stars: Vincent Gallo, Micky Rourke, Chloë Sevigny
www.purple.fr

WAD (€ 7.50)

Everyone's outsourcing these days, so why can't we? That's the idea behind Paris' *WAD* (an acronym for We'Ar Different) magazine, a guest-curated publication focusing on "urban fashion and culture." Guest editors like Patrizio Miceli and husband-wife team Pedro and Nadège Winter (of Ed Banger and Colette, respectively) have helmed recent special issues of this highly stylized tome.

Cover Stars: mouths, arms, random body parts
www.wadmag.com

MONDOMIX (FREE)

It's pretty futile to try to cover world music without having a political bent, so *Mondomix* happily embraces the activist approach, uncovering all manner of stories—from music of the *banlieues* to the *Norteño* electronic scene in Tijuana. Launched online in 1998, *Mondomix* has expanded to include a 100,000-distributed print version and a world-music download site.

Cover Stars: Tom Zé, Tinariwen, Nortec Collective
www.mondomix.com, www.mondomixmusic.com

institubes PRESENTS **THE Fall AGENDA**

CURSES! **HUNGRY FOR LOVE** **THIS is the WAY**
Brooklyn's own Drop The Lime in a new blood thirsty guise. All-levels-in-the-red, jacked-up House morphing in and out of Electro, Dubstep and Grime.

MIDNIGHT JUGGERNAUTS **ROAD TO RECOVERY**
Melbourne's goth-disco trio first EP on Institubes. Also includes "Tombstone" plus a remix by Popular Computer. And - sorry people, no time to catch your breath: the remix EP is already available! With reworks by D.I.M. and Curses!

DAVID RUBATO
Circuit
No introduction required here since the song is on the CD given out with this very issue of XLR8R. So take your top off and give it a spin! Yes, boys too.

PARA ONE
Music by and from
"NAISSANCE des PIEUVRES"
The beat meister composes a movie soundtrack with no beats at all. Very funny? Absolutely NOT. Pure gut-scattering material that will jerk tears of gold out of your eyes.

Coming soon on Institubes: PARA ONE's live album plus new singles from SURKIN, DAS GLOW, BOBMO, JEAN NIPON, TACTEEL and HIGH POWERED BOYS!

Our vinyl is distributed by Discograph and available thru Terastablelab.com among other good record outlets. You can also download all our releases on iTunes and Beatport.com. For more information, contact and if you want to hear everything we've ever recorded, see everything we've ever drawn, and read everything we've ever written, visit our new website:
www.institubes.com
Or add us on myspace.com/institubes and vrb.com/institubes



SPIN CYCLE

News and gossip from the music world.

Impresario, TV presenter, and Factory Records founder **Tony Wilson** died on August 10th at the age of 57 in Manchester, England. Though he underwent surgery to treat kidney cancer earlier this year, Wilson's publicist reports that he died of a heart attack. Musicians like **The Charlatans' Tim Burgess** and **New Order's Stephen Morris** honored the figurehead of Manchester's post-punk scene with tributes in the *NME*. Wilson, whose life was immortalized in the 2002 film *24 Hour Party People*, was also responsible for starting the Hacienda club, a springboard for the Manchester music scene he nurtured. • On the rave tip, perhaps your idyllic Detroit-area childhood was given quite the wake-up after your first **Packard Plant** party. The legendary abandoned automotive factory in downtown Detroit was regularly used by early techno pioneers as a party venue, but now, as reported on *Turntablelab's* blog, it's also being used as a site for filming gay superhero porn. (The blog's got pics to prove it.) In hindsight, we're still not sure if that's half as embarrassing as dancing all night with the aid of glowsticks, pacifiers, and candy necklaces. • If you just can't get enough Detroit techno, make sure to check out the Movement Festival's website at www.demf.com for

newly released sets from the likes of **Claude VonStroke** and **Michael Mayer** recorded live at the Memorial Day party. • If it's set-downloading that you're into, do yourself a favor and check out **Oris Jay's** Mariana Trench-deep dubstep set from *Sonar 07*, available at Blentwell.com. As well, keep an eye out for **Oris'** full-length as **Darqwan**, coming out soon on Planet Mu. • At the time of press, it's uncertain as to whether or not **Justice's** video for "D.A.N.C.E." set Kanye West on another rampage/hissy fit, but considering that they were up for the MTV Video Music Award for Best Video this year, it just may have. Seek out hardcore band **Fucked Up's** cover of the Parisian duo's "Stress" and see if they do it, um, justice. • Expect a new **Black Dice** album, *Load Blown*, later this month on Paw Tracks, the Animal Collective-run label. • Ghostly International artists **Mobius Band** tease us with the prospect of a new album (to hit later this year as a joint project between Misra and Ghostly) with a track on a Radiohead tribute record; it's available for free download at [Stereogum](http://Stereogum.com). • Check out **Botchit & Scarper's** new dubstep label, Studio Rockers, at www.studiorockers.co.uk. Their first release, *ANS' "Dungeon,"* is out now. • **Lil Wayne** was arrested in New York on



July 22 after his performance at the Beacon Theatre for allegedly being in possession of a pistol. He posted a \$70,000 bond a day later. Hours before, in a separate incident, **Ja Rule** was pulled over for speeding and was arrested for having a .40 caliber handgun in his car. • For the straight dope on the international hip-hop scene, hit the new blog, *Flight 808*. "The mission is simple," says editor Gavin Rhodes. "We want to provide a global perspective on a profoundly American genre." Nuff said. www.flight808.com • Who'd have thought that name-dropping something as innocuous as a rain-shielding parasol into a track would spell promotional b-a-n-k?

Reggae-hop songstress **Rihanna's** "Umbrella" track helped her ink a marketing deal with Totes to start producing a signature line of brollies. Blame it on the rain. • RIP: Singer-songwriter **Lee Hazlewood**, 78, and jazz drummer **Max Roach**, 83, who both passed in August.

1. Max Roach
2. Claude VonStroke
3. Black Dice
4. Justice
5. Tony Wilson
6. Mobius Band

"PARISIAN HOT NIGHTS" MIXTAPE

BY PARISIAN POPSTERS
CYANN AND BEN

1. **DUSTY SPRINGFIELD "SON OF A PREACHER MAN"**
It's simply the perfect song to start every day with a smile!
2. **THE FLAMING LIPS "WAITING FOR SUPERMAN"**
When even superheroes can't save the earth, you can still listen to this pretty little song. It might give you some hope.
3. **YO LA TENGO "LAST DAYS OF DISCO"**
How can a shy guy, not really in his element, meet a girl and dance with her, even when it's the last thing he expects to do?
4. **KRAFTWERK "NEON LIGHTS"**
A song to listen to while driving across the city, to make you feel that this city is not such a horrible place.
5. **BARK PSYCHOSIS "SCUM"**
Last night a friend played us this incredible 20-minute-long song by this band we hadn't heard of.
6. **THIS HEAT "THE FALL OF SAIGON"**
I think this song was recorded in the early '70s but it still sounds like it was produced recently. Visionary.
7. **BLONDE REDHEAD "DR. STRANGELOVE"**
Simone Pace is probably our favorite drummer, and BR is one of our favorite bands.
8. **TALK TALK "NEW GRASS"**
One of the most beautiful sounds ever and probably the best road companion... Simply graceful!
9. **MAHOGANY "L'EPHÉMÈRE EST ETERNAL"**
The sexiest shoegaze song ever?
10. **LIARS "THE OTHER SIDE OF MT. HEART ATTACK"**
A good way to end an album. Eventually relationships between people can become easier.

Cyann and Ben's *Sweet Beliefs* (Everloving) is out now. www.myspace.com/cyannben



Cyann and Ben

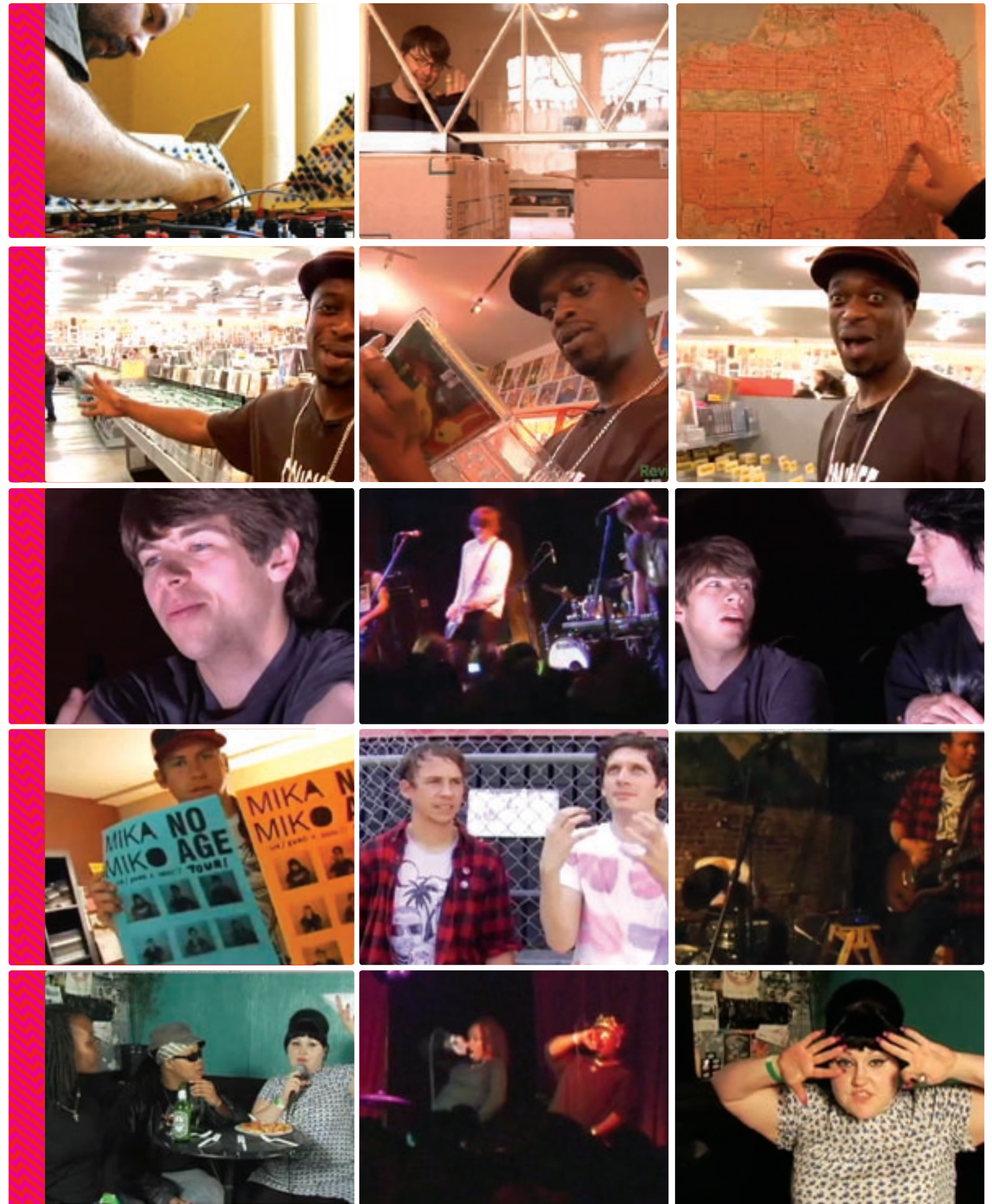
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with Devin the Dude

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Klaxons
go apocalyptic

Episode 16
Going underground
with No Age

Episode 7
Beth Ditto bonds
with Yo Majesty



From Paris With Love

Words Vivian Host

Visitors to Paris typically all do the same tour: The Louvre. The Left Bank. The *grands boulevards* whose intricate stone façades stretch for miles, the perfectly manicured gardens, maybe an overpriced *café crème* or greasy cassoulet that makes you wonder why French cuisine is supposed to be the best in the world.

But there are plenty of nooks and crannies in Paris—some are hidden, but many are just overshadowed by the cold, calculating majesty of the city's most recognizable monuments, and the frosty first impression locals give outsiders. Get to know some Parisians, though, and you could have the time of your life. They might take you to an underground hip-hop party in the catacombs or the best new boutique on the rue des Rosiers. You're likely to find yourself with a verre and a cigarette in hand on some sunny quai-side terrace, followed by a long dinner where fresh baguette and the best cheese are compulsory. If they

really know what's up, you could get a picnic in the Buttes-Chaumont park, a feast of *n'dole* and *jollof* rice at a Cameroonian restaurant, or beer and pogo-ing at a hard tekno squat party in the suburbs.

In any case, you don't need a guide to enjoy the lively streets of Belleville, with durian fruits stacked high in Asian markets and Algerian *salons de thé* down every side street. And though the nightlife in Paris has long gotten a bad rap—lots of rich clubs with corny music, racist bouncers, and crazy cover charges—a wealth of small, smoky DJ bars provide forward-thinking sounds. An equally good time can be had popping champagne with Karl Lagerfeld's assistant and the Ed Banger DJs at jetset clubs like the André-owned Le Paris Paris or Hôtel Amour. Parisians don't really believe in "slumming it" and after you've had a taste of the good life, you probably won't either.

Paris may be dignified at times, but it's definitely not squeaky clean like Stockholm or Switzerland. There's

centuries of grit baked into the buildings here and not just a little bit of sleaze in the culture, from breast-baring at the Moulin Rouge in sketchy Pigalle to *Eyes Wide Shut*-style swingers clubs behind mansion doors in the Marais, from loose-lipped American bohemians chasing the ghost of Hemingway to the clipped, nasal tones of elderly French men cursing Arab teenagers to the hisses of gypsy children pick-pocketing Teva-clad tourists on the Champs-Élysées. But this is Paris—even the sleaze is done in style.

Parisians are okay with clichés—they're just as easily swayed by the beauty of the Eiffel Tower, the romance of a stroll along the Seine, and a good pick-up line. As if to drive the point home, the subtitle of Respect Is Burning's sizzling Summer of Love jump-off is "*Dis-moi que tu m'aimes*"; the catchphrase, taken from a popular *chanson*—means "Tell me that you love me" (even if you don't mean it). We love you, baby.



Backpack hip-hop heads rediscover the dancefloor, and build their own hit factory.

Words Dusty Saguaro Photo Bastien Lattanzio

Institubes, the label best known for uniting hip-hop and techno on the dancefloor, was an idea incubated in the brains of Teki Latex (from avant-rap group TTC) and his friend, Martinique native Jean-René Etienne. The two met through the indie hip-hop scene in Paris, both writing hip-hop reviews for *Radikal* magazine and sharing a common fixation with Company Flow, Anticon, and Rawkus. “Teki and I tend to develop the same obsessions without really talking about it,” says Etienne. “And we are really happy to find someone else in the world with that same obsession.”

Fed up with the backpack scene (“It got very self-involved,” says Etienne), the pair discovered yet another shared passion: Destiny’s Child. “It was so striking to see that you could have very advanced and relevant music that wasn’t only for guys in a bedroom,” Etienne explains. “The first new R&B and Timbaland records were very important to us.”

Around 2003, the duo fulfilled their vision of taking rap back to the dancefloor, issuing Para One’s retro videogame hip-hop track “Beat Down” backed with “Turtle Trouble,” whose squelchy synths, banging bass, and insistent 4/4’s presaged the *nouveau* French house sound.

With genre barriers in dance music quickly melting, Teki and Jean-René joined forces with

Emile Shahidi of Arcade Mode and fellow TTC producer Tacteel, and set up shop in Northern Paris, near the Clignancourt métro. Since then, they’ve issued U.S.-style hip-hop mixtapes from TTC’s Cuiziniér and Orgasmic alongside gloriously insistent anthems, including scissored, next-wave filter house from Surkin (“Radio Fireworks,” his remix of Para One’s “Midnight Swim”), cheeky Baltimore and acid sounds from Bobmo (“To the Bobmobile,” “Legally Dead for 4’31”), and atmospheric maximal tech-house from Das Glow (“Cathedrale,” “Vulcanice”).

Each artist not only has a distinct musical persona but also presents a highly personalized graphic look, with art direction often provided by Etienne. “For us, it has always been very important to show that [we’re making] dance music, but it hasn’t been done only by machines,” he explains. “What’s interesting about techno is that it’s really a struggle between a machine and the guy behind the machine. You don’t really see that in most of rock music, which is about the guy and his instrument as one. It’s a question of obvious mastery. In dance, we don’t really know what the guy is doing with his laptop—if he loves or hates his machine. To present it right, we have to find the proper look for the music and the people doing it.”

Institubes isn’t averse to a good marketing scheme, but even that is a labor of love for these rule-breakers, whose ethos is reflected in their name. “It’s a play on words,” explains Etienne. “You have ‘institute,’ meaning some kind of cultural administration with patrimonial ambitions; but also with a research component to it. Then ‘tubes’ which, in France, means hit records. So it’s some kind of research lab or museum for hit records.” Indeed.

www.institubes.com



Most romantic place in Paris:

Jean-René Etienne: The park in front of the City Hall in the *arrondissement* where my wife and I got married. In the fifth *arrondissement*, I have lots of memories—my wife and I met at a high school there, right near the Pantheon, where we bury the great men of the nation.

Favorite French expression:

Jean-René Etienne: Discipline. It means exactly the same as in English. I’m getting a tattoo of it so I can remind myself.

Jean-René Etienne dishes the dirt on five Institutbes artists:



Bobmo ←

"Bobmo is from Bordeaux, the second most happening city in France right now, but he's moved to Paris. He's very young, very energetic, and quite bizarre. He's this young, druggy-type kid—he's not a heroin addict, he just looks that way. He's also very obsessed with ghetto house. He wants to make Dancemania tracks, but he's French so it comes out different. He's an internet friend of Surkin's, that's how we got in touch with him. They have a duo together called High Powered Boys, which is them doing tracks via instant messenger: We're doing a series of 10 10-inches of theirs."



David Rubato ↑

"He's a very peculiar character. He's a musicologist, which makes him the only guy on the label actually trained to write music. He also works in sample replay. Whatever you give him, he can reproduce it. He sent me a track that he made because he just bought a new controller and he wanted to test it out; it's just 15 minutes of him doing live cuts and he added a bassline. I heard it and was like, 'We have to put that out.'"

Orgasmic →

"He's really one of the best French DJs ever. He really introduced French kids to so much music that it's kind of crazy when you think of it. He was playing Dirty South rap in France when it wasn't popular in the States. We are preparing a producer album for him—mostly French rappers rapping on Orgasmic productions. He's also the only proper rave kid in the crew. He knows everything about techno and actually experienced it, but at the same time he's also the real hip-hop so it's very weird. When American journalists talk about him, they always note how strange it is that a rap DJ would be so glammed up."



Surkin ↑

"He's the biggest retro gamer. He just bought a Vectrex in Japan, which is one of the first game consoles. He's really young (and he looks 14) and he has very strong ideas about how everything should look. Surkin only likes house, mostly Chicago and ghetto house. And he has two faces. He has his public face that's quite shy. When we were in Tokyo we were doing radio interviews and all the girls were like, 'He's so *kawaii*, he's so small, he's so cute.' It's a very good front he's putting on—behind that he's quite crazy."

Das Glow ←

"He is really into Berlin techno; at the same time, he's the biggest fan of [French house label] Roulé. His music is techno but with very divergent influences. He's a purist, but not really because his mind doesn't work that way. He will send me a snippet of a track and two hours later I will get the same track but he will have mangled it and it sounds very different. He's also a jeweler. He did some silver lace jewels for us."



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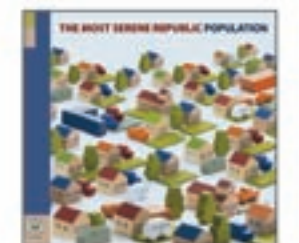


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NEW BUFFALO SOMEWHERE, ANYWHERE AVAILABLE IN STORES NOW
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1. Beggar in Paris

Rue Béranger is located behind Place de la République, and it's where the headquarters of the daily French newspaper *Libération* are located. When I pasted up this poster of a beggar during the night, I was being insulted by a man right from his balcony.

2. Jesus Christ

Situated in Saint-Germain-des-Prés next to the café Les Deux Magots, where the surrealists used to go "to remake the world." The church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés is opposite my Jesus Christ image and they're perfectly integrated in this urban context.

3. Cosmonaute

This is at Quai Louis Blériot on the Seine River, where I lived during my childhood. Louis Blériot was the first aviator to cross the English Channel, and this image is a tribute to him.

4. Rue Desnoyers

This street, Rue Desnoyers, is in the cosmopolitan quarter called Belleville, where Chinese, Arabic, Jewish, and African people live peacefully together. This is the only wall in Paris where it's legal to paint graffiti. The images on the wall change everyday.

5. Fortune Teller

There are very few spots in Paris where one can paste up posters and have this great view. This is why I won't tell exactly where it is located. This is a self-portrait of me disguised as a Chinese fortune teller.

6. American Soldier

This image was taken on Blvd. St. Germain, one of the most famous boulevards in Paris, during a demonstration against the war in Iraq. While I was wheatpasting, the chief of the police came to ask me if I could give him a poster of the American soldier because he wanted to put it in his office. Strange, isn't it?

7. Napoleon

People who live or pass through Rue Desnoyers are always a bit extravagant, like this man, who kindly posed for his photo next to my version of Napoleon.





Ed Banger Records' proud papa puts the now sound of Paris on the global dance map.

Words Stacey Dugan Photo Paul O'Valle

Pedro Winter's career in the music industry is an iconic one. He was the longtime manager of mega-sensation Daft Punk before quitting to start his own label, Ed Banger Records. Home to celebrated artists like Justice, Sebastian, DJ Medhi, and Mr. Oizo, the four-year-old start-up has received international praise and has birthed and nurtured a distinctive French electro sound. But Winter's production alias, Busy P—a tag that nods to the hustle that marks his career as a music businessman—isn't a name that pops up too often on its own. That's because Winter has only released a handful of original tracks and remixes so far. "I've been doing beats for 10 years, but my mission is all about Ed Banger Records," he says. "I wake up for my artists first. My studio is in the basement—I [record] when I have time."

His latest single, "Rainbow Man," (on Ed Banger's *Ed Rec Vol 2* compilation) is a three-and-a-half-minute-long drilling repetition of a dark, circular synth sample with heavy compression. "Chop Suey," from the first *Ed Rec* set, injects some particularly grinding, synthetics into a sample of 2 Live Crew's Miami

bass staple "I Wanna Rock," preserving the original's ass-popping tempo.

"I'm a kid of Kraftwerk," says Winter. "Listening to the same loop for five minutes is not a problem for me. I discovered Run-DMC in 1989 during a trip to Canada. I went crazy—I bought all their albums. Then I discovered The Beastie Boys. My older brother taught me about Pink Floyd, Led Zep, Metallica. Being in love with two opposite genres makes me stronger, I guess. I can't imagine a night without playing a hip-hop track or a track without guitar or a crazy drum solo. On my album, I'll get MCs for sure."

Splicing in a mix of cross-genre influences including heavy metal (Ed Banger takes its name from the MTV show *Headbanger's Ball*), ghettech, and industrial music, Ed Banger's French electro style is harder and grimmer than its predecessors' house sound. "I like the little brother analogy," Winter says of the new electro's relationship to the French Touch scene. "Suddenly, people outside of France noticed something weird was happening here," he continues. "At the same time, we were touring all around with our Ed Banger Records party. Kids came to it as they come to a rock show. I think we manage to bring the indie kids to clubs, and do raves in indie rock venues."

www.myspace.com/busyp, www.edbangerrecords.com



Most romantic place in Paris:

I would say Montmartre in the north of Paris. It's where I live and work. It's really old-school, like a small village inside Paris. It's also a place that shows that people can live together even if we are all different. On one side you can buy crack and see 20 nationalities; on the other side there are the lucky ones, crazy, small, and cute houses, and the arty crowd. At the end, everybody lives with each other and that makes life much more sexy!

Favorite French expression:

La vie est belle! "Life is beautiful."

Busy P



Gallic Swarm

Disenfranchised youth in Paris' suburbs rock the mic to challenge xenophobia and the philosophical roots of the Fifth Republic.

Words Patrick Sisson • Illustration Sandrine Pagnoux

The first time the dilapidated French suburb of Clichy-sous-Bois made worldwide news in 2005, it was for a cultural moment more offbeat and innocuous than anything else. That July, the city became home to the first Beurger King restaurant, a fast-food chain that serves meat according to Islamic halal tradition (the name references Beur, a slang term for second-generation North Africans living in France). The waitresses even wore traditional headscarves. Building on the success of Mecca Cola, another French product geared towards the country's large Muslim community, it seemed like an unlikely story of cultural adaptation and perhaps integration.

Two years later, integration is the last word that comes to mind when one thinks of the city. In October of 2005, angry French rioters made worldwide headlines by demonstrating the true extent of their country's social divide. Spurred on by the death of two teenagers—both electrocuted in a power station in Clichy-sous-Bois where they hid while evading police—angry residents of the immigrant-heavy, working-class French suburbs, or banlieues, erupted, starting 20 straight days of violence and rioting. The country declared a state of emergency, but the damage was already done—integration and social tensions

in France now have a dark new symbol.

Visions of angry, disorderly youth have been a wedge issue in French politics since, and a reoccurring fear for those who see poor immigrants as an impediment to social integration. But sensationalizing politicians rarely, if ever, get to the root of the problem.

“What you call ‘the riots’ were grossly exaggerated and were nowhere near as bad as they were portrayed on TV,” says French-Algerian pop star Rachid Taha. “Remember that it was just before the elections, and these ‘riots’ allowed certain politicians to take a position that would attract the voters they were chasing.”

The real voices of this disenfranchised portion of French youth can be heard via the country's massive, longstanding hip-hop scene. There has been plenty of talk from politicians, who act as if the social tensions revealed by the riots are like a guillotine hanging over France's head, ready to cleave the fragile Fifth Republic in two. And there have also been plenty of self-serving condemnations of hip-hop by politicians in France, who say blunt language on many releases inflames current tensions. French legislators have repeatedly ordered the country's justice ministry to prosecute rappers under hate-crime legislation, especially after



“They’re angry at feeling like they have no future.” – Nawal

a successful case against *Suprême NTM* (NTM being short for *nic ta mère* or “fuck your mother”) in the mid-’90s. •

Mostly teenagers and twenty-somethings whose parents immigrated from the Arabic world (including many former French colonies), these residents of the disconnected suburbs that ring the City of Light and other French metropolises live in areas that can sometimes register unemployment levels of 40 percent. It’s a living situation ripe for despair, disenfranchised youth, and expressive, aggressive hardcore hip-hop.

“The problem of the youth from the suburban ghettos is not an immigrant problem but more of a social problem,” says Nawal, a Comorian-born musician who now resides in France. “We are confused between problems of the new generation and an immigration problem. The kids who burned the cars are French. Sure, their parents came from a foreign country, but most were born in France. They express their anger being born in the ghettos and living in areas that are seedy, run-down, depressing, without color and without hopes. They’re angry at feeling like they have no future.”

Home to the world’s second-largest hip-hop market, France has been turning out homegrown MCs like Disiz la Peste and Senegal-born superstar MC Solaar since the ’80s and the rise of Sidney, a Parisian DJ who started the

influential *Rapper Dapper Snapper* show at the dawn of the hip-hop era. It was soon recognized as a perfect platform to voice rage and despair over the social inequality and lack of opportunity that plagues the banlieues, and soon hardcore French rap took shape. Similar in subject matter to American gangsta rap, crime dramas, resentment at social inequality, and anti-police screeds appear often.

While the suburbs are often portrayed as drab and filled with housing projects, there is a cultural vitality and variety to this melting pot of immigrants from Africa, the Middle East, and elsewhere. It can be heard in rhymes composed in *verlan*, an invented and somewhat inverted slang language of the French ghettos.

Hip-hop has also provided an important outlet for social protest, social reflection, and perhaps social change. Much of this anger and tension finds its way into French hip-hop. Le Havre-based rapper Medine—whose introspective 2006 record was called *Jihad: The Greatest Struggle is Within Yourself*—wrote an editorial for *Time* magazine right after the riots, asking the question, “How Much More French Can I Be?” Good question. And until it’s addressed, it’s impossible to know if France can live up to the old slogan of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

RHYMESAYERS

ATMOSPHERE Sad Clown Bad Summer #9



Just in time for a little Summer fun Slug & Ant drop volume 9 of their infamous *Sad Clown* series to hold us over while they put the finishing touches on their 6th official studio album *When Life Gives You Lemons...* due early next year.

MF DOOM MM..FOOD?



Seconds Anyone? After being out of print for close to two years, **MM..FOOD?** returns with a Bonus DVD with over an hour of live performances and behind the scenes footage. The initial pressing of this reissue also comes in a special limited candy bar chocolate scratch-n-sniff silver mylar package with a bonus poster and sticker to boot.

BROTHER ALI The Undisputed Truth



“If his first album, *Shadows on the Sun* - one of 2003’s best hip hop releases - was meant to introduce Ali... then *The Undisputed Truth* seals the damn deal.” **URB ★★★★★**

“Ant perfectly underscores Ali’s gruff cadence, simultaneously self assured and stressed, with a melodic lode that scrunches soul vocals underneath loops of bluesy guitar.” **Spin ★★★★★**

GRAYSKUL Bloody Radio



Onry Ozzborn (Count Draven) & **JFK** (Count Magnus) return with their latest opus *Bloody Radio*. A conceptual masterpiece that serves itself as reverse brainwash music for today’s contemporary hip hop radio listener, typically force-fed imaginary genres. *Bloody Radio* features guest appearances by Slug of Atmosphere, Aesop Rock, Pigeon John, Cage & Andrea Zollo of Pretty Girls Makes Graves.

ATMOSPHERE Sad Clown Bad Fall 10



Hot off the heels of the *Sad Clown Bad Summer #9*, **Slug & Ant** change colors and heat up the Fall with volume 10 of the infamous *Atmosphere* Sad Clown series. *Sad Clown Bad Fall 10* is another exclusive limited treat to hold us over until the release of Atmosphere’s 6th official studio album due early ’08.

MAC LETHAL 11:11



The debut full-length album from Kansas City’s native son **Mac Lethal**. One of **URB’s** Next 100 Mac Lethal has been making a name for himself for years. Whether he’s terrorizing rappers at events like *Scribble Jam* (*02 MC Battle Champion*) or earning his road stripes touring with artists like **Atmosphere**, **Sage Francis** or **P.O.S.** Mac Lethal has arrived and he’s brought his signature sarcastic observation on life with him.

COMING SOON:

ATMOSPHERE
Sad Clown Bad Winter #11

AB RUDE + VITAMIN D
Dear Abbey

ATMOSPHERE
When Life Gives You Lemons...

JAKE ONE
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Bateau Parties

Parisian summers wouldn't be complete without parties afloat.

Words Allura Dannon • Photos of Bateau Concorde Atlantique Agnès Dahan

While most natives head to coastal getaways in the summer months, those stuck in the steamy center of the City of Lights seek relief in faux seaside pastimes, like city pools and the Paris Plage, a man-made, palm tree-lined beach bordering the Seine. Less sandy—but no less sweaty—are the parties on a pair of docked boats: Le Batofar and Le Bateau Concorde Atlantique. These run year-round, but hit their peak in the summer, when you can catch dinner, drinks, and a tan on the terrace before partying until the early hours. Le Batofar, a red tugboat, is best known for its friendly crowd, a lower berth blanketed in hash-scented smoke, and an easygoing program of

electro, reggae, punk rock, and drum & bass. The Concorde Atlantique, docked steps away from the Musée D'Orsay, often hosts cheesy student nights and '80s music, but Sunday is a druggy afterhours house-and-techno jam, and Wednesdays from June through September is Respect is Burning's long-running summer party, featuring DJ guests like Todd Terje, Dennis Ferrer, and Switch, alongside Parisian names like DJ Pone, Joakim, DJ Mehdi, and Etienne De Crecy.

Le Batofar (shown above left) is at 11 Quai Francois Mauriac; Bateau Concorde Atlantique (shown at right and above right) is at 25 Quai Anatole.
www.batofar.org, www.concorde-atlantique.com



Poni Hoax

It ain't just disco for these Joakim-produced electro rockers.

There's more than a little quizzical amusement in Poni Hoax lead singer Nicolas Ker's voice when he discusses his band's many influences. "Everybody wants to have a disco beat, and nobody listens to disco," he exclaims. "In the band, nobody knows disco, nobody owns disco records."

In a way, it's a perplexing statement coming from a band that is primarily known for the steamy Italo-disco of their debut single "Budapest." Helmed by guest vocalist Olga Kouklaki, "Budapest" is a sparse, seductive dancefloor burner with gothic strings and abrasive modulating synths. It's a track that

makes melodrama sound stylish, paranoia appear sexy.

But Poni Hoax would be loath to say that they are merely another disco-rock act. In fact, the quintet would not go as far as to say they are any "kind" of band, a fact that becomes evident on their 2006 self-titled debut LP. Choppy new wave, murder ballads, and the aforementioned disco all have roles in the mix—using Joy Division, Nick Cave, Devo, and Giorgio Moroder as musical touchstones.

"It's a bit of a patchwork," Ker explains. "The guys did a lot of different things [before Poni Hoax]: some did rap, they all did free jazz, they did funk bands. We can't do one style; it's impossible for us."

Working with eclectic producer and Tigersushi label head Joakim has certainly made things a bit

easier. "He's like the arbiter," Ker continues, "like the guy on the football field who says, 'No, your foot goes *there*.' Everybody thinks Joakim brings the electronic side—not at all."

In fact, it seems the electronic element of Poni Hoax's sound is less beholden to producers or the Paris DJ scene than it is to something much more fundamental: girls. "Laurent [Bardainne, Poni Hoax guitarist/composer] was coming from harsh jazz music, and he was fed up with having 10 people in front of him analyzing everything he played. So he said, 'Let's do something with a disco beat, so we'll have a lot of cute girls dancing!'" explains.

Poni Hoax's *Images of Sigrid* will be out in January on Tigersushi. www.myspace.com/ponihoax



The most romantic place in Paris:

McDonald's. It is, really. It's very teenage. There are a lot of romances in McDonald's.

Favorite French expression:

Toute conviction est dépendance, toute dépendance est interférence. "Every conviction is an addiction, and every addiction is an interference." I wrote that when I was 15, but let's say it's Baudelaire!

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Odd couple producers *Gilb'r and I:Cube* like to keep it eclectic, and *Versatile*.

Words Peter Nicholson Photo Christophe McPherson

Gilbert “Gilb’r” Cohen and Nicolas “I:Cube” Chaix are easy to tell apart—just ask Joakim Bouaziz, the fellow Parisian who’s had several releases on Gilb’r’s Versatile Records label. “Gilb’r has brown hair, I:Cube is a redhead. Gilb’r talks a lot and I:Cube doesn’t,” says Joakim via email when asked to sum up their differences. But perhaps most telling are their culinary tendencies. When asked which one he’d recommend as a date, Joakim said he’d choose based on what kind of food his friend preferred. “Gilb’r if she likes couscous, I:Cube if she’s into baked beans.”

Though Joakim describes the pair like oil and water, one would have to say it’s a bit more complex. The two met eight years ago, when I:Cube sent a demo to Gilb’r who, at the time, was a drum & bass DJ on Radio Nova. I:Cube’s “Disco Cubizm” (a breakneck house blend of jazzy disco, which included a remix by Daft Punk) became the first release on Gilb’r’s fledgling Versatile label.

By 2000, Gilb’r and I:Cube had moved well beyond the phased, glitter-ball swirls that initially gained them fame. Both their first full-length, *Puzzle*, and 2005’s *The Meal* covered a huge amount of territory, from hip-hop to ambient, which Gilb’r thinks may confuse some

fans. “With the type of music we’re doing, sometimes I think people don’t get it because we go all over the place. We want to put too much information in every album,” he says over the phone from Israel. “Château Flight, for us, is really a kind of playground. We have fun with it—we don’t stick to a formula—so every time we hear some new music or we have new software or a new plug-in to inspire us, we try to include it in our music.”

That playground most recently produced the shimmering mosaic-electro of “Baltringue” from their *Baroque* EP on Innervations, a special mix of which appears on their forthcoming DJ mix for Get Physical’s *Body Language* series. In addition to a growing number of live appearances (after some “unsatisfying” attempts at working with live musicians, the pair has developed a dueling-laptops performance), the Château Flight boys are busy DJs, and the Get Physical mix reflects their love of both brand-new cuts and obscure oldies.

Gilb’r doesn’t think that producing in Paris has particularly affected his music, but he does see one advantage: “It gives me more time! There is not so much going on here—the nightlife is not really exciting.” Gilb’r might also be colored by a conscious decision to live beyond the confines of dance music. “I try to take some time [away] from music,” he says. “I read, I watch a lot of movies, I check galleries and expositions. It’s very important to me to get my eyes and my ears around other things to get inspiration and not just be a nerdy guy checking on the internet for the latest 12-inch.”

Body Language Vol. 5: Château Flight is out now on Get Physical.
www.chateauflight.com, www.versatilerecords.com



Most romantic place in Paris:

Gilb’r: Definitely the bridge over the Seine, the Pont Neuf.

Favorite French expression:

Gilb’r: It could have been so many, but today it is *Avoir plusieurs cordes à son arc*. Literally, that means “to have many strings for your bow” but it means using many possibilities to get the same result, kind of like what we are doing at Versatile.

**Château
Flight**

A Touching Display

The history of the magical French house sound.

Words Brandon Ivers • *Photos* Agnès Dahan





“It wasn’t about making it big.
We just wanted to make it beautiful.”

– Jerome Viger-Kohler, *Respect Is Burning*

Daft Punk’s Thomas Bangalter wasn’t wearing a mask when he played a rave in rural Wisconsin, bundled in a varsity jacket, back in 1996. He was just a French guy with puffy hair jacking Chicago tracks... in the middle of nowhere. The event was a techno camp-out called *Even Further*. It was a big deal that Daft Punk was there, because Bangalter had come all the way from France, but it didn’t seem like a revelation. It was just Chicago through a different lens.

A decade later, the story of Daft Punk and French house has been told at least a billion times. But what every retelling gets wrong is that this music wasn’t just a mélange of filter effects, space disco, and rock ‘n’ roll grafted onto house and techno—at least, not exclusively. The story of French house is about the ways in which imitation can become something new, and about the French “touch.” It’s something Philippe Zdar from Cassius refers to as *panache*, which roughly translates to “style”—France’s not-so-secret weapon.

Paris didn’t jump headfirst into acid house like London had in 1988. In fact, it wasn’t until 1991 that guys like Zdar started going to raves.

“The music from Detroit was like punk to us. The music that our parents loved, we hated,” says Zdar. “Space disco was the stuff our parents loved. We didn’t want to hear that kind of French music.”

Before raves, Zdar was making hip-hop with his friend Hubert Blanc-Francard (Boom Bass). However, once the techno bug bit, their attention shifted. Zdar and Blanc-Francard formed La Funk Mob, releasing a handful of influential early ‘90s breakbeat tracks—most notably “Ravers Suck Our Sound” (Mo’ Wax)—in ‘94. Zdar also teamed with Etienne de Crécy to form Motorbass; their 1996 “Pansoul” (Different) record was a classic example of never-been-to-Detroit idealism. “In the early days, we were into techno, and that’s it. We were trying to be Detroit,” says Zdar.

Around the same time as Pansoul’s release, a couple new kids emerged in the growing scene. “I was hosting a show at [Radio FG] when I first met Daft Punk,” recalls Jerome Viger-Kohler, co-founder of the legendary Paris dance night *Respect*. “At first I was like, ‘Who is this guy?’ when I saw Guy-Manuel [de Homem-Christo]. He was kind of a young rocker, really shy. This was back in the day when everyone was wearing

trainers and jeans.”

Viger-Kohler was just a radio station intern at the time, but that was about to change. Along with Fred Agostini and a little help from Pedro Winter [Busy P of Ed Banger], he started *Respect* at Queen, a Parisian gay club. “It was October 1996, and Daft Punk played the first party,” says Viger-Kohler. “Six times they played for us—every time there was a key moment, they were there for it.”

Respect’s first three parties were a huge success, and the night quickly became the focal point for French Touch. “It was like a tornado. Virgin in France had just signed Air and Daft Punk,” says Viger-Kohler. “Then we did the [*Respect is Burning*] compilation with Astralwerks... When we played at the first summer of P.S. I’s Warm Up in New York, there was no money, and all the DJs played for free. But we loved it.”

French Touch had moved closer to Chicago than Detroit; the disco, funk, and house elements grew more refined. By the summer of 1998, the scene produced two

global juggernauts: Cassius’ “1999” (Virgin/Astralwerks) and Stardust’s “Music Sounds Better With You” (Roulé). The songs were inescapable—Stardust even managed to crack the U.S. *Billboard* Charts at #69. “The response was so crazy... it was like, ‘*Oh, la la la*,’” says Gildas Loaec, co-owner of Kitsuné and former manager of Bangalter’s Roulé label. “We used to joke that the reason [Stardust] was so big was that people were hearing the lyrics as “music sounds better with E.”

The success was a blessing and a curse. “Suddenly, everyone was trying to be Daft Punk or Cassius or Air,” recalls Zdar. “I remember going to a record store, listening to 200 records, and all of them were shit. [French Touch] became a recipe, and it got too easy—just like punk.”

“We were bored of the sound and crowd by 1999,” says Viger-Kohler. “After a while, [the people at *Respect*] came to the club expecting filter house.”

The scene’s golden period was over, but the mark had already been made. Now

the lid was blown off France’s electronic music scene, and its humble house and techno copies had grown into something else entirely. “It wasn’t some big marketing plan,” says Viger-Kohler. “I am sure the first Motorbass album was just those guys doing crazy, spontaneous music while they were on Ecstasy. It was the same thing for us. It wasn’t about making it big. We just wanted to make it beautiful.”

Photos: *Respect is Burning* (intro) and Daft Punk



Point Éphémère

A venue offers cutting-edge culture for a limited time only.

A former cargo warehouse situated along the banks of the Canal St. Martin houses Point Éphémère, a unique cultural center and community meeting place named for its own impermanence. It's the latest project of Christophe Pasquet and Frederique Magal, founders of Usines Éphémères, a Parisian organization that recycles unused industrial buildings into dynamic temporary art spaces.

The group got its start in 1987 when Pasquet transformed a dilapidated factory in the 19th Arrondissement into an artistic center; it contained studios for visual artists, musicians, and dancers and also hosted exhibitions and parties. Despite being a rousing success, the center was

forced to close two years later when the factory was scheduled for demolition. After that, Magal explains, "cities and private owners asked us to do the same thing in different places—hospitals, factories, and military barracks—and always for a temporary term."

Point Éphémère is the group's 13th such project and has quickly become a hub of bohemian creativity in Paris. The multi-use venue accommodates working artists of all sorts. It rents rehearsal space to musicians, offers dance classes (modern and African) in its studio, and schedules frequent artistic workshops and debates. As a gallery, Point Éphémère also commissions established visual artists to display at the space; recent exhibitions included abstract expressionist Eugénie Goldschmeding and whimsical pop artist Suzanne Déry. And, with its bustling restaurant and bar, top-notch DJ nights, and a

concert schedule comprising indie-rock, electro, and experimental sounds, Point Éphémère has become one of Paris' most sought-after clubs for fans of the avant-garde. Magal says without hesitation that the venue's finest show thus far was an impromptu Sonic Youth performance in 2006, but many current greats have played there, including psych-pummelers Comets on Fire and avant-popsters Deerhoof and The Blow.

More than anything, Point Éphémère is about community—the antiquated notion that folks should have a place to share thoughts on the making of art. "The transmission of ideas is the basis of this place," echoes Magal. Nearing the end of its predetermined five-year run, the venue will likely shut down in 2009, but Parisians should keep their eyes peeled for a similar space to spring up shortly thereafter."

www.pointephemere.org



Most romantic place in Paris:

Frederique Magal: The Parc des Buttes-Chaumont

Favorite French expression

Frederique Magal: *Chéri, passe-moi le sel.* "Darling, give me the salt." That's a kind of joke because my favorite expression is too private.

Justice

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"The funkiest...electronic dance music known to humans and robots alike" - INTERVIEW



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Paris Opéra

When *XLR8R* asked me to create a guide to my favorite spots to romance a girl in Paris, I knew it wouldn't be easy. Paris is just globally romantic. Paris makes the most random grey building with pigeons sitting on the roof look romantic. So I focused only on the district I find the most romantic: the 1st arrondissement. (Also, we were kind of too lazy to drive around Paris.) This will be more practical for taking your girl around anyway. She'll love the funny bubbles at the metro station Palais Royal, and find it artistic and stuff.

Girls love when you buy them expensive useless things. So take her to *Colette*. Show her the water bar in the basement where you can, you know, sip some water. And then buy her a candle. This is me and my upset-looking little sister (who worked there this summer) in front of *Colette*.

Higuma is a neat Japanese joint. Their gyoza is easily the best in town. It's kind of cheap, too, so impress her while saving some money. *Higuma* is right next to the Paris Paris club, so DJs often eat there before their sets. If you're lucky, you might bump into Busy P or Justice. Pretend you know them—impress the girl!

The Louvre is obviously the ultimate romantic cultural spot to get all intellectual-sexy-artistic. Show her a couple of paintings, tell her she smiles like Mona Lisa, count the triangles in the pyramid, crack a few *Da Vinci Code* jokes, make her laugh. Girls love that.

The *Jardin des Tuileries* is a huge garden situated near the Louvre. In the summer they hold a temporary amusement park there with a Ferris wheel—now that's romantic! My photographer, Guillaume, thought it would look romantic if I sat next to this girl in *Jardin des Tuileries*. You can actually see the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées from there. As soon as she saw him taking pictures, the girl left.

Taking the girl you wanna get with to the opera is, as we say, pretty "risqué." But if you take that risk, it will be heavily rewarded. Although just showing her the outside of the *Paris Opéra* and surprising her by kissing on the stairs should be sufficient.

Hippopotamus is the ultimate romantic culinary experience. Plus it's the only restaurant in Paris that stays open all night! Hippo = crazy-dope chick magnet. Try the *cote de boeuf*.

The neighborhood near the opera has cinemas everywhere. If all else fails (the candle, the pyramid, the Ferris wheel, Hippo), you can always take her to that dark room in the *Paramount Opera* where they show Divx files on a big large screen. Gently place your arm around her when no one is watching, and try to French kiss her. 'Cause that's what France is all about, right? French kisses. Thank you and good luck!

Bisous,
Teki Latex



Palais Royal métro station



Higuma



The Louvre



Paramount Opera



Hippopotamus



Colette



Jardin des Tuileries



Jardin des Tuileries



Teenage Bad Girl

Two ex-punks carve an absurdist niche in the world of electro-house.

Hailing from Paris and the small Northeast province of Jarney respectively, Teenage Bad Girl's Guillaume Manbell and Greg Kazubski came together through a mutual adoration for punk rock and the brutal side of electronic sounds. "We're not real clubbers," says Manbell via email. "We both played in punk-rock bands with friends, making music when we should have been studying." Although often grouped with the Ed Banger end of electro-house, the two once-punk producers thrive on a strange balance of gritty club kicks, frequent solos, and surprisingly rhythmic bursts of noise that place them outside the trenches of blog-hyper.

When compared to fellow robot-rock outfits like Soulwax or Digitalism, TBG's need for speed is especially apparent. While the duo puts to use the same grinding synths and frequent breaks of their European contemporaries, they also employ an underhanded eeriness that snakes through their consistently harsh debut, *Cocotte* (Citizen). "Ghost House" is full of melodies reminiscent of Cut Copy's "Hearts On Fire," but with enough hypnotic minor-key layers to make John Carpenter devotees smile with subversive glee. "Aviateur" is a nearly beat-less trip-out, with effected vocals and delayed drums à la Throbbing Gristle. "We try to destabilize the listener as much as possible," Kazubski chimes in. "We'd rather tell a story—even though we're making techno, exposing emotions is the most important."

It's obvious that there's more to the TBG brand than just sonics. Incorporating the profoundly suggestive artwork of Dutch artist Parra for their album cover—and unleashing an absurd Godard-esque video for the single "Cocotte," in which a woman gives birth to a giant egg—Teenage Bad Girl offers a taste of Paris that strays into far weirder territory than the follow-the-leader line of electronic acts. "When we were filming 'Cocotte,' we rented chickens from a pet store and carried them around with a giant egg," Manbell recalls. "Everybody thought we wanted to spread the bird flu. Now *that* is a very nice memory."

www.myspace.com/teenagebadgirl



Most romantic place in Paris:

Guillaume Manbell: Place des Vosges. It's a very cool place!
Greg Kazubski: The Père Lachaise graveyard!

Favorite French word:

Guillaume Manbell: I would say *nuance*. I don't know the word in English, but it sounds so soft, and it means so much. [It's the same in English.—Ed.]
Greg Kazubski: *Cocotte*, of course! It means "casserole," "chick," or "prostitute" in English. It's also used to describe a famous funk-guitar riff very used by many '80s bands. I love this word!



Ekler'o'shock

Paris' most unusual party people gather on this avant-bass imprint.

Everything you need to know about Parisian label Ekler'o'shock is contained in this story from 27-year-old owner Matthieu Gazier. "Our second party under the Ekler'o'shock name was with Kid Koala in my best friend's grandparents' house in Paris," he writes. "It was two Euros. We had sprayed and stenciled the walls, recreating the artwork from his album. My friend and associate Clément was totally high, and he carried all the money we got in his pockets. We had 200 people in this small house, sold some champagne, and by the end of the night—close to eight in the morning—a freaky dude took some Ecstasy. We tried to push him out but he was too energetic

and talkative. So we proposed to him to help us clean the house. He fuckin' swept the whole house in 30 minutes."

Put simply, Ekler'o'shock is the soundtrack to one wild party; it's a bass label, but one whose artists don't color neatly inside the lines of breaks, IDM, and house. From the broken crunk of New York space Rasta Crunc Tesla to dataA's suite of pumping, French Touch-inspired laser house, from the apocalyptic videogame rap of Léonard de Léonard to the sassy electro of Terry Poison, Gazier has certainly put together a crazy guestlist. But perhaps the most unusual attendee of all is Xerak, who makes sex-obsessed dance numbers inspired by punk and pixels.

Gazier started the label in July 2002. He had already logged quite a few hours toiling in the music business, doing PR for Ninja

Tune and !K7 Records and marketing for Sony BMG. Conceptually, Ekler'o'shock was inspired by Mo' Wax. "It was more than just a label," enthuses Gazier of the early '90s indie-hop stalwart. "It was a total creative experience, with perfect artworks, groundbreaking artists, and their *Headz* compilation, [which inspired] our *Unexpektheadz* comp."

As for the name? It's a typically French play on words. "It sounds like the name of a French pastry, éclair au chocolat," says Gazier. "Also, 'Ekler' was my tag back in the days, and I added the 'o'shock,' maybe 'cause I was a fan of a famous French [graffiti] writer called O'Clock, and also because for me music has to be a shock, an experience in itself."

www.ekleroshock.com



Most romantic place in Paris:

I love the Buttes-Chaumont, in the North side of Paris. There is a small rotonde, you can have a cool view, write your name in the rocks... Otherwise, I think lots of places in Paris are very romantic; it just depends on your personal grand love story!

Favorite French word:

Pépette! I just love that word! It means "chick" or "babe," but kinda old-fashioned style.

Paris City Guide

Eat macarons. Play pétanque. Dance 'til dawn.
Our list of over 100 of the most special places in Paname.

Guide by Vivian Host · City photos by Ami Sioux

Art Galleries

FAT Galerie

1 rue Dupetit-Thouars, 3rd
m° Filles du Calvaire, Temple
A design and contemporary art gallery with cutting-edge new artists.
www.fatgalerie.com

Galerie du jour agnès b.

44 rue Quincampoix, 4th
m° Rambuteau
A contemporary art and photography gallery owned by clothing designer agnès b., showing the likes of Harmony Korine, Jonas Mekas, WK Interact, and David Lynch.
www.galeriedujour.com

Galerie Emmanuel Perrotin

76 rue de Turenne, 3rd
m° Saint-Sébastien Froissart
This well-known gallery reps Japanese artists Mariko Mori and Takashi Murakami as well as some groundbreaking younger names from France, Austria, and beyond.
www.galerieperrotin.com

Galerie L'Art de Rien

48 rue d'Orsel, 18th
m° Abbesses
Underground and lowbrow art shows live at this quirky gallery in the 18th.
www.art-de-rien.com

Galerie Magda Danysz

78 rue Amelot, 11th
m° Saint-Sébastien-Froissart
This massive Marais space takes up three floors, supporting new art of every stripe. Miss Van, Mike Giant, and Dälek have exhibited here along with video artists like Pleix and Hugo Arcier.
www.magda-gallery.com

Galerie Yvon Lambert

108 rue Vielle-du-Temple, 3rd
m° Filles du Calvaire
Over the last 30 years, this gallery has set the pace with a New York flair, showing artists such as Nan Goldin and Jenny Holzer in its main room, and showcasing younger names in the basement gallery and the window display of its bookshop.
www.yvon-lambert.com

Jeu de Paume

1 pl de la Concorde, 8th
m° Concorde
An exhibition hall dedicated to the modern image, hosting exhibitions by the big names in photography, film, video, and installation.
www.jeudepaume.org

La Bellevilloise

21 rue Boyer, 20th
m° Gambetta
Founded in 1877 as the first cooperative association in Paris, this unique space presents a variety of art shows, fairs, concerts, and expos. Make sure to visit the lovely terrace.
www.labellevilloise.com

La Maison Rouge

10 blvd de la Bastille, 12th
m° Quai de la Rapée
A thousand square meters of this privately owned space are dedicated to showcasing the work of unique contemporary artists, and giving opportunities to unusual and unique curators.
www.lamaisonrouge.org

La Pinacothèque de Paris

28 pl de la Madeleine, 8th
m° Madeleine
Long-running expos from big names like Chaïm Soutine and Roy Lichtenstein.
www.pinacothèque.com

Le Plateau

33 rue des Alouettes, 19th
m° Buttes Chaumont, Jourdain
Belleville's answer to the Palais de Tokyo, this quickly developing space showcases new installation, painting, and photography, as well as experimental cinema and dance.
www.fracidf-leplateau.com

MAC/VAL

Place de la Libération, Vitry-sur-Seine
m° Porte de Choisy
A bit far out, this contemporary art space in the Southwestern suburbs boasts an interesting collection of contemporary French art from the last 50 years. Though it's not much on the outside, the inside contains lots of interesting installation work, a good restaurant, and a surprisingly cheap four-Euro cover charge.
www.macval.fr



PALAIS ROYAL, 2ND ARRONDISSEMENT

Maison Européenne de la Photographie

5-7 rue de Fourcy, 4th
m° Saint-Paul
An impressive collection of photography from both established and emerging artists housed in a mansion. Also hosts a festival of new-media art in September.
www.mep-fr.org

Palais de Tokyo

11-13 avenue du Président Wilson, 16th
m° Iéna, Alma Marceau
This large complex on the Quai de Tokyo houses the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville with its lovely terrace café, and the more unusual exhibitions of the Palais de Tokyo, which also houses Blackblock, an André-curated gift shop.
www.mam.paris.fr, www.palaisdetokyo.com

Project 101

44 rue de la Rochefoucauld, 9th
m° Pigalle, St. Georges
Run by a group of three artist/DJs—FJ Look, Princess Lea, and Dinahbird—this spot is an incubator for new video art and VJing, electronic music performance, and artistic exchange.
www.project-101.com

Bars

Favela Chic

18 rue du Faubourg du Temple, 11th
m° République
Baile funk, bossa nova, and Afrobeat are on tap at this lively Brazilian-themed bar/club/restaurant. Located in the Oberkampf bar district, expect a trendy, flirty crowd and long lines on weekends.
www.favelachic.com/paris

Julien, caviste

50 rue Charlot, 3rd
m° Filles du Calvaire
This hip, laid-back wine bar in the Marais is a great place to sample vintages from all over France, plus *pastis* and cognac.

Kitch Up

39 blvd. de Clichy, 9th
m° Place de Clichy
Neon signs that say “Kill Da Hype,” ’60s lamps, and overstuffed sofas comprise the décor at this kitschy bar/restaurant/club that hosts electro nights and afterparties.
www.myspace.com/kitchup

La Feline

6 rue Victor Letalle, 20th
m° Ménilmontant
A punk and rockabilly bar that's a respite from Parisian snobbery. Expect Johnny Cash and Iggy Pop on the stereo.
www.myspace.com/lafelinebar

La Fourmi

74 rue des Martyres, 18th
m° Pigalle
This perfect pre-clubbing bar, named “The Ant,” combines the classic Parisian look (it's a converted bistro) with modern-chic (industrial lighting, stylish bartenders).

La Jungle

56 rue d'Argout, 2nd
m° Sentier
A fun, quirky jungle-themed bar (duh) where you can get drunk on fruity cocktails, eat the national cuisine of Cameroon, and try on a selection of African beer for size.
www.la-jungle.com

La Perle

78 rue Vielle-du-Temple, 3rd
m° Saint-Paul
The jury is out as to whether this bar is

cool or pretentious, but it draws a good-looking fashion crowd in a sleek space in the hip Marais. There's food if the cigarettes aren't enough.

Le Bar Oureq

68 quai de la Loire, 19th
m° Laumière
A sweet canal-side bar where you can enjoy a game of *pétanque* and free internet during the day, and party with a Berlin-esque crowd to local DJs at night. Closed Monday and Tuesday.
www.barourcq.free.fr

Le Mange-Disque

58 rue de la Fontaine-au-Roi, 11th
m° Goncourt
Owner Hubert Plauzolles stocks this charming bar with cheap, delicious wine from his native Languedoc region. Other draws include vinyl for sale and art shows.
www.mangedisque.fr

Le Motel

8 Passage Jossot, 11th
m° Ledru-Rollin, Bastille
Though it doesn't look like much from the outside, this red-lit box is pretty fun



ILE DE LA CITÉ, 4TH ARRONDISSEMENT

inside, as a cute, young crowd with good haircuts gets down to DJs playing indie and even Hindi pop.
www.myspace.com/lemotel

Le Politburo
 25 rue du Roi du Siècle, 4th
 m° Saint-Paul

Colder drummer Thomas Chaumont is supposedly the man behind this Cold War-styled bar, where girls and boys in skinny pants flirt to a soundtrack of Factory Records and Sisters of Mercy tracks.

Les Taulières
 10 rue de la Fontaine du But, 18th
 m° Lamarch-Caulaincourt

An eclectic crowd of bobos, young artists, and lesbians make themselves at home in this comfortable neighborhood DJ bar, which is decked out like a vintage store.

Elle Enchantée
 65 Blvd de la Villette, 10th
 m° Colonel Fabien

A good pre-party spot in Northwest Paris, this restaurant/DJ bar has a pulsing electro and minimal soundtrack, a charming view of Belleville, a laid-back crowd of natives, and a disco upstairs. Check Café Chéri(e) at number 44 for more of the same.
www.lileenchantee.free.fr

Opa
 9 rue Biscornet, 12th
 m° Bastille

A haphazard collection of young alt-rock

and electronic bands perform early evenings at this boxy bar/club, which turns into a club come midnight. The draw? It's always free.
www.opa-paris.com

Bookstores

Artazart
 83 quai de Valmy, 10th
 m° Jacques Bonsergent

Next to Canal Saint Martin, this cutting-edge store is the place to get lost in trendy illustration, art, and design books, as well as fashion and architecture tomes.

www.artazart.com

Bimbo Tower
 5 Passage Saint-Antoine, 11th
 m° Ledru-Rollin

A kooky-cute shop dedicated to underground Japanese culture, from music (experimental noise, classical, psychedelic) to manga, plus a great selection of books and graphic novels.

www.bimbo.tower.free.fr

Florence Loewy
 9 rue de Thorigny, 3rd
 m° Saint-Sébastien-Froissart

This chic Marais bookstore, with its curvy, surrealist shelves, plies "books by artists" such as Doug Aitken, Matthew Barney, and Aleksandra Mir.

www.florenceloewy.com

L'Œil Du Silence

91 rue des Martyrs, 9th
 m° Abesses

On the magical, arty rue des Martyrs lies this cozy shop stocking books on art and kitsch, graphic novels, hard-to-find magazines, and many first- and limited-edition books, as well as experimental music.

Librarie 7L

7 rue de Lille, 7th
 m° Rue du Bac, Solférino

A well-curated selection of high-end fashion and art books, plus an amazing magazine selection, are on offer at this Karl Lagerfeld-owned shop.

Librarie Scaramouche

161 rue Saint-Martin, 3rd
 m° Rambuteau

Vintage posters and scripts compete with a vast collection of cinema-related books at this outpost for paraphernalia of the French New Wave film movement. If you're lucky, the owner will regale you with tales of his meetings with Jean-Luc Godard.

Shakespeare & Co.

37 rue de la Bûcherie, 5th
 m° Saint-Michel

Hands-down the most famous English-language bookstore in Paris, if not the world, this place retains the historical feel of those who've passed through its doors (Hemingway, Joyce, Ferlinghetti)... plus, plenty of tourists.

www.shakespeareco.org

Taschen

2 rue de Buci, 6th
 m° Mabillon

The beautifully organized flagship store (designed by Starck) of this cutting-edge German bookmaker resides in the upmarket St.-Germain-des-Prés. A wonderful collection of erotic and counter-cultural art, design, and photography books, with special appearances from authors. Open 'til midnight on Friday and Saturday.
www.taschen.com

Un Regard Moderne

10 rue Git le Coeur, 6th
 m° Saint-Michel

This tiny bookshop is dedicated to fringe culture, from leftfield erotica to underground performance art. Books are haphazardly organized into grand piles, leaving you to stumble upon lost (and often pricey) classics. An attached gallery hosts openings.
www.unregardmoderne.com

Zic & Bul

76 ave de la République, 11th
 m° Rue Saint-Maur

From Tintin to Star Wars, and far more obscure, this shop stocks underground and overground comics from France, Belgium, and the U.S., plus used rock and pop records.

www.zicbul.fr

Cafés

Angéline

226 rue de Rivoli, 1st
 m° Hôtel de Ville

If you're looking for the classic Paris hot chocolate experience, you will find it at this wedding-cake-like tea room near the Louvre. Since 1903, it's been serving *chocolat africain*, which is rich, sweet, and thick as mud.

Bar du Marche

75 rue de Seine, 6th
 m° Odeon

One of the hippest bars in the quarter, on a corner of the Buci market, serves grilled sandwiches and omelettes to Saint-Germain's beautiful people.

Café de l'Industrie

16 rue St-Sabin, 11th
 m° Bréguet-Sabin

A great place to take a break in the Bastille, with a cool crowd, inexpensive food, and a good brunch. Inexplicably not open on Saturdays.

Café Marly

93 rue de Rivoli, cour Napoléon du Louvre, 1st
 m° Palais Royal, Musée du Louvre

Yes it's expensive, but you're paying for sassy atmosphere that overlooks the giant pyramid. A great place to take a break from the Louvre with a glass of wine or quick sandwich.

Chez Jeannette

47 rue du Faubourg Saint Denis, 10th
 m° Strasbourg-Saint-Denis

A traditional café/bar that hasn't changed décor since the '50s, but now draws a hip, young crowd with its friendliness and retro kitsch.

Chez Prune

71 quai de Valmy, 10th
 m° Jacques Bonsergent

Eccentric Canal Saint-Martin locals chill at this cool neighborhood café.

ÉAlimentation Generale

64 rue Jean Pierre Timbaud, 11th
 m° Parmentier

Crazy toilets and junk-shop décor typify the so-called "grocery store," which has fun, mellow DJ nights, concerts, good beer, and food.
www.alimentation-generale.net

La Mosquée Café

2 pl du Puits-de-LErmite, 5th
 m° Monge

Located inside the grand interior of a fully functioning mosque, this courtyard café serves up mint tea and Algerian desserts under the trees.
www.mosquee-de-paris.net

Le Café du Marche

38 rue Cler, 7th
 m° Ecole Militaire

An interesting place for people-watching on this busy, market-filled street.

Le Pause Café

41 rue de Charonne, 11th
 m° Ledru-Rollin

A boho hangout in the 11th, with great food and a terrace that's perfect for seeing and being seen.

Le Progres

7 rue des Trois-Frères, 18th
 m° Abesses

This traditional locale in the often too-touristy heart of Montmartre is a slice of friendly neighborhood life, where you can enjoy a coffee or traditional French dishes such as *pot au feu* or *magret de canard*.

Mariage Frères

30 rue du Bourg-Tibourg, 4th
 m° Hôtel de Ville, Saint-Paul

There are over 500 teas on offer at this Asian tea shop which, with its potted palms and wicker chairs, takes things back to colonial times.
www.mariagefreres.com

Clubs

Bateau Concorde Atlantique

Porte de Solferino, 25 quai Anatole-France, 7th
 m° Assemblée Nationale, Musée d'Orsay

Home of the long-running Wednesday night Respect boat parties (featuring the cream of French and NYC house), the terrace of this sizeable docked boat is the place to be during long summer

days. Other parties, including reggae and techno nights, can be hit or miss and the website offers little info—look to flyers instead.
www.concorde-atlantique.com

Batofar

Opposite 11 quai François-Mauriac, 13th
 m° Quai de La Gare

This charming red *bateau phare* ("lighthouse boat") serves up refreshingly unpretentious DJ nights, ranging from downtempo and reggae/dancehall to electro, techno, and drum & bass. Dirty Soundsystem, the Soul Stereo Crew, and drum & bass dude Anaknye all have regular nights.
www.batofar.org

Djoon

22 Blvd Vincent Auriant, 13th
 m° Quai de la Gare

A soulful house and funk club aiming for the style of a New York loft, which features guests like Franck Roger, Martinez Brothers, Sinden, and Phil Asher.
www.djoon.fr

Le Baron

6 ave Marceau, 8th
 m° Alma Marceau

An exclusive club run by the popular La Clique boys, this former strip club draws the young, rich, and famous who pop champagne and dance the night away on a light-up dancefloor. Best to know someone who knows someone.
www.clublebaron.com

Paris City Guide



PARC DES BUTTES-CHAUMONT, 19TH ARRONDISSEMENT

Le Paris Paris

5 ave de l'Opéra, 1st
m° Pyramides

Owned by renowned graf writer André, this is the *ne plus ultra* of Parisian underground clubbing, and is popular with the Ed Banger and Institubes crews (even on their nights off). It's free and it's small, therefore hard to get into. Try for the guestlist, *chéri*.
www.leparisparis.com

Le Triptyque

142 rue Montmartre, 2nd
m° Bourse, Grands Boulevards

This dark, cave-like space draws an unpretentious crowd with cheap drinks and a good-sized dancefloor that rocks to electro and alt-hip-hop.
www.letriptyque.com

Le Troisième Lieu

60 rue Quincampoix, 4th
m° Rambuteau, Les Halles

A lesbian cantina that draws a friendly mixed crowd with a reasonably priced menu (check their huge salads and vegetarian plate) and DJs who play inside a converted caravan.
www.letroisiemeliu.com

Les Bains Douches

7 rue du Bourg-l'Abbe, 3rd
m° Etienne Marcel

Housed in a former Turkish bath, this once-chic club where Joy Division and James Chance performed is a bit past

its prime. These days, it's a popular gay venue that still makes room for the occasional *Vice* party or non-cheesy music night, especially at the monthly Yes, Sir... I Can Boogie event.
www.lesbainsdouches.net

Mains d'Oeuvres

1 rue Charles-Garnier, St. Ouen, 9th
m° Porte de Clignancourt, Garibaldi

The likes of Fennesz and Scanner have played at this avant-garde space on the outskirts of Paris, which also hosts electro festivals and dance performances.
www.myspace.com/mainsdoeuvres

Rex Club

5 blvd Poissonnière, 2nd
m° Bonne Nouvelle

Paris' mythic techno palace has hosted names from Ellen Allien to Justice to Laurent Garnier. Expect an amazing soundsystem, a crazy light show, and an insane line on weekends.
www.rexclub.com

Showcase

Underneath Le Pont Alexandre III, Port des Champs-Élysées, 8th
m° Invalides

Open Fridays and Saturdays (and the occasional weekday), this new under-bridge club features cutting-edge electro-house and disco talent including Riot in Belgium and Buraka Som Sistema. Free before midnight.
www.myspace.com/showcaseparis

Zorba En Bas

137 rue du Faubourg du Temple, 10th
m° Belleville

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday this quirky downstairs club offers punk electro, laptop trickery, and Nintendo beats from acts with names like Cradle of Smurf and Soy Bean.
www.zorba-en-bas.tk

Concert Venues

Cabaret Sauvage

221 ave Jean Jaurès, 19th
m° Porte de La Vilette

Strung with lights, this magical round venue—which looks like a circus big-top—often hosts jazz, funk, and reggae bands for an older audience, but recently held rave-ups such as Chloé's album release party and the final blowout of the I Love Jungle night.
www.cabaretsauvage.com

Divan du Monde

75 rue des Martyrs, 18th
m° Anvers, Pigalle

Formerly Le Divan Japonais (once depicted by Toulouse-Lautrec), this elegant neo-Gothic night spot hosts mainly world music (along with the occasional indie-rock or electro night) just steps away from seedy but awesome Pigalle.
www.divandumonde.com

Elysée Montmartre

72 blvd de Rochechouart, 18th
m° Anvers

Created in 1807, this mid-sized classic near Sacré-Coeur was the site of famous Toulouse-Lautrec paintings and where they supposedly invented the can-can. These days, you can expect anything from Peaches to De La Soul to big drum & bass and techno specials.
www.elyseemontmartre.com

Glaz'Art

7-15 ave de la Porte de la Vilette, 19th
m° Porte-de-la-Vilette

Located on the edge of Paris, this "acid baroque" spot features everything from avant-folk and hip-hop to drum & bass nights for a hippie-meets-hipster crowd, in addition to presenting three festivals a year. Bring a friend, since the rather deserted surrounding area gets sketchy late at night.
www.glazart.com

La Cigale/La Boule Noire

120 blvd de Rochechouart, 18th
m° Anvers, Barbès Rochechouart

A former cabaret and kung-fu cinema, this beautiful historic monument (renovated by Philippe Starck in 1987) hosts French and American artists from across the board—everyone from Agnostic Front to Feist to Ursula Rucker. The location also encompasses La Boule Noire, where punk and indie bands play.
www.lacigale.fr

La Flèche D'Or

102 bis rue de Bagnole, 20th
m° Gambetta, Alexandre Dumas

A good-size venue hosting smaller-scale, mainly European electro acts (Tahiti 80, Scream Club, Yelle) and club nights.
www.flechedor.fr

La Maroquinerie

23 rue Boyer, 20th
m° Ménilmontant

Home of *Les Inrocks*' popular indie rock club nights, this warmly lit venue has eclectic booking that ranges from Amp Fiddler to Psychic TV to Datarock, plus an adjacent café hosting literary events.
www.lamaroquinerie.fr

Le Bataclan

50 blvd Voltaire, 11th
m° Oberkampf

Snoop Dogg, Vybz Kartel, and Cassius have recently taken the stage at this well-regarded and centrally located venue, which dates back to the mid-1800s.
www.le-bataclan.com

Le Trabendo

211 ave Jean Jaurès, 19th
m° Porte de Pantin

Amidst the strange industrial magic of the Parc De La Vilette lies this beautifully designed club-cum-concert hall, festooned with murals from Futura 2000. Guests have included Bugge Wesseltoft, Battles, and Yo La Tengo.
www.trabendo.fr/fr

Le Zénith

211 ave Jean Jaurès, 19th
m° Porte de Pantin

Seating around 6,000 people, Zénith is the more credible alternative to the massive sports arena Paris-Bercy, hosting the likes of Arctic Monkeys, Wu Tang Clan... and Elton John.
www.le-zenith.com

Les Voûtes

19 rue des Frigos, 13th
m° Bibliothèque, Quai de la Gare

On the site of empty cold-storage units (Les Frigos), this legalized artists' squat is dedicated to multi-genre art and music collaborations, from butoh dance to video installation to performances by members of Faust and Belgian punk bands.
www.lesvoutes.org

Nouveau Casino

109 rue Oberkampf, 11th
m° Parmentier

Phat Kat, Crystal Castles, and The Gossip have all touched down at this cool rock-box in the center of one of the city's busiest nighttime hubs. Techno and hip-hop club nights feature some of the city's best DJs.
www.nouveaucasino.net

Olympia

28 blvd des Capucines, 9th
m° Opéra

A large, traditional concert hall that mostly hosts big French crooners and

hip-hop names (like IAM and Abd Al Malik), plus the occasional U.S. touring act (like Amy Winehouse).
www.olympiahall.com

Point Éphémère

200 Quai de Valmy, 10th
m° Quai de Valmy, Jaurès

This multi-use avant-garde space—which encompasses a restaurant, café/bar, artist studios, and a small concert/club space—is sometimes compared to a slice of Berlin in Paris. A forward-thinking crowd converges here for for IDM, dub-step, jazz, and everything in between.
www.pointephemere.org

Fashionable Stores

a.p.c.

4 rue de Fleury, 6th
m° Saint-Placide

It's hard to escape Paris without a visit to a.p.c., the leaders in understated chic. The fit and quality of their jeans, button-downs, and cardigans in neutral hues throw devotees into rapture. Their outlet is at 45 rue Madame, 6th.
www.apc.fr

Black Block

13 ave du Président Wilson, 16th
m° Iéna, Alma Marceau

Graf writer/club owner André owns this store inside the Palais de Toyko, which

sells limited-edition products from toys to t-shirts, plus all manner of hip accessories, videos, and more.
www.blackblock.org

Casteljajac Concept Store

10 rue Vauvilliers, 1st
m° Les Halles, Louvre Rivoli

Now that this crazy Parisian designer is experiencing a revival, head to his concept store for wild first-run designs (at wild prices, of course).
www.jc-de-casteljajac.com

Colette

213 rue Saint Honoré, 2nd
m° Tuileries, Pyramides

This infamous shop has defined young Parisian cool since it opened. Inside the crowded white box, you'll find a vast selection of accessories for living. There's also clothing from young French designers, a bar featuring crazy new brands of designer water, and an awesome line-up of art shows from home and abroad.
www.colette.fr

Come On Eileen

16-18 rue des Taillandiers, 11th
m° Ledru-Rollin

A well-chosen (but not always cheap) selection of vintage clothes draws a parade of stylists and designers to this space, where you're likely to find that one-of-a-kind caftan or pair of boots you never knew you needed.

Paris City Guide



BELLEVILLE, 20TH ARRONDISSEMENT

French Touche

1 rue Jacquemont, 17th
m° La Fourche

The place to find that perfect souvenir, this shop is full of hand-made items from young French artists and designers.

www.frenchtouche.com

French Trotters

30 rue de Charonne, 11th
m° Ledru-Rollin

A Bathing Ape and Eley Kishimoto, Filippa K and Wood Wood, and hot French brands like Indress and Yesterday Never Dies are sold at this fashion-concept store and art gallery.

www.frenchtrotters.fr

Kiliwatch

64 rue Tiquetonne, 2nd
m° Etienne Marcel

For years, this place was the one-stop shop for clubwear and streetwear. It still keeps up with the times with popular international brands, and a decent collection of second-hand stuff, too.

www.kiliwatch.com

The Lazy Dog

2 Passage Thiéry, 11th
m° Ledru-Rollin

The cool sneaker and toy store of the moment, featuring the usual selection of small-run art toys, graffiti books, special t-shirts, and more. Check their basement gallery for fun street-art openings.

www.thelazydog.fr

Le Bouclard

10 passage du Grand Cerf, 2nd
m° Ledru-Rollin

Great men's and women's clothes from young French designers (including their in-house line Artysm), plus Kim Jones Umbros and some vintage items. They also host occasional art openings.

www.le-bouclard.com

M & W Shift

30 rue de Charonne, 11th
m° Ledru-Rollin

You probably didn't go to Paris to buy Dunks, but this Nike-centric sneaker-geek paradise (next to French Trotters) has them, as well as the usual array of limited Air Maxes and Force Ones.

www.mwshift.blogspot.com

Madame André

34 rue du Mont-Thabor, 1st
m° Ledru-Rollin

Chloe, the wife and muse of graffiti writer/impresario André, runs this tiny, girly shop which stocks Japanese charms, limited-edition trinkets, and a small selection of clothing, from Gilles DuFour to the Madame's own label.

www.madameandre.com

Moto777

8 bis rue des Gardes, 18th
m° Château Rouge, Barbès-Rochechouart

This design collective (who has created Dani Siciliano's record sleeves) applies its one-of-a-kind stencils to leggings, blazers,

shorts, bags, and even canvases, all available at this atelier.

www.moto777.com

N° 60

60 rue Charlot, 3rd
m° Filles du Calvaire

High-end rock & roll clothes from Hussein Chalayan to April 77, with a more eclectic mix of designer pieces down the street at sister store AB33.

No Good Store

53 rue des Martyrs, 9th
m° Pigalle

A fashion and art-concept store (that may be temporary) themed around war. Nearly everything here is grey, from army jackets and dresses with bullets on them to framed pistols emblazoned with "Shopping is war." Incendiary... sort of.

Noir Kennedy

22 rue du Roi de Sicile, 4th
m° Saint-Paul

Dead rats in traps hang from the ceiling of this one-stop shop for punk and indie gear, from skinny jeans (April 77, Cheap Monday) to leather jackets to vintage band tees, and nearly all of it retains a sense of Parisian chic.

Royal Cheese

24 rue Tiquetonne, 2nd
m° Étienne Marcel

This too-cool-for-you shop has a nice selection of designer streetwear, including

t-shirts and denim from 2K, Evisu, Duffer, and Stüssy.

www.royalcheese.com

Surface to Air

46 rue de L'Arbre Sec, 1st
m° Louvre-Rivoli

This sparse flagship stocks the Paris-New York design collective's high-end line, from bags and accessories to baseball jackets and cardigans, plus a selection of books and art.

www.surface2airparis.com

Movie Theatres

Forum des Images

2 Grande Galerie, Porte St. Eustache, Forum des Halles, 1st
m° Les Halles

Inside the confusing Forum des Halles lies this multi-purpose locale, which comprises a Parisian film archive and a photo/book/DVD library as well as four auditoriums showing themed programs and frequent film festivals.

www.forumdesimages.com

La Pagode

57 bis rue de Babylone, 7th
m° Saint-François Xavier

Stained-glass windows and crouching lions make this Japanese-themed theatre, built in the 19th century, an amazing place to catch a film.

Le Grand Rex

1 blvd Poissonnière, 2nd
m° Bonne Nouvelle

Even if you don't speak French, Le Grand Rex is a crazy experience, thanks to fairytale décor and a rowdy main auditorium that seats nearly 3,000 people.

www.legrandrex.com

L'Enrepôt

7-9 rue Francis-de-Pressensé, 14th
m° Pernety, Plaisance

Near Gare Monparnasse, this leftfield cinema screens shorts, gay films, documentaries, and movies from far afield, and hosts frequent Q&As with directors.

www.lentrepot.fr

MK2 Bibliothèque

128-162 ave de France, 13th
m° Bibliothèque François Mitterand, Quai de la Gare

The original location of this chain is possibly one of the most sumptuous mainstream movie-going experiences. Independent blockbusters and foreign titles, plus a bar open 'til 5 a.m. on week-ends and two-person love seats.

www.mk2.com

Studio Galande

42 rue Galande, 5th
m° St-Michael, Cluny La Sorbonne

This Latin Quarter cinema shows mainly subtitled films: art-house movies and blockbusters, too. On Fridays, it's *Rocky Horror Picture Show* time... if you must.

Record Stores

12 Inch

19-21 rue Palestro, 2nd
m° Etienne Marcel, Reaumur Sebastopol

Deep house, disco, nu-jazz, and garage are best-sellers at this shop, which also stocks the gamut of electronic music plus some hip-hop and reggae.

www.12inch.fr

Bellot Records

4 Passage Montgallet, 12th
m° Montgallet

An intriguing selection of pan-African music at this tiny spot, which specializes in CDs, LPs, and videos from Senegal, Mali, the Antilles, Haiti, and beyond.

www.bellotrecords.com

Betino's

32 Rue Saint-Sebastien, 11th
m° Saint Sébastien Froissart

If it's funky, you'll find it here. Run by the affable Bétino Errera, this is the Paris outpost for upfront broken beat, fusion, Latin, Afrobeat, soul, and funk, specializing in small pressings, white labels, and special treats.

www.betinos.com

Black Label

25 rue Keller, 11th
m° Bastille

Though the number of hardcore junglists has dwindled, this drum & bass- and

breaks-only bastion near the Bastille continues to offer the fresh cuts.

www.blacklabelrecords.com

Born Bad

17 rue Keller, 11th
m° Bastille

New and used punk rock, French rock, and ska, with a large vinyl selection, plus the requisite t-shirts and fanzines. To further relive the early '90s, check their other store, Exotica (11 rue Saint Sabin, 11th), for tiki mugs and Martin Denny records.

www.bornbad.com

Ground Zero

23 rue Sainte Marthe, 10th
m° Belleville

A slavish devotion to indie and alternative rock shows at this store, which features the latest vinyl and CDs from acts like Lavender Diamond and Electrelane as well as '60s reissues, punk, garage, and electro.

www.en.groundzero.fr

My Electro Kitchen

60 rue Quincampoix, 4th
m° Rambuteau, Les Halles

This adorable record store stocks techno, electro, IDM, and, of course, the new French sound. Next door, you'll find the Troisième Lieu (see Clubs).

www.myelectrokitchen.com

Patate Records

57 rue de Charonne, 11th
m° Bastille, Ledru-Rollin

Started in 1993, Patate has grown into the go-to spot for reggae and dub collectors. Besides stocking new and old roots, dancehall, and ska, Patate runs a distributor and its own label, dedicated to reissues from Jamaican and French artists like Rod Taylor, Alton Ellis, and Jim Murple.

www.patate-records.com

Sphénoïde

30 rue Saint-Ambroise, 11th
m° Saint-Ambroise, Saint-Maur

If you're looking for the harder side of electronic-breakcore, hardtek, drum & bass, industrial—it's at this shop, which also runs its own record label.

www.sphenoide.com

Techno Import

16 rue de Taillandiers, 11th
m° Bréguet-Sabin

From house and techno to the psytrance, acid, and hardcore jungle popular at free tekno raves, the spectrum of dance music is contained in this huge emporium, which can sometimes be bafflingly disorganized.

www.techno-import.fr

Urban Music

22 rue Pierre Lescot, 1st
m° Châtelet Les Halles

Paris' black music specialist, with a full selection of French hip-hop discs and mixtapes, plus white labels, bootlegs, and of course the freshest American cuts.

Paris City Guide



QUAI DE BERCY, 12TH ARRONDISSEMENT

Restaurants

Chéri Bibi

15 rue André-del-Sarte, 18th
m° Château Rouge

Hipsters flock to this minimalist bistro near Sacré Coeur for unstuffy comfort food, classic French desserts, and interesting cocktails. Once a month, the owners let their food-loving, non-chef friends create a *prix fixe* menu for the crowds.

Chez Omar

47 rue de Bretagne, 3rd
m° Temple, Arts and Métiers

Maybe it's not the absolute best in town, but there's still a line out the door at this fun Moroccan spot, which serves all-you-can-eat couscous with traditional trimmings.

Chez Ramona

17 rue Ramponeau, 20th
m° Belleville

Reservations are recommended at this tiny, neighborhood Spanish restaurant run by a mother and daughter both named Ramona. Paella, octopus, chorizo, and warm service are all par for the course.

Cibus

5 rue Molière, 1st
m° Pyramides

This tiny Italian restaurant near the Louvre appeals to a fashionable crowd, with a very different atmosphere and delicious Neapolitan specials recited out loud to you by your waiter.

Kunitoraya

39 rue Saint Anne, 1st
m° Pyramides

Said to have the best udon in Paris, this authentic Japanese spot usually has a line of return customers outside. Come early for fresh food and simple atmosphere, but prepare to eat fast.

www.kunitoraya.com

Ladurée

75 ave des Champs-Élysées, 8th
m° George V

This Parisian tea room offers the *ne plus ultra* of the ganache-filled meringues known as *macarons*, which come in intriguing flavors like black currant violet and Lily of the Valley. It's also known for its silver pitchers of mud-like hot chocolate. Visit the website for multiple locations.

www.laduree.fr

La Grand Epicerie

24 rue de Sèvres, 7th
m° Sèvres Babylone

It can be hard to find a reasonable meal in the St-Germain-des-Près but the food hall inside the gigantic department store Le Bon Marché at least offers a dizzying array of gourmet options.

www.lagrandepicerie.fr

Le Café Constant

139 rue St.-Dominique, 7th
m° Ecole Militaire

Run by popular Parisian chef Christian Constant, this upbeat café serves deli-

cious, fresh, and modern French food at a nice price point (around €13 a plate).

Le Chateaubriand

129 ave Parmentier, 11th
m° Goncourt

If you're looking for cutting-edge food-as-art—from exotic foams and jellies to less conceptual takes on Parisian standards—Basque chef Iñaki Aizpitarte makes it here in a cool atmosphere.

Le Grenier de Notre Dame

18 rue de la Bucherie, 5th
m° Maubert Mutualité, Saint-Michel

A good vegetarian option on the Left Bank, this bi-level spot with nice views offers healthy takes on French and Italian classics like seitan ratatouille and vegetable paté. They also serve plates to-go, if you'd prefer to eat in the park.

www.legrenierdenotredame.net

Les Quatre et Une Saveurs

72 rue du Cardinal-Lemoine, 5th
m° Cardinal Lemoine

One of very few vegan dining options in the capital, this macrobiotic restaurant serves an all-organic *prix fixe* menu for €25 at lunch and dinner.

Poilâne

8 rue du Cherche-Midi, 6th
m° Sèvres-Babylone, Saint-Sulpice

Almost always a line at this infamous breadmaker, who serves up traditional baked goods and country loaves that,

with cheese, are a meal in themselves.

www.poilane.com

Rose Bakery

46 rue des Martyrs, 9th
m° Saint-Georges

Delicious homemade pizzas and quiches, plus an array of mouthwatering pastries, from scones to vegan chocolate cake. Rose's is well noted for its crowded, delicious brunch.

Sésame

51 quai de Valmy, 10th
m° République

A cheery spot serving healthy fare—soups, salads, bagel sandwiches—next to the Canal Saint Martin. Free Wi-Fi, a non-smoking policy, and long hours (9 a.m. to midnight) add to this laid-back location's appeal.

Taverne Nicholas Flamel

51 rue de Montmorency, 3rd
m° Rambuteau, Étienne Marcel

Said to be the oldest building in Paris (dating from 1407), dining on comfort food at the former residence of alchemist Nicolas Flamel (now of *Harry Potter* fame) is a charming experience.

www.auberge-nicolas-flamel.fr

Zen

8 rue de L'Échelle, 1st
m° Pyramides

Don't let its crazy, acid-colored décor fool you—this sushi bar serves fresh and authentic Japanese food at good prices.

Unusual Places

Citadium

50-56 rue Caumartin, 9th
m° Havre-Caumartin

A conceptual mall featuring open kiosks that carry any streetwear brand you could want: from Vans, Rip Curl, and Killah to Lacoste and G-Star.

www.citadium.com

Crazy Horse

12 ave George-V, 8th
m° Alma Marceau, George V

Perhaps the most colorful of Paris' cabarets draws French celebs, senior citizens, and everyone in between with shabby tits and ass that hasn't changed much (only gotten seedier) since can-can's glory days.

www.lecrazyhorseparis.com

Footsie

10-12 rue Daunou, 2nd
m° Opéra

At this bar—named after the London Stock Exchange (the FTSE)—drink prices change every four minutes depending on the market; meaning, if gin & tonic's your thing and no one around is drinking it, it might just cost you less than water.

Hidden Kitchen

Part of a growing trend, two Seattle expats open their house to seven strangers on various nights, cooking elaborate multi-course dinners of a *nouveau* American

bent. The location is a secret, revealed after you make a reservation.

www.hkmenus.com

Hôtel Amour

8 rue de Navarin, 9th
m° Saint-Georges

M&M and Stak are among those who've decorated love-themed rooms at this André-owned hotel, which also has a busy restaurant and late-night bar where DJs, label owners, and the global jetset party 'til late.

www.hotelamour.com

Ice Kube Bar

1-5 passage Ruelle, 18th
m° La Chapelle

Inside the Kube Hotel at Porte de la Chapelle is this Scandinavian export: a bar entirely made of ice, from the walls to the glasses. You're given coats and gloves when you enter, and for 38 Euros you can drink unlimited vodka for 30 minutes.

Le Musée des Moulages

1 ave Claude Vellefaux, 10th
m° Goncourt

Hidden inside what looks like a house is this museum of creepy, realistic wax body parts; made in the late 1800s/early 1900s, they depict a variety of skin maladies, from psoriasis to syphilis. One for those who like watching plastic surgery shows. By appointment only (01 42 49 99).

Le Pluriel

13 rue François Miron, 4th
m° Saint-Paul, Hôtel de Ville

A not-so-underground network of swingers' clubs exists in Paris, and this one, in a four-level mansion in the Marais, is one of the more spectacular. There are themed rooms and even a free buffet. For the shy, voyeurism is acceptable and encouraged.

Le Président

120-124 rue de Faubourg-du-Temple, 11th
m° Belleville

This massive Chinese restaurant is usually full of lavish Chinese wedding parties, which makes it a surreal place to do drunken karaoke.

Les Catacombs

1 ave Colonel Henri-Rol-Tanguy, 14th
m° Denfert Rochereau

If you can't find a cataphile to get you in illegally, it's still worth a visit to these tunnels underneath Paris. Not for the claustrophobic, you descend 66 feet below ground to see vintage graffiti and pile after pile of skulls and bones.

www.catacombes.info

Les Egouts de Paris

Opposite 93 quai d'Orsay, 7th
m° Alma Marceau

Also underground, this stinky museum tours you through the Paris sewers, created in the Napoleonic era.

Marche Aux Puces Clignancourt

Ave de la Porte de Clignancourt, 18th
m° Porte de Clignancourt

Paris' largest flea market, where you can find everything from cooking utensils to antiques to vintage clothing starting at 9 a.m.

Parc des Buttes-Chaumont

Rue Botzaris or rue de Crimée, 19th
m° Buttes Chaumont

This playful park, created in the mid-1800s, has waterfalls, man-made grottoes, and carriage rides, plus one of the most beautiful views of the city.

Tang Frères

48 ave d'Ivry, 13th
m° Porte de Choisy

A massive dancehall of a supermarket, stocking every manner of Asian foodstuff, from whole roasted ducks to lychee.



(Ex)Patriot Act

Home is where the art is for these North American transplants to the French capital.

Words Ken Taylor • Illustration Fette

Mike Ladd

In 2004, hip-hopper Mike Ladd was tired of paying New York rent; after finding a temporary rent-free situation in Paris, he made the official move to the 9th arrondissement—and ended up marrying his landlord. It was the sort of situation that blows away most people's expectations of the city, but aside from that, his idea of Paris is less than romantic. "Paris is not cool. It's a great place to retire after a career in arms dealing or real estate," he says. "Any romantic notions of Paris as an artists' haven were gone by the early '70s in my opinion... What made Paris so exciting in the early and mid-20th century was the combustion of very old modes of living colliding with technology and problematic ideas of internationalism. You have to look elsewhere for that concoction now. I'm here for personal reasons and that's what makes the living easy."

Ladd finds Paris' suburbs an interesting and familiar mix. The suburbs are "a different city altogether," he explains. "Much more dynamic and diverse; more like Brooklyn and the Bronx (except everything closes at 11) and more cosmopolitan." So what's the weirdest facet of French vs. U.S. life? "Our cable TV," he says. "Press the green button and most shows switch to English."

Most romantic place in Paris: There's a magazine store run by an old Asian guy near Porte de Versailles. He can get you any magazine in the world, especially the ones that come with toys.

Favorite French word or expression: *Touche mon palet*. "Touch my cookie."

Heartthrob's Jesse Siminski

"Paris is not the first place one thinks to move to for techno music," says Jesse Siminski (a.k.a. Heartthrob), but it's certainly shown much promise for the young producer, who last called New York home. The club scene is good, the trips to the rest of Europe are quick and cheap, and "when some interesting things started to develop with [Berlin label] Minus [to whom Heartthrob recently signed], it just made sense to go for it," he claims.

Having been in Paris for two years, Siminski laments the city's lack of good Mexican cuisine, but claims that his neighborhood near Place de la République in the 10th arrondissement has "plenty of great places to eat, and creatively minded boutiques around. There is also a lovely canal a few blocks away where people hang out, drink bottles of wine, and people-watch. It's young and energetic without being too trendy. "Before I had moved to Paris, I had never

visited," states Heartthrob. "I had an idea that, like New York, it would be big, fast, and would allow access to most things—like any good city should. I guess I didn't expect it to be quite as sleepy. Many of the streets are dead after 12 a.m. But as someone working at nightclubs most weekends, I don't mind the peace."

Siminski's tourism tip? "I love walking along the Seine near Île de la Cité, in the very heart of Paris. From here you can see the origins of the city and most of the more known historical behemoths in the distance. The city's elegance is amazing."

Most romantic place in Paris: The Palais Royal is gorgeous and definitely warms my heart. It is just across from the Louvre, but at the same time out of the way and a bit hidden. There are arcaded walkways and beautiful formal gardens to stroll around in. And on one side, one of the best and oldest three-star restaurants is stationed—Le Grand Véfour. Napoleon once ate there.

Favorite French expression: *Dégueulasse!* "Nasty!"

Beirut's Zach Condon

"All the French films got to me as a kid," says Beirut's Zach Condon about why he briefly moved to Paris this summer. Though Condon expected his apartment to be "five square feet and full of mold," he says, "it was actually quite beautiful. Other than that, things were like I imagined them to be, but I've spent enough time in Paris to know how the city runs. It's made being in New York feel a bit inhuman..."

"I was in Ménilmontant—the 20th arrondissement—a beautiful, uncrowded neighborhood running up and down rue des Pyrénées near Place Gambetta. It had all I wanted nearby: good bars, really good shows (The Kocani Orkestar at La Fleche d'Or in the south, and farther north I saw Mahmoud Ahmed in Parc de Belleville).

So what's the biggest draw of Paris?

"People seem more genuine there. Life is down to earth without being boring. Food. Wine. I'm trying not to repeat myself here. The city has no pretensions of being something other than it actually is... I was skating near the Eiffel Tower and an old man was walking across the bridge *au naturel*, sans shorts. He seemed to truly enjoy it. There was also a guy looking up girls' skirts with a mirror in the metro..."

Most romantic place in Paris: At the movie theater, watching bad American blockbusters with French subtitles.

Favorite French expression: *Un dernier verre pour la route*. "One last drink for the road." I named a song on the new album after that phrase. It was a phrase my friends and I came to use a lot in Paris—bittersweet.



CocoRosie

Bianca Casady of sister act CocoRosie moved to Paris “by accident” five years ago. “It was available, like falling into an easy relationship,” she says. “It was so miserable at first... I went there as a lonely, depressed model and almost killed myself.” But things started to look up when her sister and musical partner Sierra showed up. The two now live in the 18^e arrondissement (“the more North African part”), where they feel at home with their other non-French neighbors. “We understand each other’s French. [There’s] lots of action on the street corner at night. [It’s a] crack-head convention,” Casady explains. But the best part about their tenure in the French capital is the anonymity it offers them. “It’s like we’re invisible on the street, no matter what outrageous thing we’re doing,” says Casady. It’s not all they take solace in there, though. They also enjoy being “drunk by the train tracks with our tape recorder/boombox... and ‘The Track’—the outdoor track that we ran at at the local gym, where there was only boys—mostly North African.”

Most romantic place in Paris: Luxembourg Park.

Favorite French expression: *Je suis l’homme sauvage*. “I am the wild man.”

Chromeo’s Dave One

Pensionnaire étranger is hardly the title we Yanks might normally assign to Chromeo vocalist and Montreal-via-New York expat Dave One, but it suits him fine for his one-year stay at Paris’ Ecole Normale Supérieure, where he’s doing post-grad research for his Columbia University dissertation. He lives in Belleville, “a very bustling, cosmopolitan neighborhood in the north east—the Parisian equivalent of Jackson Heights, Queens.” Besides the scholastic offerings he’s had from the Sorbonne and the ENS, Chromeo’s also benefited from the move, mixing *Fancy Footwork* with Philippe Zdar on Serge Gainsbourg’s old desk, designing its album artwork with Surface to Air, and shooting the cover with ‘60s erotic photographer Harry Peccinotti. Not to mention “that fall evening when Pee [Thugg, from Chromeo]

and I went to Justice’s studio and we played each other our still-unfinished albums,” reminisces Dave.

So it’s all good, yeah? “The hardest thing about my move,” he offers, “aside from being away from the fam back home, was dealing with the notoriously Kafka-esque French bureaucracy. And seeing Sarkozy win the elections, of course.” His foil to all of the nonsense: “The most un-Parisian album ever: Springsteen’s *Born to Run*! I discovered it last winter—yes, that late, believe it or not—so it was one of the soundtracks to my year in France, and my ticket to New York nostalgia.”

Most romantic place in Paris: Any late-night walk, as long as you’re not looking for a cab.

Favorite French expression: French is my mother tongue, so that doesn’t really count. But just for fun, let’s say *mecton*: a really old-school and so-played-out-it’s-back-in-again way of saying *mec*, which is slang for “guy” or “man.”

Mistress Barbara

Montrealer Mistress Barbara (a.k.a. Barbara Bonfiglio) is just one of a number of Canadians (like Fesit, Gonzales, and Buck 65) who’ve made at least a partial move to Paris. She still retains her Montreal address, but uses Paris as a base for her frequent European tours. It’s home, but “some people are very cold here, not too friendly. It’s completely the opposite with Montreal!” she states emphatically. That’s not to say Paris is without its good times, obviously. Aside from falling in love in front of the Louvre, she’s also a big fan of her second-home neighborhood, the 11^e arrondissement; “It’s a more popular neighborhood [with] a lot of cultures and lots of restaurants of different cuisines,” says Bonfiglio. For her, the city still retains its idealistic charm: “It’s beautiful, it’s romantic, it’s classy, and it’s also a pain in the ass when it comes to dealing with the weather,” she laughs. “There are an incredible amount of cafés and great restaurants, cinemas, parks, and museums. You never get enough of it.”

Most romantic place in Paris: There are so many. I would say any of the bridges, or l’Île St-Louis, or Jardin des Tuileries, the Louvre, Montmartre.

Favorite French expression: I have many I like, but one I use sometimes is *J’mé barre!* It means “I’m outta here!” but in a more mad way.



Chloé

A French folkie and DJ retreats from the dancefloor.

"French people complain all the time, but I find it energizing," observes DJ/producer Chloé—first name only, please—affectionately. After 12 years in the underground club scene—where this 31-year-old native Parisian has evolved into a well-known figure in French clubland—Chloé debuts her first album, *The Waiting Room* this month; an introspective peek into quiet acoustic melody, moody strings, and spare, breathy vocals, it interprets electronic music from a place far from the dancefloor.

"My live sets are more downtempo than my DJ sets," Chloé explains dryly, "as my DJ sets are played in a location where people come to dance."

Still, for a girl who first kicked out folk songs on her four-track at the age of 15, and who continues to play guitar, it's hardly surprising that folks remains a strong influence in her production work. Like many electronic artists, Chloé names iconic songwriter Serge Gainsbourg as an influence.

Chloé's 2006 release, *The Dysfunctional Family*, with Radio Nova personality and former Black Strobe member Ivan Smagghe (whom Chloé says is "like my husband or my brother") further explored her love of genre- (and gender-) bending. Released on their Kill the DJ imprint, *Dysfunctional* was critically hailed for its zig-zag departure from the dancefloor. "The idea was to assemble all kinds of music that we liked, not necessarily club music," she explains. "We wanted to disturb the traditional value of genders."

Her upcoming tour schedule (which includes DJing across Japan, Israel, Portugal, Italy, Germany, and England) will be a fierce one, where Chloé intends to start work on her sophomore album and explore collaborations with other artists, including French filmmaker Lidia Terki.

More than anything, Chloé's travels have felt very personal. "Music has taught me that when you work hard on something you want, you can have it," muses Chloé. "It's brought me freedom to play all over the world with my own style, even if I have to miss *café crème* and French food."

Chloé's *The Waiting Room* is out this month on Kill the DJ. www.dj-chloe.com



Most romantic place in Paris:

The docksides of la Seine.

Favorite French expression

Ne plus savoir sur quel pied danser, which literally means "you don't know which foot to dance on." It figuratively means you don't know what kind of behavior to have with someone.



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Kitsuné

A foxy Parisian label tailors dance-pop hits and clothes simultaneously.

The man who has quietly assembled one of indie dance's most exclusive cool kids' clubs is nothing like what you'd expect. You'd never think this quiet stranger with the heavy brow, tasteful button-up, and habit of fidgeting with forks and cell phones would have managed Thomas Bangalter's Roulé label, traveled the world with Daft Punk, and created a label that's brought acts like Wolfmother, Klaxons, Digitalism, and Boyz Noize to bedrooms and clubs worldwide.

But Gildas Loaec's got quite a lot up his well-tailored sleeve—as his Kitsuné label, named after the Japanese word for “fox,” shows. But this is not Kitsuné's only connection to Japan. The idea

for the imprint was first conceived during a trip Loaec and his partner, Masaya Kuroki, took to Tokyo with Daft Punk. Seeing opportunities in the Japanese market, they decided to start a fashion label, but it took so long to deal with manufacturers and find the right fabrics that they launched a record label in the meantime.

Part of the label's success is that Loaec pays as much attention to curating their *Kitsuné Maison* compilations as Kuroki does the cut of the clothes. The eye-catching packaging, by London design collective *Åbake*, conveys the excitement of the catchy alternative dance-pop contained within, made by young bands that are the exact opposite of “faceless techno” producers.

Far from the “eclectic, poppy, and entertaining” mantra that drives the music, the Kitsuné clothing line—now in its second season—is

a luxurious, understated affair. Far past post-rave, its cashmere cardigans and piquée polos emblazoned with tiny foxes wouldn't look out of place in an upper-crust London bar. Kitsuné will even issue footwear designed by Pierre Hardy of Balenciaga and Hermès fame, available from their appointment-only Palais Royal atelier.

“It's sort of a challenge,” says Loaec of Kitsuné's double life. “People think if you're doing a music label, you can't do a clothing label—like you don't have the credibility. In Japan, where we are mainly sold, they get it though; it's more of a lifestyle thing.”

The debut full-length from Cazals will be out soon on Kitsuné. www.kitsune.fr, www.maisonkitsune.fr



The most romantic place in Paris:

The arcades of the Jardin de Palais Royal.

Favorite French expression:

Je dis ça, je dis rien. It's sort of like “I said it but I didn't say it,” like a gossip thing. [ie. “You didn't hear it from me” - Ed.]



The second youngest Kourtrajmé member flirting with Roxane Mesquida during the making of *Sheitan*.



Kim Chapiron at the filming of "Bâtards de Barbares," the music video from *Sheitan* (music by La Caution).



Hicks from the French sticks in *Sheitan*.



We sacrificed an ox to thank a village in Mali for appearing in our last music video (for Rockin' Squat's "France à Fric").



Roxane Mesquida and Vincent Cassel in *Sheitan*.

Wild in the Streets

A massive Parisian posse puts the provocative back into indie film.

Words Nick O'Dell • Photos Kourtrajmé

French crew Kourtrajmé rolls deep—134 people deep, to be exact. Not a rap group or a riot squad—though it seems like one at times—this clique of directors, actors, graffiti writers, and rappers are rewriting the book on filmmaking by releasing a constant stream of offensive, awe-inspiring DIY cinema that is at once funny and fucked-up, violent and visceral.

"We wanted to show another side of Paris by gradually uniting all the twisted, dirtbag artists," explains filmmaker Kim Chapiron of Kourtrajmé, whose name is a *verlan* version of *court-métrage* ("short film"). Chapiron—the offspring of graphic designer Christian Chapiron of '70s punk collective Bazooka—conceived the crew in

1996 with childhood friend Romain Gavras, the son of *Missing* director Costa-Gavras, after the pair finished their first film, *Le Paradox Perdu*. More than 10 years later, they continue to push boundaries; recent releases have included clever music videos for DJ Mehdi and Simian Mobile Disco, a documentary DVD by Ladj Ly about the Parisian riots (*365 Jours à Clichy Montfermeil*), and last year's *Sheitan*, a brazen horror/comedy feature film starring French actors (and Kourtrajmé members) Vincent Cassel and Olivier Bartélémy.

We tracked down ringleader Kim Chapiron and asked him to show us some of Kourtrajmé's finest moments, from Paris to Mali, and beyond.



Mamadoo's first role (in the *Sheitan* music video).



Romain Gavras at the shooting of the music video for Fatal Bazooka's "Trankillement."



The cover shot of our last DVD: rapper Hi Tekk's mouth.



The Kourtrajmé gang.



The hot springs set during the filming of *Sheitan*.



Hugabass

A former BMX pro cruises through the drum & bass scene with style.

Everything 33-year-old Lionel Cardoso does reflects his role as a champion of good vibes. Since 2004, he and partner Kolsik (née Sylvain Breton) have breathed new life and warmth into the Parisian drum & bass scene with their I Love Jungle events, which have consistently drawn friendly, not-so-serious crowds by mixing liquid funk with old-school ragga and dark and tech-y rhythms. Cardoso's heart beats at 170 bpm, and you can hear the love coursing through the DJ sets he plays as Hugabass, and in the silky, uplifting D&B he produces as The Funktastics (with Sylvain "C-Nine" Canaux).

Kolsik recently moved south to Toulouse, so I

Love Jungle ends its run this month with a 2,000-person breakbeat blowout at the Cabaret Sauvage. Cardoso will be sad to see it go, but it will only give him more time to work on his third venture: a clothing line called Stereo Panda. The Panda—whose look is a Japanese-style pop explosion of cartoon bears, ice-cream colors, and bubble fonts—was originally a way to promote Cardoso's BMX team of the same name, but evolved into a full line three years ago. Since then, they've done collabos with drum & bass label C.I.A. and vocalist Jenna G, pop band Tahiti 80, and rapper Leeroy (formerly of Saian Supa Crew).

"I personally think that all the things that were made between 1975 and 1995 are the greatest," Cardoso says of his influences. "This period begins with the advent of machines, and ends with the beginning of the internet. We lost the

space there once was for mistakes that actually made things beautiful."

It's a funny comment coming from someone who does graphic design and tweaks samplers and turntables for a living. But Cardoso says he's just trying to achieve the feeling of the past with the tools of the present. "Just as with music, we sample, deconstruct, and re-arrange all of our influences... We're definitely trying to get into the state of mind the originators of that era were in... Our philosophy is basically the one we learned from riding BMX: be and stay original, have patience, be consistent, and do it with style."

www.myspace.com/ilovejunglefrance
www.stereopanda.com

✿ Most romantic place in Paris:

Can't beat the Eiffel Tower. I get chills everytime I'm there.

✿ Favorite French expression:

Since we do use quite a lot of English words in the French language, I would say *le weekend*, since it involves traveling, plus a time to relax and have a good time, enjoy your friends' company, and party!

Turzi

Bringing the beyond back into French psychedelia.

Rather than relying on endless guitar squeals and 15-minute feedback treks, the newest brand of French psych producers, including 26-year-old Romain Turzi, tend to employ rock's subtler elements for their sonic attacks: the cinematic scores of Air; Krautrock's spaciousness; emotional bits from drug-addled pop. But while Turzi and his band Reich IV grew up on a healthy diet of Dinosaur Jr., My Bloody Valentine, and, um, Steve Reich, Turzi's debut LP, *A* (Kemado), manages to rekindle his forebears' energy without overdoing their influence.

"There is something unsurprising about pop music. The listener knows what's coming when he hears the first bars of a song. I want him to be

surprised," Turzi writes via email. "The way I see it, music should act like a drug, whether you've experienced it or not. By listening to Turzi, your mind should elevate and your body should react in a positive or negative way."

Those reactions might be spurred by Turzi's haunting vocal chants, borderline punk-guitar progressions, and the recognizable modulation of modified synths. "I like things to be played on analog equipment—you can feel the personality and the response of each machine because of its defaults and appearance," says Turzi. "I always pass guitars and organs through monophonic analog synthesizers and tons of echoes and reverb to personalize [their] sound."

Turzi isn't alone in the analog revolution. In addition to *A*, the psych warrior compiled a bundle of similar tracks from fellow French

trippers like Sebastian Tellier, Juan Tripp, and Kill for Total Peace on Voyage: *Facing the History of French Modern Psychedelic Music*, a free download for those who purchase *A*. "In a way, we feel close to the German '70s approach: 'Everything has been done overseas. Let's try our own new thing,'" he offers. In that respect, tracks like *A*'s "Acid Taste" and "Are You Thinking About Jesus?" function on hypnotic, layered synth lines, but with build-ups that sound more at home in an underground spiritual refuge than any strobe-lit venue. Sound philosophical? It is. "If psychedelic music is about getting closer to beyond, let's just bring the beyond into our music," says Turzi.

Turzi's *A* is out now on Kemado.
www.myspace.com/turzi

✿ Most romantic place in Paris:

Everything's romantic if you're seated behind me on my Peugeot 103 Mobylette.

✿ Favorite French expression:

Pierre qui roule n'amasse pas mousse (untranslatable). *Pas vu, pas pris, pris perdu*. "Un-seen, not caught, found hanged."



French Hip-Hop

A Parisian podcaster breaks down all you need to know about French rap.

Words Vivian Host • Illustration KRSN

Though France is the second biggest hip-hop market in the world, it can be difficult to gain access to the latest in Gallic rap without actually living in Paris. Luckily, there's Yo La La, a monthly podcast that explores all the facets of French hip-hop. The broadcast, which spans everything from gangster styles to alt-rap sounds, is prepared by Thomas—a native Parisian who lives in Lausanne, Switzerland. We caught up with this dude preparing for his doctoral thesis in Biology, and picked his brain about the basics. www.yolala.org

How did you get started doing a French hip-hop podcast?

When I moved to San Francisco from Paris in 1999, everybody expected me to smoke Gauloises and drink wine and be a fan of Jerry Lewis. When I would mention French rap, they would just laugh at me or talk to me about MC Solaar. I've hated Solaar from day one; in my mind, he has nothing to do with French hip-hop. So I started burning CDs for my friends called *French Rap for Dummies*, and people would always be impressed. There's a lot to French rap.

How is French hip-hop different than US hip-hop?

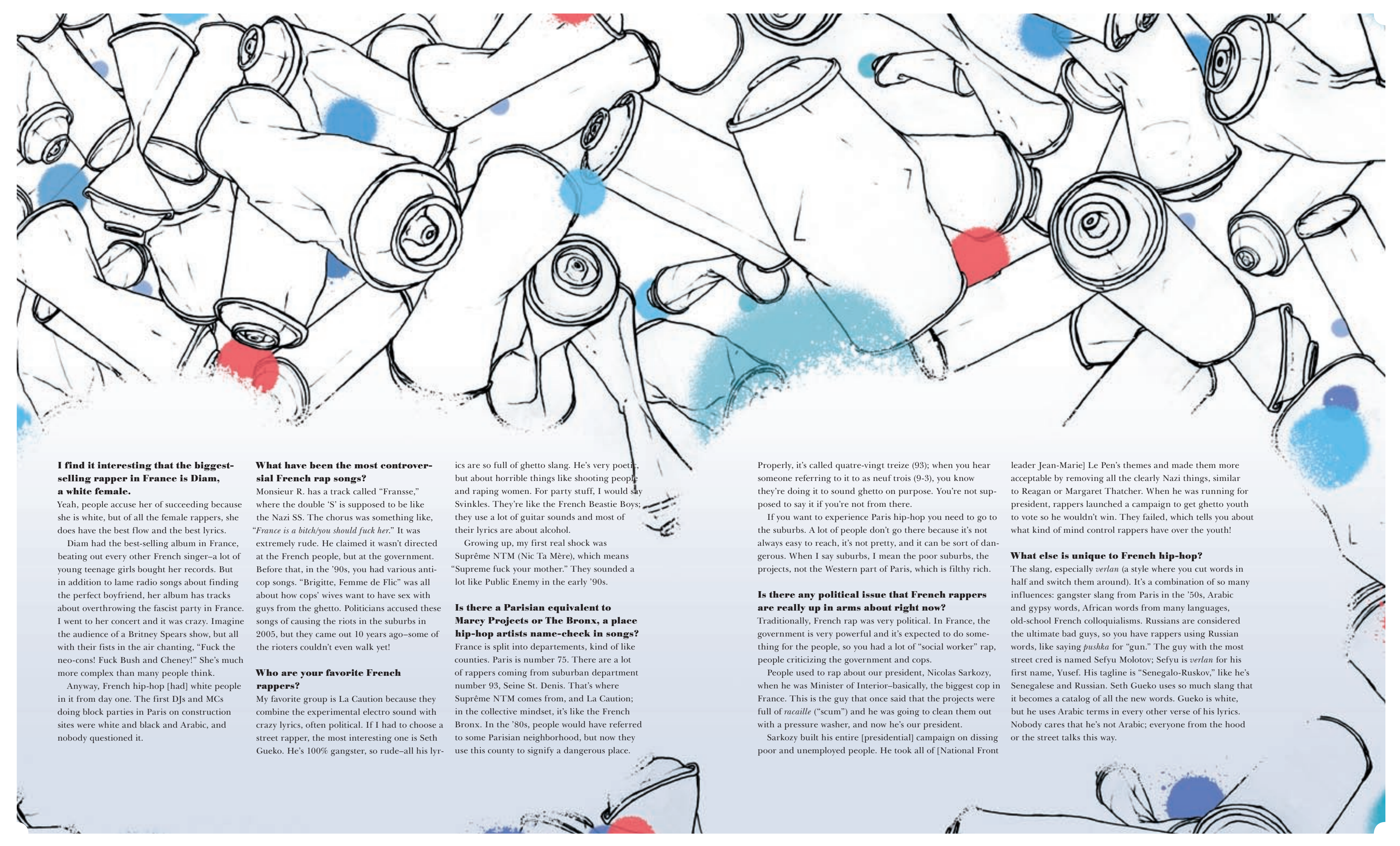
Without launching into four-hour speech on French society, we have a very different social blanket. I'd rather be unemployed in France than working at McDonalds in U.S.—my monthly income would be better. Yes, there is poverty, there is crime.

Recently, there were guys that entered a nightclub with an AK-47 in France and it made national news. In the U.S., that would probably make local news. We have all sorts of "gangster" rappers, but don't call them gangster rappers because they're not really gangsters when you actually get down to the details.

For instance, Booba, who is considered one of the toughest, might have robbed someone but when his mom was kidnapped, he called the cops; although, in his lyrics, he is always saying how he doesn't want to see the cops around his house. Then there's this guy called Rohff who is in trouble because he waved a gun at someone in one of the lamest French fast-food chains. That's why I personally don't have respect for these guys. They think they're gangster but they wouldn't last for five minutes in South Central.

Does French hip-hop have the same divides between conscious and mainstream rap as in the U.S.?

French hip-hop is divided into three areas. First are people that sell, like [French female rapper] Diam. Then you have people that want to be street and gangster (of course, there's always overlap), which we call rap de rue ("street rap"). Then there's rap alternative, which started with people like TTC at the turn of the millennium. It uses more electro sounds and it's more experimental in terms of music or lyrics.



I find it interesting that the biggest-selling rapper in France is Diam, a white female.

Yeah, people accuse her of succeeding because she is white, but of all the female rappers, she does have the best flow and the best lyrics.

Diam had the best-selling album in France, beating out every other French singer—a lot of young teenage girls bought her records. But in addition to lame radio songs about finding the perfect boyfriend, her album has tracks about overthrowing the fascist party in France. I went to her concert and it was crazy. Imagine the audience of a Britney Spears show, but all with their fists in the air chanting, “Fuck the neo-cons! Fuck Bush and Cheney!” She’s much more complex than many people think.

Anyway, French hip-hop [had] white people in it from day one. The first DJs and MCs doing block parties in Paris on construction sites were white and black and Arabic, and nobody questioned it.

What have been the most controversial French rap songs?

Monsieur R. has a track called “Fransse,” where the double ‘S’ is supposed to be like the Nazi SS. The chorus was something like, “*France is a bitch/you should fuck her.*” It was extremely rude. He claimed it wasn’t directed at the French people, but at the government. Before that, in the ‘90s, you had various anti-cop songs. “Brigitte, Femme de Flic” was all about how cops’ wives want to have sex with guys from the ghetto. Politicians accused these songs of causing the riots in the suburbs in 2005, but they came out 10 years ago—some of the rioters couldn’t even walk yet!

Who are your favorite French rappers?

My favorite group is La Caution because they combine the experimental electro sound with crazy lyrics, often political. If I had to choose a street rapper, the most interesting one is Seth Gueko. He’s 100% gangster, so rude—all his lyr-

ics are so full of ghetto slang. He’s very poetic, but about horrible things like shooting people and raping women. For party stuff, I would say Svinkles. They’re like the French Beastie Boys; they use a lot of guitar sounds and most of their lyrics are about alcohol.

Growing up, my first real shock was Suprême NTM (Nic Ta Mère), which means “Supreme fuck your mother.” They sounded a lot like Public Enemy in the early ‘90s.

Is there a Parisian equivalent to Marea Projects or The Bronx, a place hip-hop artists name-check in songs?

France is split into départements, kind of like counties. Paris is number 75. There are a lot of rappers coming from suburban department number 93, Seine St. Denis. That’s where Suprême NTM comes from, and La Caution; in the collective mindset, it’s like the French Bronx. In the ‘80s, people would have referred to some Parisian neighborhood, but now they use this county to signify a dangerous place.

Properly, it’s called quatre-vingt treize (93); when you hear someone referring to it to as neuf trois (9-3), you know they’re doing it to sound ghetto on purpose. You’re not supposed to say it if you’re not from there.

If you want to experience Paris hip-hop you need to go to the suburbs. A lot of people don’t go there because it’s not always easy to reach, it’s not pretty, and it can be sort of dangerous. When I say suburbs, I mean the poor suburbs, the projects, not the Western part of Paris, which is filthy rich.

Is there any political issue that French rappers are really up in arms about right now?

Traditionally, French rap was very political. In France, the government is very powerful and it’s expected to do something for the people, so you had a lot of “social worker” rap, people criticizing the government and cops.

People used to rap about our president, Nicolas Sarkozy, when he was Minister of Interior—basically, the biggest cop in France. This is the guy that once said that the projects were full of *racaille* (“scum”) and he was going to clean them out with a pressure washer, and now he’s our president.

Sarkozy built his entire [presidential] campaign on dissing poor and unemployed people. He took all of [National Front

leader Jean-Marie] Le Pen’s themes and made them more acceptable by removing all the clearly Nazi things, similar to Reagan or Margaret Thatcher. When he was running for president, rappers launched a campaign to get ghetto youth to vote so he wouldn’t win. They failed, which tells you about what kind of mind control rappers have over the youth!

What else is unique to French hip-hop?

The slang, especially *verlan* (a style where you cut words in half and switch them around). It’s a combination of so many influences: gangster slang from Paris in the ‘50s, Arabic and gypsy words, African words from many languages, old-school French colloquialisms. Russians are considered the ultimate bad guys, so you have rappers using Russian words, like saying *pushka* for “gun.” The guy with the most street cred is named Sefyu Molotov; Sefyu is *verlan* for his first name, Yusef. His tagline is “Senegalo-Ruskov,” like he’s Senegalese and Russian. Seth Gueko uses so much slang that it becomes a catalog of all the new words. Gueko is white, but he uses Arabic terms in every other verse of his lyrics. Nobody cares that he’s not Arabic; everyone from the hood or the street talks this way.



Nôze

Two jazz-lovin' techno jokers party like it's 1929.

Nôze plays the hottest and hippest of styles: pure fun. At a performance at 2005's Wilsonic Festival in Bratislava, Slovakia, they drank vodka straight from the bottle on stage and banged out frenetic jazz-house on keyboards, turntable, and computer while a friend went wild on the sax. With their set cranked up to full volume, they stole the show from a stack of headliners, and a week later made their international presence known at Barcelona's Sonar Festival.

"Our favorite thing is to play in front of an audience," says Nicolas Sfintescu, speaking for himself and his musical partner/step-brother Ezechiel Pailhes, a classically trained pianist. "There are a lot of tracks we make in order to

play them live." With the help of guest musicians from Paris' improv, jazz, and experimental scenes, Nôze's 2005 debut, *Craft Sounds and Voices*, jumps from sea shanty drums and a Tom Waits-style saxophone on "Suffle" to raunchy house overlaid with a deeply funky barbershop scat loop on "Fuckinmido."

Last year's follow-up, *How to Dance*, targets the dancefloor with irresistible, electro-tinged techno, notably on "Kitchen," whose silly lyrics revolve around a woman hiding in a fridge. The band gets away with its unorthodox approach by keeping things soulful and avoiding seriousness. "We don't forbid ourselves many things in our music," says Sfintescu, who also performs as DJ Freak. "We're not trying to make straight techno or whatever, we just do music."

Nôze is afforded that freedom by recording

for Sfintescu's techno imprint, Circus Company, which he founded after several years of DJing funk, house, techno, and soul.

Like the Parisian jazz musicians of the 1920s that inspire them, the Circus family likes a tippie or two. The crew—which also includes irreverent techno artists Ark and Mossa—often gathers at hip Marais wine shop Julien, caviste to hatch methods for making their live show the perfect marriage of Paris' house passions with its jazz history. "You have these moments where everything goes together," says Sfintescu of the thrill of performing live. "You can't explain why, but it's the right mood and the right place."

Nôze's *How to Dance* is out now on Circus Company. www.circusprod.com



Most romantic place in Paris:

Le Rêpere de Cartouche, our friend's restaurant. We go there all the time.

Favorite French expression

On boit un coup ou on tue le chien? "Shall we have a drink or kill the dog?"



full-album digital downloads available now!
+ get 10% off your order with coupon code 'XLR8R_111'



SHOCK CINEMA
Our Way Is Revenge

Debut featuring six post-punk and noir pop songs with two remixes by Jay Clark (Pretty Girls Make Graves) and Subtitle. Members include Miyuki Furtado (the Rogers Sisters). Influences include Can, Os Mutantes, David Lynch.

KANINE



NO AGE
Weirdo Rippers

Los Angeles skate/art/punk denizens Randy Randall and Dean Spunt are No Age - and together they create noisy, poppy, life-affirming, skewed art-rock that is as reminiscent of My Bloody Valentine or Black Dice as The Ramones.

FATCAT



MÛM
Go Go Smear The Poison Ivy

MÛM's first new album in three years is worth the wait! A colorful, twitching, playful work of art, Go Go Smear The Poison Ivy is their most inviting effort yet, employing dozens of instruments alongside electronics to add sonic sparkle to their songs' richly melodic warmth.

FATCAT



FOG
Ditherer

The critically acclaimed new album by Fog, now a 3 piece band led by the ever-inventive Andy Broder, strides boldly into full-on rock territory with guests including Low, Andrew Bird, Dosh, Mount Eerie & Why? Ditherer is their most accessible and confident work to date.

LEX



JUSTICE
†

Justice are "at the forefront of a new school of electronic music" says The New York Times. † features the international hit single "D.A.N.C.E." US tour in October.

VICE/DOWNTOWN/VED BANGER/BECAUSE



THE GO! TEAM
Proof Of Youth

Bombing melodies into the stone age with its needle-in-the-red anti-production approach, Proof Of Youth lurches from bubblegum pop to white noise in a heartbeat.

SUB POP



NEW YOUNG PONY CLUB
Fantastic Playroom

Fantastic Playroom is everything you hope every album is going to be. Packed with tunes, yes - but literate, funny, sad, just-weird-enough, crazy, sexy and cool to boot.

MODULAR



SHAPE OF BROAD MINDS
Craft Of The Last Art

Jairo Jarel presents his new group Shape of Broad Minds. Their debut album features MF DOOM, Court Bass D and John Robinson.

B-MUSIC

WWW.INSOUND.COM



4. Potemkine

30 rue Beaurepaire, 10th
m° Jacques Bonsergent

A major spot for those who collect indie movies or dream about having Robby the Robot at home.

music, white-apron waiters—I just love it, except for those who still think smoking cigars is sexy.

8. Toraya

10 rue St. Florentin, 1st
m° Concorde

Not everyone is able to appreciate red bean sweets, but this is best place in town to have a dessert and yummy green tea with chocolate on top. Each pastry comes with a poetic nickname. Have a laugh reading the menu while other customers are seriously trying to learn the Japanese way...

5. Culotte

7 rue Mahler, 4th
m° Saint Paul

A cute shop with jewels and DIY clothes. Visit when you're hanging out around rue des Rosiers in the Jewish quarter.

9. Le Marché des Enfants Rouges

39 rue de Bretagne, 3rd
m° Filles du Calvaire

A hidden, covered marketplace where you'll find the best *cecina* sandwiches, plus a Moroccan *traiteur* and nice sunny terraces. Close your eyes, you're in the south of France!

6. Menza

53 rue Jean-Pierre Timbaud, 11th
m° Parmentier

The best restaurant next to our house. It has everything you want when it comes to great food and cool prices. Be careful: it's packed every evening.

10. Zef

15 rue Debelleyne, 3rd
m° Saint-Sébastien-Froissart

My favorite kids' brand. A little bit posh but cute as hell...

1. Le Tambour

41 rue Montmartre, 2nd
m° Sentier

If you want an after-party steak or mussels, or if you want to join all the night birds of the neighborhood in sharing one more cognac, this is the place—it never closes.

2. Hoa Hung

14 bis rue Louis Bonnet, 19th
m° Belleville

The cheapest sandwich place in Paris—Vietnamese ones, with coriander, cucumber, carrot, and perhaps chicken. After visiting the fruit-and-vegetable market on Boulevard de Belleville, it's the best way to fill your belly.

3. Fifi Chachnil

231 rue St. Honoré, 1st
m° Tuileries

Hey, guys! Instead of asking our best friend what to give us for our birthday, this is what we want! The finest Fifties-inspired lingerie, only for pin-ups.





Notes From the **Underground**

Two filmmakers and a veteran graf writer tour the hidden netherworld of Paris' catacombs.

Words Vivian Host • Photos Silvio Magaglio

One hundred feet beneath Paris lies over 300 kilometers of tunnels, secret passageways, and special rooms fashioned in the ruins of Roman-era limestone quarries. The catacombs are a burial site, illegal party spot, graffiti museum, and unusual respite from the city rolled into one, accessible only by climbing through sewage drains and down manholes. Filmmakers Marielle Quesney and Jean “Turf One” Labourdette spent four years trailing graffiti writer Psychoze through this haunting underworld for their 2006 documentary *Dead Space* (Bully Records, \$15). We asked for their thoughts on one of Paris’ most secret spots.

What was the scariest moment you had in the catacombs?

Marielle: When I realized that I was 100 feet below the surface of a bustling city, below the subway and sewer systems. And as we walked on—or, rather, tried to keep up with Psychoze, who runs through the tunnels like a nutty little elf-man—the walls and ceiling became tighter and tighter until we were at a crouch; the air thicker with every step, the weight of solid rock on my back, and darkness around every corner. When I realized that I could not leave the space without my guide, I discovered that I was a little claustrophobic. However, I managed to suppress my insanity, heavy breathing, and cold sweats, and some 10 hours later I crept out of a tight hole onto an abandoned train track. I felt like I was born again.

What was the most surprising thing you saw in the catacombs?

Marielle: Nothing can survive down there, nothing lives down there. It is earth and stone.

I thought I would come across a rat or something, but there was nothing.

Jean: I was very surprised to see how people behave and interact in a place where the notion of society is supposed to be completely absent. How they recreate their own rules, codes, structures, and conflicts. Also, every single aspect of a person takes on a huge importance down there and almost shapes the energy of the place around this person. The space is neutral but becomes an amplifier for every individual’s persona.

What was your favorite moment of making the film?

Jean: My favorite moment was discovering the catacombs, running through the tunnels for hours at a time. For someone who loves abandoned spaces, it was the ultimate playground.

Marielle: The experience of living in Paris and documenting something unknown to most of its citizens was pretty cool. Most of the people didn’t know about the catacombs; a few had heard mythical stories but very few had actually ventured down there. It was like we were really discovering something...

Did Psychoze get lost often?

Marielle: Psy is a crazy dude. He used to take LSD and go down there without a map or any source of light and let himself get lost, and eventually find his way out again. Talk about facing your demons... It is also how he came to know the place like the back of his hand. In the 15 or so times that we went down, we only got lost once and only because he was too drunk to even walk straight, let alone find his way out of a labyrinth.

Did you find the catacombs as relaxing as Psychoze does?

Jean: I had a few occasions to stop filming, turn off the lights, and wander by myself a little further into the darkness of the tunnels while listening to the absolute silence. That’s when I had a chance to experience the very intense energy of the place. It was very strong and peaceful at the same time.

Marielle: It’s crazy and intense and surreal, but I wouldn’t call it “chill”.

www.deadspacemovie.com



Most romantic place in Paris:

Jean: The catacombs. Well, sort of...

Favorite French expression:

Jean: *Ta mère elle est tellement petite qu'elle court dans la rosée pour se laver la chatte.* Or approximately something like ‘Your mom is so short that she runs in dew to wash her pussy.’

Geneviève Gauckler

The slow and subtle evolution of F Communications' erstwhile sleeve designer.

Words Evan Shamoon · Illustration Geneviève Gauckler

“I believe a character is an extension, an image of its creator,” Geneviève Gauckler writes from her studio in Paris. “There’s something magic about it. By creating a character or an atmosphere, I try to make something funny, sad, sweet—in a word, emotional—because it creates a link between you, your creation, and the viewer.”

It’s a subject Ms. Gauckler knows quite a bit about. Her iconic, simple, black characters have become her signature work, their expressionless faces telling soft-spoken stories in bold, broad strokes.

Gauckler was born in Lyon, France in 1967, and graduated from the School For Decorative Arts (ENSAD) in Paris in 1991. She spent time working for a comic book-publishing company in between classes, and, when she was finished with school, began creating record sleeves for Laurent Garnier’s F Communications, which she did until 1997. After developing a host of video clips and commercial films for the likes of Yves Saint Laurent and Dimitri From Paris, she worked as art director on the infamous (and beautifully designed) internet start-up Boo.com until its eventual shut-down; she later went on to help found the groundbreaking art collective Pleix, and through all of this has become one of the biggest names in contemporary illustration and design.

So how, exactly, does she make it all bubble? Waking up early helps. “I’m working very efficiently in the morning, on some jobs that require focusing,” she says. “After lunch, I usually make a break and then I’m working again. I’m trying to find some free time to see some exhibitions or visit my favorite bookshops. Getting creative is not a question of time but a state of mind; in order to get creative, I try to look at many books and to think about the job when I’m half-sleepy. Usually it’s efficient!”

Having spent so much time doing layout and design, Gauckler claims she needed 10 years (after graduating art school) to feel confident enough to develop her own style. Still, it’s not just a matter of sitting down and throwing ink on a blank page. “Right now, I’m trying to create some new characters. It’s a mini-revolution: They all have a nose! As usual, their eyes don’t express anything, they just stand and that’s it. I like the way they behave: they are very passive, they are the observer.”

As for her dream project? “I don’t have any—I already feel extremely lucky to earn my living [from] my passion,” says Gauckler. “If I have a dream, it’s a ‘small’ dream: to get enough free time to work on my new comic book.”

www.g2works.com

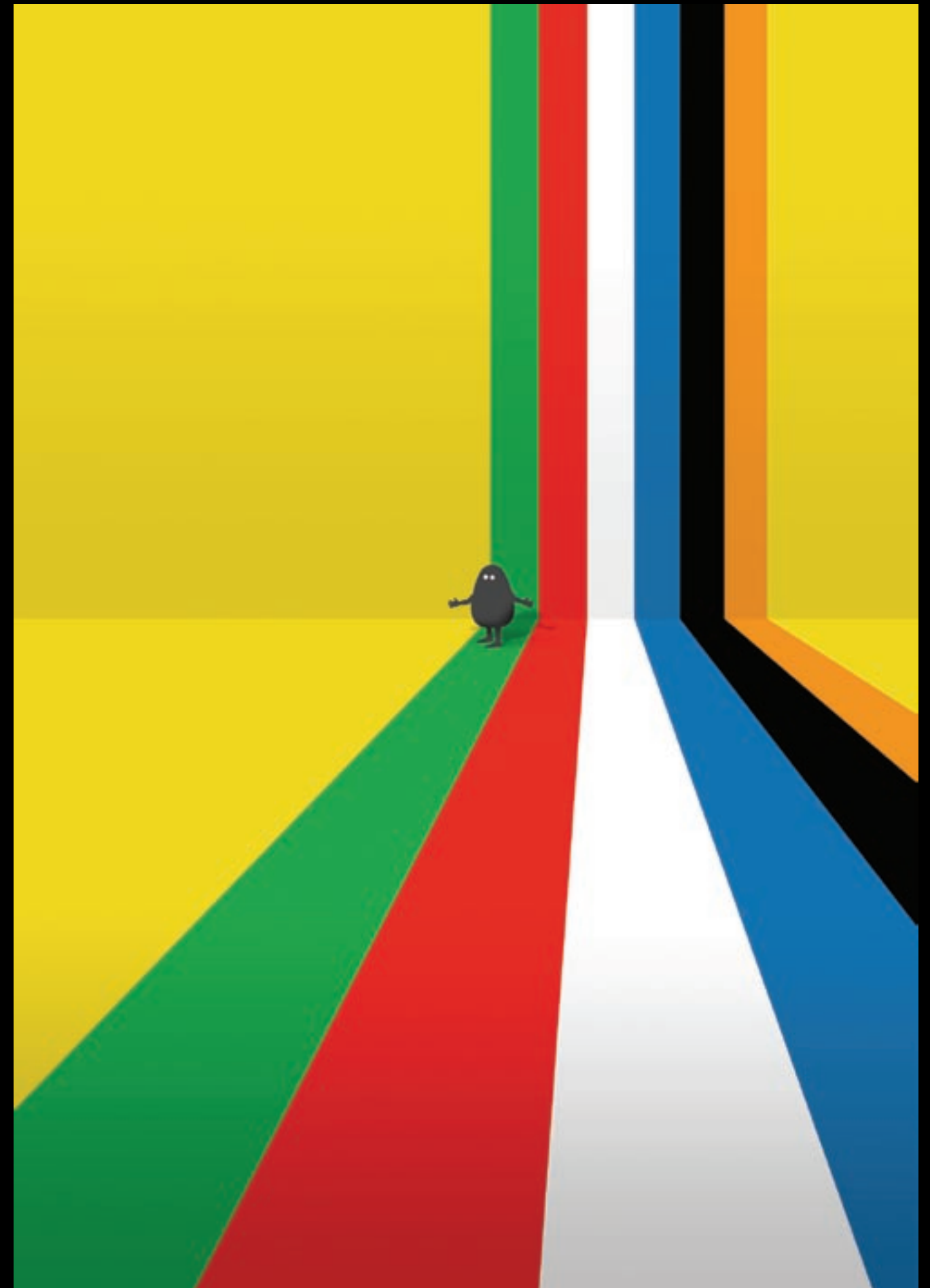


Most romantic place in Paris:

No doubt, on the Seine’s edge. It’s just beautiful.

Favorite French expression:

Les doigts dans le nez. “Fingers in the nose,” which means “piece of cake.”





Paris' vanguard turntablist waxes nostalgic while taking hip-hop to the big screen.

Words Scott Thill Photo Xavier Jaques

A native son of the City of Lights, Wax Tailor (otherwise known as JC Le Saout) walks a tightrope between geographies and genres. Parisians forget he's actually a local, while Americans consider his embrace of hip-hop's explosive golden era anachronistic in this age of blingy, ego-driven rap. Their loss, and not just because the noir-hop soundtracker actually scored a couple songs for the forthcoming Cedric Klapisch movie, *Paris*, or because Wax Tailor recently manned the wheels of steel for the Cannes Film Festival. Whether it's scoring a Juliette Binoche kiss or crafting a haunting track for his recent release, *Hope & Sorrow*, with U.S. soul diva Sharon Jones, Le Saout has a *je ne sais quoi* for sonics.

"I began as a big fan of bands like Public Enemy, Eric B. & Rakim, and EPMD," Le Saout explains, "as well as composers like John Barry, Lalo Schifrin, and Francois de Roubaix. I was totally compulsive about listening to music."

His previous effort, *Tales of Forgotten Melodies*, is evidence of that compulsion, filled as it was with brooding arrangements of Hitchcockian splendor, as well as head-bobbing paeans to a hip-hop yesterday that Wax Tailor refuses to bid adieu.

"I feel a kind of nostalgia about the golden years," he adds. "We've still got great producers

like Edan or Madlib, but I'm happy to hear one classic album each year, when I used to hear about 15 a year in the early '90s. But I really think that there is a connection between the soundtrack and the hip-hop sound. The pulse of the rhythm, the emotions of the arrangements."

And while the title *Hope & Sorrow* may indicate no variation on that lovelorn theme, Wax Tailor's newest record owes more to Herbaliser than it does Bernard Hermann. Especially with the vocal aid of Sharon Jones on the poignant "The Way We Lived."

"I wanted to mix early '70s soul with my sound," Le Saout says, "and I was convinced that Sharon could bring something special to the track. It was a great honor to work with her."

Their productive culture mash may become the norm in our digital age, where Google Maps brings Paris to your bedroom while internet labels and audiences evolve beyond geographical boundaries.

"In France," Le Saout explains, "the hip-hop scene is really developed, with more and more alternatives like instrumentals, turntablists, abstracts, and rap. It's possible to get out of the traditional formats. I think that people don't care anymore about where the music is coming from. We're on the internet now. People judge you by your sound."

Wax Tailor's *Hope & Sorrow* is out now on Decon. www.waxtailor.com



Most romantic place in Paris:

Montmartre is really romantic if you choose to go at the right moment to avoid the crowd. You've also got plenty of lovely parks that are really beautiful, like Luxembourg Park near St. Michel.

Favorite French word:

Nonobstant. That can be translated as "notwithstanding." I like the sound of this word, but it's not really useful. So it's funny to use it in an unusual context.



Saian Supa Crew

These Parisian MCs are the unsung hip-hop royalty of the world.

The Parisian six-man Saian Supa Crew is bouncing around the stage like an amphetamine-charged boy band. As they stomp through perfectly synchronized b-boy routines—tent-sized t-shirts flapping behind them—they belt out exhilarating multi-layered flows, insane beat-boxing, carnival-jump-up-style hooks, and pitch-perfect harmonies. Despite not having a freaking clue what they're rapping about, I'm immediately swept up in their vibe. Along with the rest of the enthused crowd, I rock, bop, and punch the air like a kid at her first concert, vowing to love these guys for, like, ever.

That was the first time I saw Saian Supa Crew perform at The French Embassy in London,

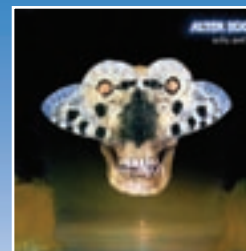
back in 1999. Since then I've been fortunate to somehow see Sir Samuel, Sly the Mic Buddha, Feniksi, Vicelow, Leeroy, and Specta (the latter two are no longer part of the crew) perform another four times, the group always as breathtaking as it was at that first magical show. Their prowess lies in their genuine skills, not the fronting. They don't have the nasty bag of lyrics prevalent in so much of today's hip hop, but rather the kind of mad-sick ability across the board of hip-hop's core disciplines (rap, b-boying, beat-boxing) that leaves audiences stupefied.

If I could understand the lyrics of their albums—1999's *KLR*, 2001's *X-Raisons*, and 2005's *Hold-Up*—I'm convinced I'd be even more blown away. My French connections tell me Saian's style is not just socially biting and hilariously madcap but that they rap in a type of Paris street

slang that flips the syllables of a word around to pronounce it back to front. It's the West's limited patience with non-English-language music that has kept them off the radar, and from becoming the world-renowned hip-hop royalty their talent merits.

And I'm as guilty as the next head for keeping it that way. I inexplicably forget about them just a few months after watching them in concert. I rarely play their albums, never check for them on YouTube, and never discuss them with friends. Why? Maybe it's because no matter how much I love the flow, intonation, and beats, I can't sing along, reassess the lyrical meaning, or empathize with the story of each album. But when I watch them perform I feel them as much, if not more, than I do the vast majority of English-speaking rappers—and fall in love with them all over again.

www.wmaker.net/saiansupacrew



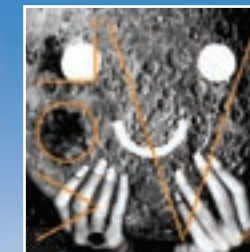
ALTER EGO
Why Not?! CD/2LP

It's been three years since **Alter Ego's** smash album *Transphormer*, and now they're back to unleash more of their madness. *Why Not?!* is frontloaded with all of the ballsy hallmarks you've come to expect: buzzing synth squalls, blowtorch leads and rocker-style beats. Raw, dirty and barely restrained.



SUN ELECTRIC
Lost + Found (1998-2000) CD

This is **Sun Electric's** never-before released follow-up to 1998's *Via Nostra*, an essential document from the halcyon days of ambient IDM. Originally known for their dancefloor classics on the legendary Belgian R&S/Apollo label, these pioneering electronic documents can be heard at long last.



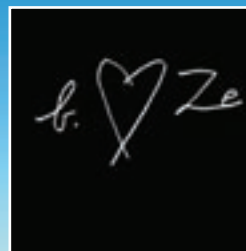
THE GLIMMERS
Eskimo Volume V CD

The fifth volume of Eskimo's mix series. **The Glimmers** continue their leftfield DJ assault with 19 timeless tracks that dig deep and still retain the heartbeat of the dancefloor. **LCD Soundsystem**, **Primal Scream**, **Herb Alpert**, **Shirley Bassey** and more, all housed in Eskimo's unique luxury packaging.



PAN-POT
Pan-O-Rama CD/2LP

Pan-Pot have delivered 5 essential singles for one of Berlin's most exciting techno imprints, **Mobilee**, and with their debut artist full length, you can hear the agonized gurgle of isolationist acid tracks dragging a swath of techno history into the future. Call it "minimal" if you must, but this ain't no clickity-clack shit.



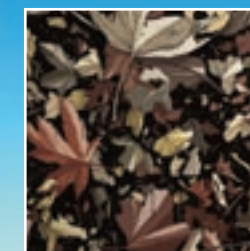
AGNÈS B.
B. Loves Ze CD

Ze Records is proud to present a unique collection of classics curated by the legendary French designer, **Agnès B.** Tracks by **Teenage Jesus and the Jerks** sit alongside staples by **Was (Not Was)**, **Lizzy Mercier Descloux** and the label's latest discovery, **Michael Dracula**. Ze Records is back!



PERSIAN ELECTRONIC MUSIC
Yesterday and Today 1966-2006 2CD

A unique pairing of Iranian electronic composers from two generations, both of whom utilize ancestral forms to create something radically new. Disc one compiles ridiculously obscure '60s and '70s pieces by **Alireza Mashayekhi**, while disc 2 features recent pieces by **Ata Ebtekar/Sote** (Warp).



SKALLANDER
Skallander CD/LP

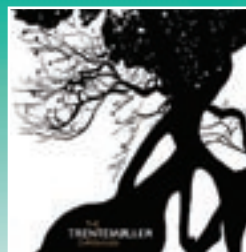
International debut record by the New Zealand duo of **Bevan Smith (Signer)** and **Matthew Mitchell**, a rock album that sounds both incredibly new while retaining the feel of your favorite '70s LPs. Nods to early **Pink Floyd**, **Neil Young** and **Jose Gonzalez** color this deep and beautiful release.



BASSEKOU KOUYATE & NGONI BA
Segu Blue CD/2LP

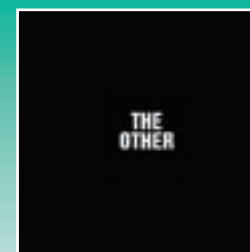
Debut solo record from **Bassekou Kouyate**, Mali's premier *ngoni* player — an ancient lute found throughout West Africa, and featuring Grammy nominee **Kassemady Diabate** — music as close to the blues as you can get in Africa. "The perfect proof of how inspirational African music can be." —**Damon Albarn**

out | here rec



TRENTMÖLLER
The Trentmøller Chronicles 2CD/2LP

It's been one year since **Trentmøller's** smash *The Last Resort* took the world by storm, garnering "Album of the Year" on countless lists. This 2CD set includes a selection of his best tracks and remixes which have only been available on vinyl or compilations, as well as new and exclusive tracks.



TBA A.K.A. TUSIA BERIDZE
The Other CD

On *The Other*, Tbilisi, Georgia born **Natalie Beridze aka TBA** flaunts her eclectic influences — **The Smiths**, **Björk**, **Weather Report**, **Kraftwerk** — crafting tracks that are love letters, not just summer kisses. Released in tandem with her sprawling 2CD *Size and Tears*, which is a step away from the former's childhood references.



PIG&DAN
Imagine CD

Veteran producers **Pig&Dan** decided a couple years back to rough up the dancefloors of the underground techno scene. Following their two smash 12"s on Cocoon, they return with their sensational debut full length, *Imagine*. The sound of the Cocoon clubs in Ibiza, Frankfurt, Amsterdam and Rome.



RECHENZENTRUM
Silence DVD

Berlin's **Rechenzentrum** return after a 4-year hiatus with *Silence*, an audio/video project with music evoking **Arvo Pärt**, early **Pink Floyd** and **Pan Sonic**, paired with a stunning visual component created by renowned video artist, **Lillevan**. A triumphant journey into an alien world of contemplative existence.

Weiser Music

These titles available at fine independent record stores
or online at www.forcedexposure.com
Retailers: request wholesale information from fe@forcedexposure.com

French Kiss

*Musicians, designers, and Tektonik dancers
showcase the effortless style of the Parisian streets.*

Photographed on location by Bastien Lattanzio.



✿ MAILAN, 25, designer for BEZEMYMAILAN

WHERE: IN FRONT OF MY ATELIER. **MOST STYLISH PERSON IN PARIS:** THIS FROG AND BEZEM. **FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:** I OWN LOTS OF FAVORITE ITEMS! MOST OF THEM ARE BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED PIECES I BROUGHT FROM ASIA. **IN THIS PHOTO:** IT IS THE WHOLE SILHOUETTE THAT IS IMPORTANT FOR US. THE MORE DETAILS THERE ARE, THE BETTER IT IS. **THE MOST STYLISH PARISIANS ARE IN:** THE CAFÉS, LIKE THE LESS STYLISH ONES. **FAVORITE FRENCH BRAND:** KOURTRAJME FAMILY—THEY'RE HANDSOME MOVIEMAKERS. **THE PARISIAN "LOOK":** I SEE IT AS A MIX OF THE '50S AND THE '80S, LIKE A DANDY ROCK-Y STYLE AT THE MOMENT. WE'RE GOING THROUGH A LONG "REVIVAL" PERIOD. I GUESS WE'RE TAKING A SURVEY OF THE CENTURY BEFORE GOING TO SOMETHING ELSE FOR THE NEXT. **MOST ROMANTIC PLACE IN PARIS:** HOME. **FAVORITE FRENCH EXPRESSION:** UNE ENTOURLOUPE. "ENTERLOOP." THIS CAN BE USED AS ANYTHING, IT'S VERY USEFUL.

WWW.BEZEMYMAILAN.COM



✿ **GUILLAUME BERG, 23, JEREMY KRAEGER, 23, PHARRELL AROT, 23, ERIC IDIBI, 23, GUILLAUME REDHOTCAR, 19, DJs and members of the Fluokids music blog**

WHERE: ON BOARD THE PÉNICHE CONCORDE ATLANTIQUE. **FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:** A VINTAGE PURPLE SWEATSHIRT FEATURING A ONE-EYED STAG FROM THE KILIWATCH SHOP. (GR) **IN THIS PHOTO:** MY STUSSY SK8 HEADS TEE MIXED WITH VANS, THE NEW OLD-SCHOOL SKATER STYLE. (GB) **FAVORITE FRENCH BRAND:** ALL THE GOOD RED WINE. (PA); I'LL ALWAYS LOVE WEARING LACOSTE, BUT CLOTHES FROM MY FRIEND BÉRANGÈRE CLAIRE ARE MY FAVORITE. (JK) **THE PARISIAN "LOOK":** PARISIAN BOYS HAVE NO PROBLEM WITH MIXING PRÊT À PORTER BRANDS WITH DESIGNER BRANDS AND FANCY STREETWEAR/OLD-SCHOOL SKATE BRANDS. AND PARISIAN GIRLS OFTEN MIX MISCHA BARTON TEENAGER-STYLE WITH THE ELEGANCE OF AUDREY HEPBURN. (EI) **MOST ROMANTIC PLACE IN PARIS:** ANY CAB AT NIGHT. (PA); QUAI DE LA RAPÉE, 5:48 A.M. (GR); SUNRISE AT BIBLIOTHÈQUE FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND. (JK) **FAVORITE FRENCH EXPRESSION:** (GB); *C'EST ASMEUK MON LOSS*. IT MEANS "IT'S LIKE THAT, DUDE," BUT IN THE WEIRDEST VERNACULAR SLANG. (EI); *À LA BIEN!* IT MEANS NOTHING, KIND OF LIKE "TAKE IT EASY." (PA)

FLUOKIDS.BLOGSPOT.COM



✿ **NICK HUCHARD, 20, and KHADY THIAM, 19, professional dancers**

WHERE: PARIS, 11TH ARRONDISSEMENT. **MOST STYLISH PERSON IN PARIS:** MY FRIEND KHADY. (NH); MY FRIEND PIERRE. (KT) **FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:** MY SHOES. THEY'RE RE-EDITIONS FROM THE NIKE STORE. (NH); MY AIR JORDANS FROM MY FAVORITE PARIS STORE, DEEP STORE. (KT) **IN THIS PHOTO:** MY OLD LEVIS 501S. (NH); MY PANTS. (KT) **THE MOST STYLISH PARISIANS ARE IN:** THE CLUB PARIS PARIS FOR THE COLETTE DANCE CLASS. (NH & KT) **THE PARISIAN "LOOK":** PARIS IS ONE OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE CITIES IN THE WORLD... AND THERE'S A LOT OF LOOKS AND STYLES. (NH & KT) **MOST ROMANTIC PLACE IN PARIS:** CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES. (NH); SAINT MICHEL. (KT) **FAVORITE FRENCH EXPRESSION:** *HONEEEY*. IT MEANS "HONEY." (NH); ME AND MY FRIEND HAVE OUR OWN VOCABULARY, AND MY FAVE EXPRESSION IS *MAIS C'EST ÇA*. IT MEANS "THAT'S WHAT IT IS." (KT)

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/KHADYLICIOUS



✿ **VAVAN, 18, professional dancer (center)**

WHERE: CHÂTELET LES HALLES, IN THE CENTER OF PARIS. **MOST STYLISH PERSON IN PARIS:** XAVIER DE ROSNAY FROM JUSTICE. **FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:** MY JEANS. THEY'RE KAPORALS. **THE MOST STYLISH PARISIANS ARE IN:** CHÂTELET. **FAVORITE FRENCH BRAND:** TEKTONIK KILLER AND JUSTICE [WE MEANT BRAND, NOT BAND, BUT THAT'S COOL. -ED.] **THE PARISIAN "LOOK":** FASHION-CLUBBER CLASS. **MOST ROMANTIC PLACE IN PARIS:** LE SACRÉ COEUR. **FAVORITE FRENCH EXPRESSION:** GENRE. IT'S SOMETHING LIKE "NO KIDDING."



✿ **LAURA CAMILLE SAGLIO, 29, APRIL77 PR mercenary, and BRICE PARTOUCHE, 30, APRIL77 dictator**

WHERE: APRIL77'S ATELIER. **MOST STYLISH PERSON IN PARIS:** I BELIEVE THERE ARE FEWER "STYLISH" PEOPLE IN PARIS THAN IN A TOWN LIKE LONDON BUT TO MAKE A COMPROMISE I'D SAY JARVIS COCKER. (HE LIVES HERE NOW). (LCS); ISABELLE LINDQWISTER. (BP) **FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:** THE LEVI'S CUT-OFF AND RIPPED DENIM SHORTS I BOUGHT IN CAMDEN ARCHES FOR £2. (LCS); A HAND-MADE MEXICAN BLACK SCARF; BOUGHT IN A MEXICAN STORE JUST BEHIND OUR ATELIER. (BP) **IN THIS PHOTO:** I LOVE MY METALLICA TEE-I WAS A BIG FAN WHEN I WAS 14-AND I LIKE THESE TOPSHOP LEGGINGS BECAUSE THEY ALMOST LOOK LIKE LEATHER. (LCS); MY NEW NAZI BOOTS. (BP) **FAVORITE FRENCH BRAND:** REPETTO. (LCS); SORRY FOR BEING A MEGALOMANIAC BUT I'D HAVE TO SAY APRIL77. EVIAN'S COOL TOO. (BP) **THE PARISIAN "LOOK":** IT'S SHIT. (LCS); IT'S CALLED THE "COUSCOUS" LOOK. (BP) **MOST ROMANTIC PLACE IN PARIS:** MY HEART. (LCS); L'ÎLE SAINT LOUIS. (BP) **FAVORITE FRENCH EXPRESSION:** RENDEZ-VOUS, WHICH MEANS "RENDEZ-VOUS." (LCS); GRRRRRRRRR. (BP) WWW.APRIL77.FR



✦ **JÉRÉMIE ROZAN, art director, and LUBNA PLAYOUST, 25, shop manager, Surface to Air**

WHERE: OUR NEW SURFACE TO AIR BOUTIQUE IN THE MARAIS. **MOST STYLISH PERSON IN PARIS:** THE SURFACE TO AIR TEAM, OF COURSE. **FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:** MY INDIAN SHOES THAT I HAVE IN MANY STYLES. I WEAR THEM ALL THE TIME. I BOUGHT THEM AT A LITTLE STORE IN PARIS. **IN THIS PHOTO:** WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT WHAT I'M WEARING IS THAT IT'S COMFORTABLE AND NICE AT THE SAME TIME. **THE MOST STYLISH PARISIANS ARE IN:** IPOD BATTLE PARTIES, EVERY TIME AT A DIFFERENT PLACE. **FAVORITE FRENCH BRAND:** PIERRE HERMÉ PASTRIES. **THE PARISIAN "LOOK":** IS SO NOUVELLE VAGUE. YOU TAKE A FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT MOVIE LIKE *JULES & JIM*, AND YOU'VE GOT IT. PARISIANS ARE ELEGANT BUT AREN'T DARING ENOUGH IN THEIR STYLE. **MOST ROMANTIC PLACE IN PARIS:** ANYWHERE AT NIGHT. **FAVORITE FRENCH EXPRESSION:** *MISTINGUETTE*. IT'S AN OLD-FASHIONED WAY TO SAY "LITTLE GIRL." THERE IS NO REAL TRANSLATION IN ENGLISH BUT IT'S SORT OF LIKE "FUNNY FACE." (ALL BY LP)

WWW.SURFACE2AIRPARIS.COM



✦ **TIDO BERMAN, 33, singer/actor/producer**

WHERE: AT LA PLACE DES VICTOIRES, IN THE CENTER OF PARIS NEAR LE LOUVRE. **MOST STYLISH PERSON IN PARIS:** JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER IS A MASTER FOR ME. **FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:** MY POLOS, OF WHICH I HAVE A BIG COLLECTION. **IN THIS PHOTO:** I LIKE MY BLACK TIE—IT'S A CLASSIC AND I LOVE THAT. **THE MOST STYLISH PARISIANS ARE IN:** THE PALAIS ROYAL. **FAVORITE FRENCH BRAND:** SIXPACK ALWAYS MAKES THE BEST T-SHIRT OF THE MOMENT. DIOR IS ALSO A GOOD THING FOR THE FRENCH, BUT IT'S FOR RICH PEOPLE. **THE PARISIAN "LOOK":** WE CALL THEM "LES TITIS PARISIENS"—A POLO STRETCH OR A SHIRT WITH A TIE. SOMETIMES MY CLOTHES ARE EXACTLY LIKE THAT. **MOST ROMANTIC PLACE IN PARIS:** LE SACRÉ COEUR, NEAR PIGALLE, THE PLACE OF EDITH PIAF. YOU CAN FIND A LOT OF GOOD RESTAURANTS THERE, WITH GOOD FOOD AND CANDLES ON THE TABLE. I HAVE TO DO THAT THIS WEEK. **FAVORITE FRENCH EXPRESSION:** *UN ARROSOIR*. WHICH MEANS "WATERING CAN."

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/TIDOBERMAN



✿ FLORENT, 26, ANTOINE, ageless, and SAM, 32, Pony Pony bandmembers

WHERE: IN THE 13TH ARRONDISSEMENT ON NEW PARISIAN RENTAL BIKES WHICH SUCK, YET ARE CONVENIENT. (A) **MOST STYLISH PERSON IN PARIS:** SARAH MONFORT. (F); MY MAN SO-ME. (A); NICOLAS SARKOZY, DEFINITELY. (S) **FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:** MA CHEMISE DE COWBOY. (F); BIRTHDAY GIFTS: MY NOW-TORN LEATHER JACKET FROM NICOLAS OF MUSCLORECORDS, AND NOW-TORN NIKE TERMINATORS FROM GASPARD AND XAVIER [OF JUSTICE]. (S) **THE MOST STYLISH PARISIANS ARE IN:** BED IN THE MORNING, CAFÉS IN THE AFTERNOONS, AND RESTAURANTS AND CLUBS AT NIGHT. (A); WHEREVER THE GUYS FROM JUSTICE GO. (S & F) **FAVORITE FRENCH BRAND:** YVES SAINT LAURENT. (F); MUSCLORECORDS. (A); IS BURGER KING A FRENCH BRAND? (S) **MOST ROMANTIC PLACE IN PARIS:** ANYWHERE A HAND CAN BE HELD. (A); ANYWHERE BUT THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES. (S) **FAVORITE FRENCH EXPRESSION:** ON SE TIENS AU JUS. ["THAT'D BE, 'LET'S KEEP IN TOUCH' IN '50S SLANG. -ANTOINE] (F)

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/PONEYPONEY



✿ MICHAEL DUPOUY, 30, buzzmaker and urban culture specialist

WHERE: JUST DOWN FROM MY OFFICE, ON A BRIDGE OVER THE SAINT MARTIN CANAL. **FAVORITE ITEM OF CLOTHING IN THIS PHOTO:** MY SHIRT, BECAUSE IT'S A GIFT FROM MY GIRLFRIEND. **FAVORITE FRENCH BRAND:** FOR FOOD, THERE'S NOTHING COOLER THAN PICARD SURGELÉS, AND AS FOR CLOTHING BRANDS, I WOULD SAY LACOSTE AND A.P.C. **THE PARISIAN "LOOK":** NOT ONLY ONE, BUT A FEW DIFFERENT PARISIAN STYLES. FOR EXAMPLE, BACK IN THE DAYS, OUR "THUGS" WERE EASY TO RECOGNIZE AS THEY WERE WEARING DOUBLE GOOSE JACKETS, LACOSTE POLO TIGHT LEVIS 501, AND A PAIR OF NIKE AIR MAX OR ADIDAS STAN SMITH. NOWADAYS, OUR "BOHOS" CAN BE IDENTIFIED ROCKING WHITE-TEE V-NECKS, A.P.C. JEANS, AND A PAIR OF REPETTO SHOES. **MOST ROMANTIC PLACE IN PARIS:** YOU MEAN, OTHER THAN MY BED? MAYBE LE PALAIS ROYAL OR LE JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG. **FAVORITE FRENCH EXPRESSION:** VIVRE SANS TEMPS MORTS. THAT MEANS "LIVING WITH NO WASTE OF TIME."

WWW.LAMJC.COM, WWW.WESOLDOUT.COM

First Tango in Paris

An introductory dance with the city's finest selectors.



Brodinski

Lives: In the 15th arrondissement, like Teki Latex.

Style: Techno, minimal techno, and electro.

Affiliations: Mental Groove Records in Geneva and Paris; residencies at Panik the Party at Élysée Montmartre; and we work with Detect. to organize Do We Party at Point Éphémère.

Favorite Paris club: Point Éphémère, which isn't really a club. I love Le Paris Paris, too.

Favorite French dessert: *Le Paris brest* or *l'éclair au chocolat*.

Favorite other Paris DJ: My friends Yüksek and Detect. for sure, Solo of The Reanimators, Das Glow, Bobmo & Orgasmic, and Jennifer Cardini.

Upcoming releases: Released first 12; "Bad Runner," on Mental Groove in September.

www.myspace.com/brodinskimusic



JM Irie

Lives: Sadly in the far West (a.k.a. the evil 16th, where old rich people crawl to hide before dying).

Style: A timeless, blue, yet ever-joyful musical celebration of love and life. 'Nuff spiritual vibes. 360 degrees of juju in rotation.

Affiliations: One Love parties with Ness at Batofar and soon at Bus Palladium, plus DJing weekly at The Impala Lounge.

Favorite Paris club: Djoon.

Favorite French dessert: *Tarte tatin à la crème*.

Favorite other Paris DJ: L'Arroye.

Upcoming releases: None personally, but check out my MySpace page for gigs.

www.myspace.com/jmirie



Cabanne

Lives: 17th arrondissement.

Style: A mixture between clever house and stupid electro—has to be warm and funky anyway!

Affiliations: Minibar, Perlon, Karat, Hello?repeat.

Favorite Paris club: The Rex Club.

Favorite French dessert: *Crème brûlée*.

Favorite other Paris DJ: Ark, Alex from Karat, Laetitia from Karat, Seuil, Sety.

Upcoming releases: Minibar compilation out this month!

www.minibar-music.com



Missill

Lives: In Montreuil, a nearby suburb, in the "93."

Style: A very eclectic mash-up. I like to edit all my tracks, prepare my own bootlegs and I play anything—hip-hop, ragga, booty, breakbeat, Baltimore, *baile* funk, rock bootlegs, electro, and more!

Affiliations: My Rumble in the Jungle nights at Nouveau Casino with a big crew of graffiti artists, DJs, producers, and musicians... I paint a lot with M.A.C. crew.

Favorite Paris club: Rex and Nouveau Casino.

Favorite French dessert: *Eclair au chocolat*.

Favorite other Paris DJ: Birdy Nam Nam.

Upcoming releases: *Missill Targets* album on Discograph in November.

www.missill.com



Soul Stereo

Lives: 20th arrondissement.

Style: A soundsystem that spreads Jamaican music from the '60s to nowadays: ska, rocksteady, reggae, rub-a-dub, dancehall.

Affiliations: Residencies at La Java, Le Batofar, Péniche Syrius (in Lyon); Sundays on FPP Radio 106.3 FM.

Favorite Paris club: Le Batofar.

Favorite French dessert: *Pain au chocolat* and coffee.

Favorite other Paris DJ: Check Soul Stereo's MySpace friends.

Upcoming releases: Check out Soul Vybz productions.

www.myspace.com/soulstereo



Guillaume Sorge & Clovis Goux of Dirty Sound System

Lives: 10th arrondissement (Clovis) and in the suburbs (Guillaume).

Style: Something between black metal and French *variétés*. We also like cult music a lot (Manson Family records, for instance). Generally dark, lovely, weird, dubby, industrial, folk, diskono post-everything records.

Affiliations: Our monthly Dirty night at Le Paris Paris, our Tigersushi compilations, and our blog (www.alainfinkielkrautrock.com).

Favorite Paris club: Le Paris Paris and Le Pulp (which closed a few weeks ago).

Favorite French dessert: *Tarte tatin* or *macarons* from Ladurée.

Favorite other Paris DJ: Pilooski, Krikor, Ivan Smaghe, Jennifer Cardini, Chloé, Romain BNO...

Upcoming releases: *Dirty Edits Vol. 1* CD of early and unreleased edits; *Dirty French Pop* (weird French pop from the '70s); DLL 007, a John Miles/Pilooski edit single-sided 10-inch.

www.d-i-r-t-y.com, www.alainfinkielkrautrock.com



DJ Luxy

Lives: 15th arrondissement, almost where it turns into the 7th. A five-minute walk from Eiffel Tower.

Style: Minimal, deep, and digital drum & bass—artists like Amit, Commix, Lomax, Martyn, D-Bridge, Redeyes, Alix Perez.

Affiliations: www.junglistic-sistaz.com—a database and platform for active women in drum & bass.

Favorite Paris club: I Love Jungle at Cabaret Sauvage and Glaz'art.

Favorite French dessert: *Crème brûlée*.

Favorite other Paris DJ: DJ Redeyes, but he's located in Toulouse in the South of France.

Upcoming releases: None... I'm not a producer.

www.myspace.com/luxy



L'Arroye & Kÿ

Lives: We both live in the East of Paris, near Place de la Bastille and Place Gambetta.

Style: A nice mix of disco, house, and broken beats.

Affiliations: None.

Favorite Paris club: Batofar, Nouveau Casino, Djoon.

Favorite French dessert: *Ile flottante* and *profiterolles*.

Favorite other Paris DJ: Erik Rug, Llorca.

Upcoming releases: "Storm" single on LTD and a track for Domu this month.

www.myspace.com/larroyeandky

Funk Weapons

Funk Weapons International proudly presents:
Featurecast "Music for Fat Kids" EP AFA FW14
 "A cornucopia of funk, disco, hip hop, and breakbeats"

Physical copies are here: www.groovedis.com.
 Virtual copies are here: www.myspace.com/funkweaponsinternational.

Coming Soon: All Good Funk Alliance "Weakness of a Trade" EP with remixes
 from Marc Hype with Jim Dunloop & Dr. Delay AFA FW15.



Super HiFi Recordings, Out now:
B-Team - Not Crazy EP with remix by Neighbour
 Available on vinyl at www.kudosrecords.co.uk or all local record stores.
 MP3 downloads also available at our myspace site.

Next up: Featurecast Turn it Out EP featuring
 remixes by Omegaman and Blend.
 MP3 downloads available now at our myspace site. Vinyl coming soon.
www.myspace.com/superhifirecordings



Galactic

Photo by Ryan Mastro

Album Reviews 10.07

MODUS VIVENDI MUSIC & SUBATOMIC SOUND SYSTEM ESSENTIAL NEW RELEASES



SAM SPARRO BLACK & GOLD

The highly anticipated debut E.P. by L.A.'s electro funk phenomenon!

www.myspace.com/samsparro
www.samsparro.com



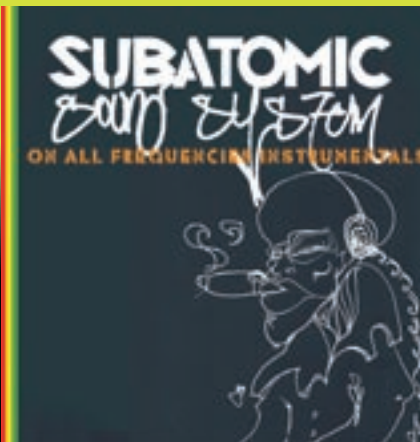
MODUS VIVENDI MUSIC VOL. 2

Brand new international bangers from the Modus camp including Julian Brody Sanchez Dub, Monta Subatomic Sound System, B.N. Loco, Soul Warriors, Sam Sparro and more...



SUBATOMIC SOUND SYSTEM HEAT BRINGS HEAT

Dubwise Hip Hop & Dancehall Reggae built to survive on the searing asphalt in New York City summer heat!



SUBATOMIC SOUND SYSTEM ON ALL FREQUENCIES (INSTRUMENTALS)

Now available with or without vocals... "Artful lyrics, soulful singing & innovative beats. These beats could become the blueprint for future producers... Genius producing!" **** - Okay Player



FUNK THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS: THREE LABELS BUST OUT SOME REVIVALIST JAMS.

THE HARLEM EXPERIMENT
 THE HARLEM EXPERIMENT
 Ropeadope/US/CD

GALACTIC
 FROM THE CORNER TO THE BLOCK
 Anti/US/CD

PIECES OF PEACE
 PIECES OF PEACE
 Cali-Tex-Quannum/US/CD



Funk sprang forth fully formed from the loins of James Brown, Booker T. & the MGs, Curtis Mayfield, and Isaac Hayes, clad only in a day-glo diaper and clear-plastic platform boots. The genre had its heyday, informing countless chase scenes and pimp swagger pose-offs in grainy '70s blaxploitation fests, and connecting UFOs, Egyptian pyramids, and Pinocchio into a stoned mythology. The funk era lasted long enough to leave a permanent stain on America's living room shag rug, but petered out commercially way before the Gap Band and Rick James became as cliché as jheri curls. Via a little genre called hip-hop—which ironically brought it back to life after sampling it to death—funk became breakbeat DNA and VH-1 trivia; sequined spacesuits no longer seemed relevant once Run and DMC removed the laces from their Adidas Superstars.

The funny thing, though, is that funk refuses to die. It's pure cosmic energy that can't be created or destroyed, only re-imagined and recalibrated. New Orleans jam band Galactic's latest, *From the Corner to the Block*, is the funkier nu-funk album since before Sa-Ra and Triple P, with none of the fashionista pretensions and all of the instrumental gravitas. Tight grooves—some bassline-driven, some guitar-laced, all of them drum-heavy—permeate the album, which trades in the patchouli, vegan sausages, and bell bottoms for honest-to-God urban cred, courtesy of guest vocalists like Mr. Lif, Chali 2na, Lyrics Born, Gift of Gab, Boots Riley, Ladybug Mecca, Lateef, and, in a surprise pairing, Mr. "Back That Azz Up" himself, Juvenile. Juvy's back-porch flow helps to connect Galactic's forward-thinking arrangements with Big Easy tradition (as does another dope track, "Second and Dryades" with Big Chief Monk), resulting in the best funk album featuring hip-hop vocalists since the Brand New Heavies' *Heavy Rhyme Experience*.

But Galactic is not alone in the funk wilderness. Harlem's tradition is as storied as N'awlines', and from the moment

Cab Calloway is connected to Nicky Barnes by Mums' voiceover, Ropeadope's latest "experiment" (following trips to Philadelphia and Detroit) becomes a groovy jazz-funk fantasy come true. *The Harlem Experiment* has a house band featuring David Bowie sidekick Carlos Alomar, clarinetist Don Byron, drummer Steve Berrios, keyboardist Eddie Martinez, bassist Ruben Rodriguez and invited guests Otu Dara, James Hunter, Queen Esther, and Taj Mahal; the musicality quotient is quite high. This is Grover Washington, Jr./Willie Bobo funk, not Dazz Band funk. Calloway's '30s classic "Reefer Man" gets mashed into a Cuban mojito, James Brown tunes are flipped with swing arrangements, Jimmy Castor's "It's Just Begun" is reinterpreted as a smooth Latin fusion number with a scratch solo, and a jazzy, funky time is had by all.

Pieces of Peace, on the other hand, are the original article—vintage '70s Chi-town grooves given the reissue treatment by those crazy crate-digging kids at Quannum (venturing into Now-Again territory with their Cali-Tex imprint). Their self-titled album comes out of the black liberation struggle of the '60s, which was about raising cultural consciousness and artistic awareness as surely as it was about raising a clenched ebony fist. As its title suggests, the album's full of mellow grooves with a lot of soul; one can easily imagine Ron O'Neal throwing this record on the turntable at his bachelor pad. As classic as anything Shadow and Cut Chemist might spin, *Pieces of Peace* is that rare funk record that never came out back in the day, which makes it as new, in a sense, as nu-funk, yet with an aged flavor. But while it's nice to see the classic funk reissue market blooming, it's even nicer to know that brand-new funk is still being assembled. *Eric K. Arnold*





THE GO! TEAM
PROOF OF YOUTH
Sub Pop/US/CD

When Brighton party terrorists The Go! Team first sprung on the scene with *Thunder, Lightning, Strike*, the band's carefree mix of northern soul, pop, indie rock, and seminal hip-hop made cool kids wet their white-belted jeans from Williamsburg to Hackney. But everyone assumed it to be as flash-in-the-pan as its title—some even willed the Team to disappear rather than hit a sophomore slump. Why did we worry? For *Proof of Youth*, The Go! Team's gone one further, making a record that truly approximates the joyful chaos of listening to music—a club's overloaded bass, complete with dancing and chanting. It's perfect for a group to whom "classic rock" means Happy Mondays. From the Jackson 5 to Superchunk, Stone Roses to "Uptown Top Ranking," The Go! Team cannibalizes music that is, itself, the result of cultural cannibalism. It's post-post-post-modern, and it's fucking brilliant. *Justin Hopper*



ALL TEETH AND KNUCKLES
CLUB HITS TO HIT THE CLUBS WITH
Pish Posh/US/CD

San Francisco's Patric Fallon and drum & bass DJ UFO! have created the ultimate meta-hipster-dance album of the '00s (not that there's much competition, but still...). More self-aware and snarky than Chromeo, All Teeth and Knuckles seemingly have set the contents of their blogs and text messages to concise, catchy electro-pop tracks that'll have you nonchalantly shaking your head. If ATAK's sneering, mock-braggadocious lyrics aren't spoofing the whole designer-ball cap/all-over-print-hoodie-centric club scene, I'll eat Spank Rock's *hijab* collection. They claim to rep "the real San Francisco," and their attention to detail suggests ATAK ain't bluffin'. *Club Hits* essentially is a documentary of metro nightlife circa now. Pop-cult historians, take note. *Dave Segal*

ANONYMOUS TWIST
THE CRUCIBLE

Soul On Rice/CAN/CD
Toronto hip-hopper Anonymous Twist attempts to achieve the rare triple-threat status on *The Crucible*, knocking out beats, rhymes, and turntablism by himself. Aside from his battle-tested scratching skills, it's tough to tell how well his talents would hold up individually. But as a package deal, AT's onto a traditional-minded sound that almost always hits its mark. The early '90s references to *Street Fighter* and Souls of Mischief help make his simple raps especially relatable to the true-school set, as does his affinity for MPC beats. And when Anonymous Twist summons a guest artist, like on the Planet Asia-assisted "Sweet Sixteen," this multitasking act proves that he's more than comfortable sharing the spotlight. *Max Herman*

BABY ELEPHANT
TURN MY TEETH UP!

Godforsaken Music/US/CD
Back in '89, Prince Paul blazed a new direction for hip-hop by repurposing Bernie Worrell's synth work from Funkadelic's "(Not Just) Knee Deep" into De La Soul's classic "Me, Myself & I." Now Paul has teamed with Worrell and Don Newkirk for Baby Elephant. On *Turn My Teeth Up!*, the Elephants bring the P-Funk ("Fred Berry") but with a little hip-hop and R&B thrown in. Like the similarly constructed Gnarls Barkley and Gorillaz, tracks like the David Byrne-featuring "How Does the Brain Wave" achieve a feel that's simultaneously pop and avant-garde. While not the masterpiece one might expect from these two, fans of P-Funk and P-Paul should find much to chew on. *Jesse Serwer*

BEIRUT
THE FLYING CLUB CUP

Ba Da Bing/US/CD
Beirut's music has been described as "ghostly," "drunken," and "gypsy-like," but the core sentiment is that his songs are consistent, creative, and enjoyable. *The Flying Club Cup* is filled with photographic lyrics and colorful instrumentation, where standouts "La Banlieu," "The Penalty," and "Cherbourg" all benefit from the cohesive clamor and engaging arrangements. Bandleader Zach Condon's narratives of faraway sceneries are vivid, while French horns, accordions, and grueling drums compliment his words. But it's the album's apex, "Nantes," that best showcases the group's chemistry and attention to detail. Overall, it's a more polished effort, but no less personal; *The Flying Club Cup* illustrates this young band's progress and its seemingly endless potential. *David Ma*

EUGENE BLACKNELL
WE CAN'T TAKE LIFE FOR GRANTED

Luv N' Haight/US/CD
It took a hell of a lot more than genius to "make it" in the music biz of the '60s. To have been a brilliant guitarist, effortlessly crossing from driving R&B to deep-funk workouts and every style in between, was no assurance of success—storied soul also-rans comprise entire crate-digging genres. Yet, as the first-ever compilation of his work shows, the late Eugene Blacknell's semi-obscure seems particularly harsh. Boiling over with funky fervor and grit, everything from heavily sampled 45s ("The Trip"; Beck's favorite, "We Know We Have to Live Together") to the never-released title track seems as fresh and alive today as it ever was. *Justin Hopper*

BLUE STATES
FIRST STEPS INTO...

Memphis Industries/US/CD
Danny Boyle took the creepy yet chilled electro-pop of Blue States widescreen when he tacked their "Season Song" onto the end of his destabilizing horror classic *28 Days Later*. States architect Andy Dragazis noticed: "First Steps... Last Stand," the second song on his one-man band's latest release, sounds like that song's instrumental twin. The lesson being: Don't fuck with the streak. Dragazis hasn't, although his fourth album is a bit heavy on the high end, filled with crystalline structures like "Gaining Time" and "Allies." *First Steps Into...* could use some darker moments besides the Ligeti-like "100s and 1000s." (You know, the kind that got Boyle high.) Meanwhile, the streak for successful, if piercing dream-tracking continues. *Scott Thill*

BOLA
KROUNGRINE

Skam/UK/CD
Darrell Fitton moves in mysterious ways—be it his little-known role as co-producer of Autechre's *Incunabula*, his contribution to Warp's seminal *Artificial Intelligence* series, or the constellation of releases as Bola, Fitton has been on the vanguard of experimental electronics since the mid-1990s. And while the horizons of that particular scene may have narrowed considerably in the decade since, Fitton's vision is as broad as ever on *Kroungrine*, his fourth proper full-length. Amniotic software squelches meld with jazz-inflected bass riffs, detuned synth melodies, and roughshod breakbeats. Fitton is perhaps at his best when he is most contemplative, though: The album's closer, "Diamortem," is a 15-minute opus that's one part Tangerine Dream, one part contemporary classical. *Brock Phillips*

CEPIA
NATURA MORTA

Ghostly International/US/CD
Cepia (a.k.a. Huntley Miller) creates finely wrought, melodic IDM—or what your uncle once called "armchair techno." While Cepia's highly nuanced compositions probably won't make you dance, they will induce pleasant daydreams and geeky appreciation of their meticulous construction. *Natura Morta* is Cepia's most rhythm-centric release yet. Don't be lulled by opener "Braille Wounds"'s beatific, Budd-like keyboard whorls, because "Opening Parade" will jolt you out of your reverie with its rugged, complex hip-hop beats, which contrast with winsomely wistful synth pads. *Natura Morta*'s best tracks follow that approach, juxtaposing tough, skittering beats with genteel, genial synth motifs—the sonic equivalent of a boxer festooned with feather boas. *Dave Segal*

ERIC COPELAND
HERMAPHRODITE

Paw Tracks/US/CD
Producer Eric Copeland's credentials as an equilibrium usurper are rock-solid: Just check his work with Black Dice and Terrestrial Tones. So it's no shock that his solo debut, *Hermaphrodite*, similarly conjures magic mushroom-y miasmas of ill frequencies and distorted symphonies of (dis)turbulence. *Hermaphrodite* is an apt name: It's impossible to pinpoint definitively any generic or stylistic category for this music. Its amorphousness and elusiveness are what make the disc a uniquely dumbfounding listen. While much of *Hermaphrodite* boasts atmospheres and textures that make The Residents sound tame, some moments of levity surface above the psychosis-inducing psychedelia and grotesque ethnic forgeries: "Green Burrito" and "Spacehead" offer relatively sanguine respites, but *Hermaphrodite* is strictly for the headwring. *Dave Segal*

CULVER CITY DUB COLLECTIVE
DOS

Everloving/US/CD
Drummer Adam Topol has plenty of musical experience, spending the last few years backing up Jack Johnson. In assembling this collective alongside guitarist Franchot Tone, they've done what formidable collaborations aim for: achieve diversity, with a clear thread intact. That connecting point is reggae, with an emphasis on guitar-driven jams. Of course, having Johnson, Ben Harper, Money Mark, and Winston Jarret to help out doesn't hurt. The laid-back "Mr. W" hinges on the bass, while the horns and keyboards playfully dance on "Houdini." Throw a touch of Brazilian bossa in with their casual, tight swagger, and CCDC is one very special mutant. *Derek Beres*

DENNIS ALCAPONE
FOREVER VERSION

Heartbeat/US/CD
Call it whatever you want: dancehall, rocksteady, soundsystem, reggae, hip-hop. The pioneer mashing of found tech and island rhythms has already landed deejay Dennis Alcapone in the history books. His toasting method—equal parts singing, squealing, and shouts-out—sequenced the gene for rap, and he could rock a party like mad: Just ask Jamaica. So terminology is needless—just swing back and bounce to the elusive singles that make up this addictive collection. From the swinging "Version I Can Feel" and "Nanny Version" to more Clement "Coxsone" Dodd-produced versions that never get old, *Forever Version* is a badass breeze. *Scott Thill*

DISCOLOBOS
THE THIEVES' MACHINE

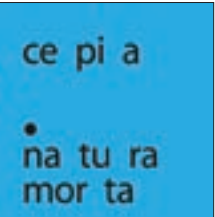
Fish and Crown/US/CD
Originally a group of DJs out of Rochester, NY, Discobobos (a.k.a. the two-man crew Brasby and Wagun) have pumped out the self-releases in recent years. This album, though, was slated for release on an indie label, but when relations between the producers and the label got strained, the Lobos started the Fish and Crown imprint on their own. Fish and Crown promises "sumthin' different," but, if *Thieves' Machine* is the measuring stick, the jury's still out. Sure, the sample-tastic instrumental hip-hop here—a pop culture grab bag sliced and diced into head-nodding beats and loops—is sharply done, but it's not a life-changer. Still, it's on-point enough to make it a smart launch for the label. *Luciana Lopez*

DRIFTING IN SILENCE
FALLTO

Labile/US/CD
With his third album in as many years, electronic multi-instrumentalist Derrick Stemberge shows that not all of Nashville's songwriters are fixated on tears in your beer. Of course, the melancholy ambience of his clicky, glitchy productions does evoke themes of loss and searching. This is 3 a.m., "I lost my lover" electronic ambient, which only falters when applying a more aggressive mental massage. A couple of tracks come off as circa-1998 gothic/industrial psychodrama; it's a little too caught between moods to feel conceptually complete. But on the whole, *Fallto* shows Stemberge navigating a passion for various styles with a very personal compass. With a few more late nights, he's sure to find his way. *Rachel Shimp*

KEVIN DRUMM & DANIEL MENCHE
GAUNTLET

Editions Mego/AUS/CD
Avant guitarist Kevin Drumm and psycho-acoustic master Daniel Menche tell the story of *Gauntlet* within 28 punishing yet entrancing minutes. Such horrorshows of electricity have been unleashed by countless noiseniks who jump out of the gates at the first second. But this duo wisely hits an emotional nerve by leaking gas fumes into the room before lighting the match. A metal guitar riff first slowly arises and circles above its prey, growing in size when the volume picks up and the distortion darkens the sky. But it's Menche's signature blasts of white noise that finally sear everything during the climax, leaving nothing but silence and ash. *Cameron Macdonald*



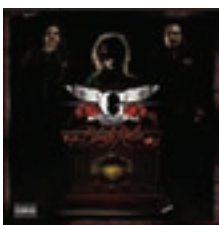
EXTRA GOLDEN
HERA MA NONO

Thrill Jockey/US/CD
In a world both globalized and rife with xenophobia, some musicians need a visa just to rehearse. Such is the case with Extra Golden, the musical handshake between a few D.C. indie rockers and Kenyan *benga* musicians that was nearly buried with singer and co-founder Otieno Jagwasi's death in 2005. But Extra Golden's concept was, perhaps, too perfect to end: Kenyan dance rhythms injected with indie-guitar sensibilities. *Hera Ma Nono* proves they were right to soldier on. On "I Miss You," for example, the weeping steel guitar meshes seamlessly with its sparkling hi-life counterparts. *Hera Ma Nono* ("Love in Vain") is as culturally appreciative and exciting a cross of two cultures you'll hear this year. *Justin Hopper*



SERENGETI & POLYPHONIC
DON'T GIVE UP

Audio 8/US/CD
On his 2006 LP, *Dennehy*, Chicago rapper Serengeti rhymed from the point of view of five different characters, like "Kevin," a working class Bears fan with a thick Illinois accent. After hearing *Don't Give Up*, Geti's collaboration with producer Polyphonic the Verbose, one is left wondering whether Kevin or his pals could have at least made a cameo on this project. Instead, intensely personal emo lyrics weigh too heavily on an album where the real star is Polyphonic's brilliantly textured production. With nods to microhouse, drum & bass, dub, and ambient sounds, Polyphonic's beats have an entirely unique, otherworldly feel to them. But the apocalyptic "Rambo" and a few other lyrically minimal songs notwithstanding, the tracks would perhaps be put to better use as instrumentals. *Jesse Serwer*



FILM SCHOOL HIDEOUT

Beggars Banquet/US/CD

Like a brother from another mother, San Francisco-based Greg Bertens' second release as Film School is just similar enough to last year's self-titled debut to register as family. *Hideout* finds his band completely overhauled (after a crippling robbery and "creative differences") and much improved; this end result doesn't sound like another predictable addition to your nu-wave library. (But file between Echo and Interpol, if you must.) There's a shambolic fervor with tambourines, and cyclonic guitars, in places that recall Primal Scream's psychedelic rock. Other tracks drift into expertly crafted space. *Hideout* excels as mood music, with at least one stellar single ("Two Kinds") that creates a new and better one than however you felt before. *Rachel Shimp*



GRAVENHURST THE WESTERN LANDS

Warp/US/CD

Gravenhurst's Nick Talbot is a romantic. Problem with romance, however, is outside of that first kiss it is often 10 percent perspiration, 90 percent resignation. The only place the dopamine receptors don't eventually grow dull is on Robert Doisneau posters in art-school dorm rooms. So Talbot uses a diffused jangle to embody that bittersweet purgatory, the pining to recast spontaneity and rewind the first time you say it will be the last time. Recalling faint echoes of Flying Saucer Attack, Slowdive, and Fairport Convention, Talbot casts lilting corkscrews of affected guitar like a scrim onto which fond memories are projected then refracted. Within 10 tracks of crepuscular coils and trim percussion Talbot dreamily celebrates the absorbing fatigue of nostalgia. *Tony Ware*



GRAYSKUL BLOODY RADIO

Rhymesayers/US/CD

Mr. Dibbs says he likes to beat people up to the sounds of Grayskul, but it's hard to imagine a reaction that visceral. Yeah, the beats on *Bloody Radio* are loaded with hip-hop swagger, but this isn't shit you get aggro with—it's too brooding. Standouts like "Dance the Frantic" trade apocalyptic gloom and doom with Pigeon John over a lurched-out techno shuffle. When the album occasionally ventures into the light, unlikely singles like "Dope" emerge, the electric-key bounce proving JFK and Onry Ozzborn have a lot more range than previously suspected. But Grayskul is still most comfortable in dark places—leave the sunshine to people who don't live in Seattle. *Brandon Ivers*

HEZEKIAH I PREDICT A RIOT

Rawkus-Soulspace/US/CD

This Kaiser Chiefs-referencing, self-proclaimed skateboard geek from Delaware has produced a record of timeless soul-infused hip-hop. Showcasing an all-star roster of Philly talent, Hezekiah steps it up lyrically by dropping memorable raps ("If you ain't gotta prison record/You can't sell a record?") and amusing punch lines ("I got an African medallion/But it was made in China"). Hezekiah keeps pace with Freeway on "That Filling" and vocalist Jaguar Wright blesses "I See Yaw." The standout track is the Bilal-assisted "Looking Up," and though it might not incite a riot, on those trying days, you'll want to hear this again and again. *James Mayo*

INTERNATIONAL PONY MIT DIR SIND WIR VIER

Mule Electronic/JPN/CD

"Sweet madness/Here we go again!" proclaim our Hamburg superheroes, appositely enough, at the start of their second album of mutant soul. *Mit Dir Sind Wir Vier* (translation: "With You We Are Four") might superficially be born of silliness, juvenilia, and novelty but nevertheless there's still something special going on. Though DJ Koze, Cosmic DJ, and Erobieque dress in leotards, adopt comedic voices, and deploy lines like "Hey little gothic girl/Watch out!/Don't get a sun tan!" (on "Gothic Girl") their sense of ridiculousness—their dicking about, basically—appears to be the catalyst for music that is bizarrely thrilling. *David Hemingway*

JAH CURE TRUE REFLECTIONS...A NEW BEGINNING

VP/US/CD

This past July, Jah Cure became a free man, after serving an eight-year sentence for rape and armed robbery in Jamaica. Always maintaining his innocence—despite anguished testimony from the victim—he kept busy by recording in his jail's rudimentary studio, releasing three albums and a number of singles. This collection compiles his latest hits ("Longing For," "Love Is") and shows why this affecting soul singer has become one of Jamaica's most respected musical icons. Jah Cure's phrasing expresses a sadness and optimism that continues to inspire sufferers worldwide. On the title track, he pleads, "I swear I can be a better man." With a fresh start, Jah Cure pledges to deliver on the promise of this redemption song. *James Mayo*

SHARON JONES & THE DAP-KINGS 100 DAYS, 100 NIGHTS

Daptone/US/CD

Throwback soul has become a staple of many producers, spanning a number of genres. But to hear soul music worthy of Motown is rare, which is what makes Sharon Jones so welcoming. She's been singing gospel for decades, and it comes through in every dripping minute of this record. Launched from their Bushwick studio, the Dap-Kings are the Wailers of the modern day, backing up Amy Winehouse and Ghostface, among others. Hearing Jones' voice mixed with the horns of "Nobody's Baby" and the generous swagger of "Be Easy" is to feel yourself inside the church of somewhere holy. No dogma allowed—just a head shake and the words, "Damn, that's hot" on the tip of your tongue. *Derek Beres*

JUNK SCIENCE GRAN'DAD'S NERVE TONIC

Embedded-Definitive Jux/US/CD

Junk Science proudly reps the more easygoing side of Brooklyn hip-hop, in which lo-fi beats and everyday raps are customary. Following up their well-received debut, *Feeding Einstein*, MC Baje One and beatmaker Snafu return for more calm and clever joints that may not get you hype, but are sure to spark thought and a few head nods. While Snafu provides the laid-back, sample-centric grooves, Baje works his storytelling magic on songs like "Jerry McGuire"—a vivid vision about quitting a dead-end job. It's not too often that hip-hop so real can provide such an escape. *Max Herman*

OLIVER KOLETZKI GET WASTED

Stil Vor Talent/GER/CD

Get Wasted shows techno producer Oliver Koletzki's love of deeply embedded funk, which places his electronic style about as far away from monotonous as you can get. "Song For S.," one of *Wasted's* strongest tracks, sends a catchy riff snaking around tech-house territory, while the funky "Terence Hill" bleeds into raspier techno textures. Koletzki's ear holds equal love for clean, driving techno rhythms and bouncy house, and his hybrid is engaging. "Dieses Lied Glaubt An Sich" starts out like a Basic Channel track, but then neatly ties its zigzag minimal beats to lush piano rhythms, creating something both unexpected and hip-swerving. *Janet Tzou*

LE LOUP THE THRONE OF THE THIRD HEAVEN OF THE NATIONS' MILLENNIUM GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Hardly Art/US/CD

With so much indie rock these days sounding like, well, *other* indie rock, it's refreshing to hear an LP like Le Loup's *The Throne*. The Washington, DC eight-piece's debut drifts through folk experimentation and electronic pop with a level of emotion, intellect, and sincerity that seems increasingly hard to come by. Based conceptually in the work of both Dante and outsider artist James Hampton, *The Throne* exhibits how pop can be both highly emotive and intellectually abstruse, how the human voice can be the loneliest or most commanding of instruments, and how the smallest melody can somehow become a revolutionary statement. Ultimately, *The Throne* reminds us why we call musicians "artists" in the first place. *Ross Holland*

MODESELEKTOR HAPPY BIRTHDAY

BPitch Control/GER/CD

The masters are back. BPitch has nursed their star act through half a decade of singles, remixes, an explosive live show, and a stellar first album that people still fall in love with. Modeselektor's sophomore release vaults over the bar they set for themselves as they play the pranksters with beats and buzzing synths. Their instrumentals manage to be both catchy, tweaky, and somehow thoughtful all at the same time and, as always, the vocal tracks soar. Every artist (TTC, Paul St. Hilaire, Otto von Schirach, Puppentmastaz, and Thom Yorke) gets cut to shreds in perfect hybrids of lyrics and beats. Modeselektor could never do wrong, but what's amazing is that they keep doing it so right. *Matt Earp*

NEW YOUNG PONY CLUB FANTASTIC PLAYROOM

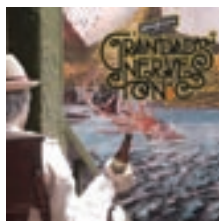
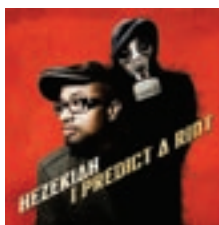
Modular/AUST/CD

Almost three years have passed between the first 7" release of NYPC's anthemic "Ice Cream" and *Fantastic Playroom*, the UK quintet's debut full-length. Not much has changed. Eighties-infused indie-dance is still huge, and NYPC is still at the top of the heap with their catchy blend of new wave and synth-funk. *Playroom's* success lies in its adherence to a sound, both polished and loose—synths harmonize with choppy post-punk guitar riffs, and clean beats give way to grubby, syncopated basslines. All the while Tahita Bulmer's sensuous vocals keep each track bounding forward with the fervor of Delta 5 and the dynamic spark of The B-52's. *Playroom* is an energetic romp of an album from start to finish. *Ross Holland*

WENDEL PATRICK SOUND

Stinking Toe Tree/US/CD

Fusing his piano-jazz history with a passion for hip-hop, digital texturing classes in college, and a childhood stint in a Jamaican reggae band, producer Kevin Gift created the moniker Wendel Patrick to give shape and form to this lifelong collection of song forms. *Sound* is cinematic in many ways, from the meandering and accentuated synthesizer effects to deep, well-formed bass and occasional breaks. Most impressive is when he sits back on a solid groove, like the slightly dark "Rest. Move.," as MC Napoleon Solo drops his own science. It's a fitting summation for Gift: precise, effective, and well thought-out, with plenty of soul to round out any overly heady dynamics. *Derek Beres*



PEDRO YOU, ME & EVERYONE

Mush/US/CD

London's James Rutledge has been emerging from obscurity for some time, but now his genius is simply unmistakable. *You, Me & Everyone* is a cognizant walkabout through the surreal seasons of Pedro's musical breadth; a kaleidoscopic interlacing of styles so natural it's unnerving. His repertoire of Wu-era beats and old-school techno craftsmanship serve as a foundation for "Hope Is a Happiness" and "Red Apples," but it's the John Zorn-ish freeform jazz modality and subliminally smooth mixing that allow tracks like "Spools" and "Lung" to scramble all reference points so blissfully. Cool it all off with the pure, opiate-like solace of "Slowly" and you've touched back down. Mush has nailed it yet again. *Doug Morton*



Eddy Meets Yannah

EDDY MEETS YANNAH ONCE IN A WHILE

Compost/GER/CD

It's tempting to tag Croatian group Eddy Meets Yannah as Balkan broken beat, since the Zagreb-based duo begs for alliteration and easy pigeonholing. But that would imply a sense of exoticism that just isn't evident on the group's slick sophomore album, *Once in a While*. Rather, Jana Valdevit and Eddy Ramich create effervescent tracks that seem like direct descendants of the jumpy, jazz-inflected strain of British beats. The pneumatic basslines, subtle flourishes of sub-tropical sounds, syrupy strings, and fluttering vocals are enveloping, if occasionally bland. Jana's singing tends to frolic rather than get sultry, gleefully skipping across songs rather than really burning into your memory. But the punchy beats provide ample reasons for funky downtempo fans to head East. *Patrick Sisson*



Echospace

DEEPCORD PRESENTS ECHOSPACE THE COLDEST SEASON

Modern Love/UK/CD

Echospace—Chicago's Steve Hitchell (Soultek) and Detroit's Rod Modell (Deepchord)—will be dogged (or cheered) by Basic Channel/Chain Reaction comparisons, and one really has no choice but to add to the inevitable critical consensus. *The Coldest Season* is pure homage to the artists on those Berlin labels who set the standard for highbrow, dub-inflected techno. Which is cool, as there can never be too much of this type of music circulating, especially for DJs who dig the originals' deep, sublimely lonesome, and stoic techno. With acute attention to detail, *The Coldest Season's* nine tracks emulate BC/CR's stringently streamlined 4/4 rhythms and vast aquatic/stratospheric textures. "First Point of Aries" is a brilliant amalgam of spindrift, reverberant bass pulsations and muted, skipping beats that hit like love taps. Elsewhere, evocative "Ocean of Emptiness" and "Celestialis" signify the stark majesty of these supremely dedicated disciples. Chicago + Detroit x Berlin = techno Nirvana. *Dave Segal*



SORCERER
WHITE MAGIC

Tirk/UK/CD
Founding Call & Response member Daniel Judd leaves his indie roots as he embarks on a mystical new solo journey as Sorcerer. Riding on a flying carpet of psychedelic guitars over deep synths and muted drums, Sorcerer's debut channels the sun-bleached and sand-speckled warmth of the Balearic sound into 11 tracks of prog surf rock and atmospheric midtempo disco. Beginning with the wave-crashing minimal thump of "Divers Do It Deeper," listeners sail along past the vocodered electro boogie of "Hawaiian Island" and the dreamy synths on "Surfing at Midnight." As a whole, *White Magic's* mellowed-out soundscapes depart from many of today's more stale downtempo releases to create a much-needed new chapter in the chill-out genre, while augmenting the spacey explorations of fellow disconauts Lindström, Prins Thomas, and Metro Area. *Joshua P. Ferguson*

PEOPLE
MISBEGOTTEN MAN

L & Ear/US/CD
The old friction between order and madness brilliantly shines on this New York duo's second album. Guitarist Mary Halvorson sings like a 1940s pop starlet reciting Burroughs in the shower while Kevin Shea's anti-rhythms hurl pots and pans at her. The contradiction is amusing but a raw creepiness arises on *Misbegotten*—it's heard in the way that Halvorson curls her wailing notes on the melodramatic "Interconnected Galaxalization," and on the raindrops 'n' lollipops ballad gone horribly wrong in "MySpace, O MySpace." Despite the fact that the People sound grows homogenous at times, they still produce genuine Martian art here. *Cameron Macdonald*

PICASTRO
WHORE LUCK

Polyvinyl/US/CD
Picastro singer Liz Hysen's voice carries a bruise like few can. Gravelly, ghostly, and eerily sweet, its melancholy soaks through the Toronto collective's music like a month-long rain. Before *Whore Luck*, the music was a simpler ragged guitar-and-cello-based folk. Here, the arrangements swell: "Hortur" nods to The Dirty Three, while others hint at early Godspeed You Black Emperor! (the arcing violin of "All Erase," in fact, screams it). Still, even a well-suited cameo by Xiu Xiu's Jamie Stewart can't distract from Hysen's voice, or the bite within it: "You fuck like you want to be a friend of mine" she sings coyly. Picastro pulls no punches here, giving us their sharpest, most arresting album to date. *Michael Byrne*

RANDOLPH
LONELY EDEN

Still/US/CD
Talented Detroit soul vocalist Randolph's (né Paul Randolph) artistic resume defies easy classifications. He's worked in funk, rock, blues, and electronic projects (with As One and Kenny Dixon, Jr.), and draws on a little of everything for *Lonely Eden*. "Claim," featuring Motown force Amp Fiddler, has an almost gospel vocal urgency, as well as spirit-lifting B3 organ riffs. Elsewhere, a sophisticated '80s-style pop R&B aesthetic informs the breezy "Believer" and brassy "Earth to God." "Soul Brother" conjures Kool 'n the Gang's funk, while "Valentine" has echoes of Randolph's turn with Carl Craig's Innerzone Orchestra version of "People Make the World Go Round." In the end, Randolph makes his myriad influences into a vocal paradise. *Tomas Palermo*

ANANDA SHANKAR
SA-RE-GA MACHAN

Fallout/US/CD
For most Americans, Ananda Shankar is India's token crossover artist. His surprise "hit" album, *Ananda Shankar and His Music*, has been sampled to bits, providing (among other things) loose inspiration for the Bollywood strings on pop-jams like Britney Spears' "Toxic." But there's more to Shankar than sampling *His Music*, as proved by *Sa-Re-Ga Machan*, his once-rare follow-up. Tracks like "Charging Tiger" begin with straight-up weirdness—big drums plod back and forth over super-tense dissonant strings. Then, without any warning, the track jumps into a funky sitar workout. Huh? If this is what a tiger attack is really like, maybe I'll strap a steak to my back and hit the zoo. *Brandon Ivers*

SKALLANDER
SKALLANDER

Type/US/CD
Ready to shoot your shot at New Zealand's Skallander? Aim somewhere between Juana Molina, The Grateful Dead, Six Organs of Admittance, and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—and let it rip. You're bound hit the jackpot at least a few times. Without much in the way of percussion, and sprinkled with plenty of horn- and string freak-outs, Skallander's two-man folktronica still manages to enchant on experimental rambles like "Dismemberment." But traditional finger-picking like that found on the winsome "Flesh Born Constellation" is still the star. So if you're looking for the digital age, you're on the wrong ride, pal. That said, the band's assured quietude is eerily addictive. Those living near gridlocked intersections should apply. *Scott Thill*

SR. MANDRIL
SR. MANDRIL

Three Sixty/US/CD
Mexico City's Sr. Mandril lives up to its district's new global reputation on this experimental effort. Fronted by Germán González and Ramsés Ramírez, this group's future-jazz sound bridges programmed and live instrumentation for a freeform output that never quite follows one steady sonic path. It's no wonder Sr. Mandril was such a huge hit at Montreal's Jazz Fest in 2006—these guys thrive on improvisation. On any given track, one can expect to hear a new amalgam—"El Otro Joe," for one, features elements of soulful house, Latin rock, and jazz. Because of Sr. Mandril's jam-band style, though, these tunes may be better enjoyed when played on the stage. *Max Herman*

SUNBURNED HAND OF THE MAN
FIRE ESCAPE

Smalltown Supersound/NOR/CD
Known for its primitive, anarchic improvisations, Sunburned Hand of the Man believes in allowing lots of time for its sonic mantras to trigger the desired psychedelic payoff. To that end, the Massachusetts collective has been influenced by Amon Düül II's chakra-opening, marathon communal jams and Angus MacLise's miasmic percussion fantasias; what they lack in discipline and structure they compensate for in hypnotic power. But with *Fire Escape*, SHOTM changed tacks, using Kieran "Four Tet" Hebden's studio and letting him mix the results. Hebden sharpened the focus, brightened the sound, and beefed up the rhythms, yet SHOTM's exploratory essence remains intact. Hebden's comparison of this music to avant-funk mavericks 23 Skidoo rings true—and that's a rare, great thing. *Dave Segal*

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TELEPHONE JIM JESUS
ANYWHERE OUT OF THE EVERYTHING
 Anticon/US/CD

Telephone Jim Jesus hit his stride as part of the Anticon family's freak-hop supergroup Restiform Bodies. They had one golden album in '02, and since then, Jim J's been on his own. On this sophomore solo release, he's not living up. Shame. Gone are the sense of humor and manic experimentation of the Bodies crew, leaving us with a self-serious play with beats and atmosphere. There's something here when he breaks the formula: The deep, aggro beats of "A Mouth of Fingers" or "Suicide Wings" gives a backbone to the ambient skronk that he loves so much; Why?'s old-school rhymes on "Dice Raw." The rest? Well, we really don't need another Eno/DJ Shadow marriage fantasy. *Michael Byrne*

THE REAL TUESDAY WELD
THE LONDON BOOK OF THE DEAD
 Six Degrees/US/CD

Brit musician Stephen Coates has been working on his self-proclaimed "antique beat" sound over several albums, interlocking vintage sources with contemporary electronics. But on his third full-length for Six Degrees, the Tin Pan Alley-meets-2007 vibe, though excellent, isn't the focus. That's reserved for the album's wry intelligence. Littered with references to junkies, whores, and the general untrustworthiness of love (Dorothy Parker, appropriately enough, gets invoked on "Dorothy Parker Blue"), the songs combine whimsy and devastation (on the cheery "Kix," for example, Coates sings that "the cheapest thrills/They mean more to me now than you do"). It's a complex voice, bitter and ardent and maybe longing, too, and, like his music, bears a certain timelessness. *Luciana Lopez*

THE SPIRALS
WITHOUT CONTROL

Darkroom Dubs/UK/CD
 Nerds... so hot right now. If Nintendo cover band the Minibosses can soundtrack Mario and Luigi's quirky quests, why can't a group accompany the hijinks of Val Kilmer in *Real Genius*? This retro-contemporary impression wafts from *Without Controls*, an 11-track production of Argentineans Fernando Pulichino and Julian Sanza (spiritual cousins to Daft Punk also operating as Silver City and Ciudad Felix). There are crystalline facets of Italo in the crisp synths, chunky, plunky Angloisms in the slow-building arrangements, and then some Francophile flushes in the rounded funk. Like Bootsy gone Balearic, this album balances arch and epic in a manner that would leave the *Revenge of the Nerds* Alpha Betas quivering in defeat. *Tony Ware*

THE TUSS
RUSHUP EDGE
 Rephlex/UK/CD

Is that Master Richard James I hear? The Tuss is supposedly Karen Tregaskin, but AFX-ian elements are smudged everywhere here. Acid synth squelches swordfight a cornered drum machine on "Synthacon 9," and there is the telltale "Goodbye Rute," where gelatinous beats try to interrupt a symphonic melody that delivers flowers to a graveyard. "Shiz Ko E" resembles a Prince jaunt that's anxious to go home, and "Death Fuck Mental Beats" is a cranky breakcore number that pauses for a glum piano recital before throwing another tantrum. Whether it's James behind the curtain or not, *Rushup Edge* returns to ground already broken a decade ago, but it still outshines his rather conservative, *Analord* acid nostalgia show. *Cameron Macdonald*

TO KILL A PETTY BOURGEOISIE
THE PATRON
 Kranky/US/CD

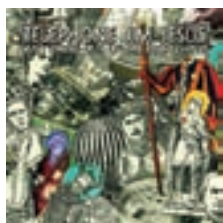
Manipulating static and drifting off into eerie dreamscapes, To Kill A Pretty Bourgeoisie marries knob-twiddles and creepy arias that are as evocative as they are glitchy. It's an acquired taste, to mangle metaphors, but it boasts rewarding moments. The spare drum-tracking of "The Man With the Shovel, Is the Man I'm Going to Marry" and "Lovers and Liars" holds up the weight of peripheral noise and the ethereal vocals of Jenna Wilhelm. But at some point To Kill A Pretty Bourgeoisie could leave the heavier experimentation behind and give its haunting instincts more space. Noise tricks and manifestoes aside, clever sound-fucking can only take you so far: The soul's animation endows your experiment with its most potent electricity. Don't fight it, you bourgeoisie pigs. *Scott Thill*

WHITE RAINBOW
PRISM OF ETERNAL NOW
 Kranky/US/CD

Like of Adam Forkner's work with groups like Yume Bitsu and Surface of Eceon, his newest full-length, *Prism of Eternal Now*, focuses in on repetition and space. Previous releases have retained a certain indie sensibility, but this time he embraces the epic and seems to move on. Album opener "Pulses" invokes minimalist percussion, harnessed by a Michio Kurihara-esque lead guitar and interweaving vocal chants. The rest of the album falls in line with the pedal-and-loop scene, most popply represented by "Psyched Prism." It is perhaps the pinnacle of achievement on this release, building up with all the requisite "oohs" and "ahs" to keep any shoegazer happy while repeatedly flogging itself into a transcendent crescendo. *Cameron Octigan*

WINTER FAMILY
WINTER FAMILY
 Sub Rosa/BEL/CD

Slowly changing church-organ chords, the soft and lush plunks of a piano, poems in English and Hebrew: There's not much to Winter Family's eponymous album, which ought to be its charm. But instead, the pieces on this debut—inexplicably a two-CD set—stumble under the weight of their own gloomy pretensions. Gothic (in an architectural, rather than subcultural) manner, the duo of Israeli poet Ruth Rosenthal and French keyboardist Xavier Klaine build imposing arches from their minimal complement. But Rosenthal's delivery is too standard-issue breathy, Klaine's minimalist spelunking too predictable to get past, no matter what the content of the spoken words. *Justin Hopper*



Dirty Projectors

DIRTY PROJECTORS
RISE ABOVE
 Ocean Floor/US/CD

The concept of *Rise Above* is too good to be true. Dirty Projectors' Dave Longstreth (the only permanent Projector) goes back to his childhood home to clean out his old bedroom, and finds the empty cassette case for Black Flag's seminal, pissed-the-fuck-off *Damaged*. True to his quirk, Longstreth doesn't hunt for the tape and, instead, recreates it from memory. He doesn't morph into Henry Rollins—or anything close, actually. *Rise Above* simply sounds like Dirty Projectors. Longstreth, backed here by a female shadow choir, couldn't drop his smooth, hyperactive note-chasing any more than Morrissey could. There's a few punches scattered throughout: aggressive electric guitar (amidst acoustic quick-picking), thick drum pounds, and, yes, choice lyrics stand out ("Depression's gonna kill me," "This fucking city is run by pigs"). Clever conceit, but, at its root, this is just another marvelous DP album. *Michael Byrne*

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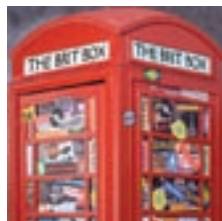


Comp Reviews 10.07



Happy Mondays

Photo by Peter White



FOUR DISCS DEFINITELY EXPLORE
BRITAIN'S SECOND POP INVASION

THE BRIT BOX: UK INDIE,
SHOEGAZE, AND BRIT-POP
GEMS OF THE LAST MILLENNIUM
Rhino/US/4CD

The task set before Rhino's team of compilers for *The Brit Box: UK Indie, Shoegaze, and Brit-Pop Gems of the Last Millennium*, to cull four discs of the best tracks from the period, was no doubt a daunting one. While this glut of history-changing music was being produced over the roughly 15 years explored herein, British music went through countless changes stylistically and technologically. What's constant through it all, though, is the bands' distinct artistic determinism: They perfectly balanced their intentionally literate and sensuous approach to songwriting and sound-making with a vibe that was poppy enough to not take itself too seriously.

These aren't silly songs, by any means. Rather, these songs could alternately go down easy with a Valium on a rainy London night or a pint of lager on a leisurely summer day; they were as comfortable at the top of pop charts as they were on the hi-fis of young intellectuals. Some of these songs rock hard, others soft, but even when they're strung over a Paul Oakenfold beat (in the instance of Happy Mondays' "Step On"), these 78 tracks still manage to rock—one way or another.

Starting in the mid-'80s, *The Brit Box's* first of four discs examines the period when The Smiths and Echo & The Bunnymen ruled *Top of the Pops*—long before The La's sleeper hit "There She Goes" found itself in the hands of teen-movie producers. The disc ends around 1990, when the Mondays, Primal Scream ("Loaded"), and The Stone Roses ("She Bangs the Drum") began revisiting psychedelic rock sounds while playing alongside acid-house DJs at the U.K.'s first raves—a sure sign of the progressive changes that the underground scene was to undergo.

Disc Two highlights those changes, when guitar rockers began to take more experimental, electronic chances. Without entirely eschewing pop elements, studio geniuses like My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields and producer/engineer Alan Moulder emerged and produced some of indie rock's finest

songs ever—Moulder having worked on tracks here by Ride ("Vapour Trails"), Lush ("For Love") Curve ("Coast is Clear"), Swervedriver ("Duel"), and MBV ("Only Shallow")—bringing about the at-the-time epithetic "shoegaze" term. There's no Slowdive track in *The Brit Box*, but that's about the only thing missing from this otherwise perfect disc.

Likely the biggest pop explosion the country had seen since Beatlemania, the Brit-pop era of the mid-to-late '90s saw indie bands filling Wembley Arena and pitting music fans against one another at the Virgin Megastore counter. Suede's icy-cool "Metal Mickey" kicks off Disc Three and bounces along through super-poppy gems like James' "Laid," Supergrass' "Alright," and Pulp's "Common People," while visiting Brit-pop's rockier side, too, including Oasis' genre-defining "Live Forever" and Elastica's "Stutter."

Disc Four documents that breaking point when the Brit-pop scene got saturated with shaggy-haired kids moving to London, starting bands, and attempting (sometimes successfully) to ride their forebears' coattails. Ash's "Girl From Mars" and Cornershop's U.S.-radio hit "Brimful of Asha" are about the most passable of the lot, leaving in their wake also-rans like Rialto, Gay Dad, and Catatonia to round out the package (Spiritualized and The Verve notwithstanding, who, by that time, were operating more or less outside of the larger pack of rock brats).

Each disc here has its period's requisite rockers, thinkers, dance-partiers, and stoners. Yet despite their decidedly indie, leftist leanings, they all comprised British rock's center, a solid starting point from which an obscure, even-more-indie scene grew and flourished. Whether it's the savvy, post-goth, post-New Wave lead-up to Brit-pop, or its flabby, trend-minded trail-off at the turn of the millennium, *The Brit Box* presents the best of pre-2000 U.K. indie rock in all its glory. *Ken Taylor*

BODY & SOUL NYC VOL. 5

Wave/US/CD

New York house heads of the past few years remember the joys of Sunday afternoons at the years-long Body & Soul weekly. That gig is gone but not forgotten (while other B&S parties endure), as such excellent compilations keep on coming. Compiled and mixed by Francois K., Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit, the disc opens with tribal drums and finds its groove early on, with a funky Hammond B3 on "Esteban," powerful, seductive vocals from Ursula Rucker on "The Light," and Danny Krivit's extended edit of the classic "Strings of Life." Wipe away a little tear for the B&S weeklies, if you must, but breathe a sigh of relief that the sound is forever. *Luciana Lopez*

BUTTER

Fourthcity/US/CD

Seattle's Fourthcity collective turned label is known about Cascadia for two things: hip-hop and laptop music. On *Butter*, Fourthcity's smooth, resolutely downtempo second comp, notably absent are laptops (on the highlights) passing the spotlight on to the collective's CPU-free big names Plan B and Truckasauras. Laptops don't exist in Truckasauras' world: Their cut, "Porkwich," is a melancholic, midtempo track built of 303s, 808s, and a Nanolooped Game Boy. Plan B comes across as a stateside, chamber-esque Lali Puna (in fact, Fourthcity as a whole feels a bit like Morr Music trapped in a rock town). Newcomer Snowmanplan steals the comp though, giving us a dreamy haze of atmospheric melody, trading between laptop and live band with nary a blink. *Michael Byrne*

DAN CURTIN: MINDIN BUSINESS PT. 2—INTERSTELLAR GROOVE ADDICTIONS

Tuning Spork/US/2CD

After departing Cleveland for Berlin aspirations, Metamorphic Records label head Dan Curtin delivers a clean mix of jumbled minimalism for his friends back at Philly's Tuning Spork. This double-CD mix takes a walk down the avenues of modern house music, sampling the funk roots of yesteryear and displaying the skeletal influences of today's techno sound. Most of the tracks offer basic arrangements done with a tribal, percussive style, however throughout the mix several peak thrillers blow the speakers. Featuring tracks from Lee Van Dowski, Guido Schneider, Tom Clark, Funk D'Void, Jay Haze, and Renato Figoli, the comp finds the scene's best names and exclusive b-sides. *Praxis*

HOME SCHOoled: THE ABC'S OF KID SOUL

Número Group/US/CD

Patrizia & Jimmy have a message: "Listen, parents everywhere... You can trust your child." Delivered over a hard Hammond groove, these li'l 'uns make a big case—the permission-slip bracket of late '60s and early '70s soul brothers and sisters had something going on. In the wake of the Jackson 5, parents all over America shoved their offspring into the studio, and the Smithsonian of Soul—the Número Group—has dug up the finest results for *Home Schooled*. Some of it's ridiculous (like Little Murray's ballad "Don't Leave Me Mama"), but hearing Cindy & The Playmates talk about report cards the way Diana Ross might describe heartache—is an entire DJ genre developing before our eyes? *Justin Happer*

REKIDS ONE

Rekids/UK/2CD

If you've spent any time in record shops over the last year, you're probably familiar with the Rekids label's bright-colored 12" sleeves. If you aren't, you should be. Run by DJ/producer Matt Edwards, Rekids has been slowly earning a name for itself with one impeccable 12" after another. Both their first compilation and first non-vinyl release, *Rekids One* showcases fantastic work by Toby Tobias, Luke Solomon, Spencer Parker, and Edwards himself as Radio Slave, not to mention a second disc of remixes from Quiet Village, Prins Thomas, and Claude VonStroke. From soulful Chicago house to wobbly, glitchy techno, Rekids' love for all things dark, dirty, and rumbling is utterly infectious, and pretty damn impressive too. *Ross Holland*

SHIR KHAN: MAXIMIZE!

Exploited/GER/CD

Here Berlin's DJ-about-town Shir Khan presents a whopping 44-track selection over two mix CDs, one carefully blended and one chopped together. Think of every possible form of house- or electro-based party music from Berlin mashed together and you're pretty much on target for Khan's sound. The first CD features his own blends, where synths buzz, robo-drums beat, and hands (or 808s) clap along to shouted choruses by folks like Edu K and The Go! Team. The second CD turns it up a bit with some great *baile* funk courtesy of Man Recordings and the twitch-house remixes of Switch and Jesse Rose. Nothing too crazy or groundbreaking here, but a solid party from start to finish. *Matt Earp*

SUMMER RECORDS ANTHOLOGY

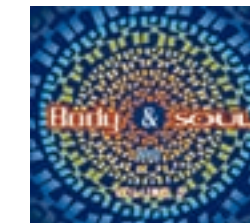
Light in the Attic/CAN/CD-LP

Light in the Attic continues to excavate Jamaican cultural artifacts recorded in Toronto during the 1970s, this time hitting pay dirt in the form of 15 hard-hitting roots tunes, culled from the archives of Summer Records, an obscure label run by Jerry Brown and co-founded by Oswald Creary of Half Moon fame. Summer favored gritty production values that recall Lee Perry's Black Ark and these exceptional tracks, taken from original master tapes, feature luminaries such as Johnny Osbourne, Bobby Gaynair, and Willi Williams, as well as Brown himself. The limited-edition digipak also features a DVD with footage of Williams and Jackie Mittoo. Great stuff! *David Katz*

TOTAL 8

Kompakt/GER/2CD

Capping a successful year that saw crossover success for Gui Boratto and The Field, Kompakt issues its annual compendium *Total*, the eighth in the series. Like before, we're given a best-of-year disc and one of unreleased songs, and choice cuts reside on both. High-profile collaborative tracks from Burger/Voigt (the reunited Burger/Ink) and SuperMayer both offer nuanced, contemplative techno, but aren't the album's finest moments. The crashing percussive notes of Partial Arts' "Trauermusik," and the Rice Twins' monument to shoegaze entitled "Can I Say" provide the true highlights, displaying the extensive reach of a label often unfairly dubbed a one-trick pony. Perhaps not the best *Total*, but there's still a lot to love here. *Joe Colly*



FABRICLIVE 35: MARCUS INTALEX

Fabric/UK/CD

In interviews, Marcus Intalex is prone to apologies. Long ago he dashed into someone's DJ booth, switched off the music because he "didn't like it," and began spinning his own, apologizing all the way. Blame it on New Order, who propelled Intalex into dance music, whereupon he established his Soul:r label and Soul:ution nights and became known for, um, soulful drum & bass. Fast-forward to *FabricLive 35*, where Intalex gets emotional with melodious mix opener Calibre ft. Lariman's "Over Reaction." It's not unusual for saxophones or xylophones to skitter amid the rhythms, or a dubwise vocalist to warble during the breakdowns. In fact, Amaning vs. Dubwise place strings and piano in a nearly New Age run prior to banging the beats. Lynx and Kemo go low with sub-bass and chilled keyboards, while Alix Perez and Sabre's frisky vocal soul round out the set. Nineteen heartfelt tracks—no apologies. *Stacy Meyer*



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Bubble Metropolis
By **ML Tronik**

TECHNO: MINIMAL, BANGING, AND BEYOND



Marc Romboy



Mark August



Philip Sherburne

No time to waste this month, so let's just jump right in. Melodic, with very M.A.N.D.Y.-esque post-rave chord changes, **Goldfish's Panic** (Hi Freaks) goes deep. **Jochen Trappe's** remix isn't very adventurous; it's just a bit different than the original with a long break. But the **Piemont** remix is jackin'. It uses bits of the original melody and switches the rest up. This would be a great record to play in a night-opening set or at an outdoor rave at dusk.

Also available for your late-summer rave action is another funky techno four-tracker from **Leif**. The strangely titled *Customer Services* EP (Trimsound) is kind of like west-coast funky shit with some serious minimal techno leanings. It's a nice combo if you enjoy the best of both genres. Check for the track "Kindling," and also the **Pheek** remix. But the most interesting effort is "Mining For Opal," a bleep-ish, dubby techno cut that is really quite spacious.

Deepness seems to be making a comeback, as one of my favorite labels, **Connaisseur Recordings**, drops two big ones on us this month. **Mark August's** "Old Joy" and **Kollektiv Turmstrasse's** "Tristesse" both embark on long melodic treks, but retain a very forward-moving quality. The former is solid, driving techno that unfolds into a Detroit-esque mod-wheel jam session. The latter is cinematic techno that further solidifies this label's direction as one of the more adventurous in the genre today. The plucky sounds give it a little touch of *Àme*, but it's nowhere near a blatant rip. Very tasty.

Certainly not as interested in introspection is **Xenia Beliyeva**. Her "Weddings & Funerals" b/w "Hellraiser" release (Datapunk) shows off hot, tough beats and thick synth stabs with menacing vocal messages about pivotal times in people's lives. The b-side is equally as scary in the bassline department, where the vocalist talks about raising hell. Interesting, mainly because I have no idea what the hell she's talking about.

Also into doing a lot of talking over techno are

Marc Romboy and **Blake Baxter**. Their latest collabo, "Underground Thang" (Systematic), is solid club techno featuring Baxter's repetitive vocals. The b-side mix is taut and deep, and Baxter's performance is more subdued.

Is tribal trance back? Check out the **Hideo Kobayashi** and **Jerome Sydenham** project **Nagano Kitchen**. Their 12" *North Central* (Apotek) is up-tempo, pumping tribal music, and includes a cover version of Sydenham's own classic "Timbuku."

Also on the out-of-doors tip is a fantastic debut from **XLR8R** scribe, DJ, and world traveler **Philip Sherburne** entitled *Lumberjacking* (Lan Muzic). One has to assume that his recent stint in the rural surroundings of Oregon influenced this EP. Sounds like woodpeckers and phased cicadas all around a bumping beat that forms a peak-time treat. The writers are taking back techno in '08.

After featuring a Heimatmelodie track on the first *Bubble Metropolis* podcast mix, I've been fiending for more. And the label's latest, **Alfredo Clonk's Doppelkom** EP, doesn't disappoint; three jackin' techno tracks—not too hard, not too minimal—right in the pocket. Flip right to the title track and "Back to Bombay."

This month we wrap up with remixes of **Snuten's** "Entourage" (Audiobahn). Someone had the idea of doing techno remixes of this Norwegian disco hipster's smash. The "Of Norway" mix pushes forward rather nicely with a nu-wave rhythm and tinges of mid-'90s techno until it explodes into a full-on stormer. It's an interestingly done remix, complete with a long breakdown and build-up, old-school style, and the **Martin Skogehall** remix on the flip is equally solid. This record could wind up staying in my bag for quite some time.



Basic Needs
By **Kid Kameleon**

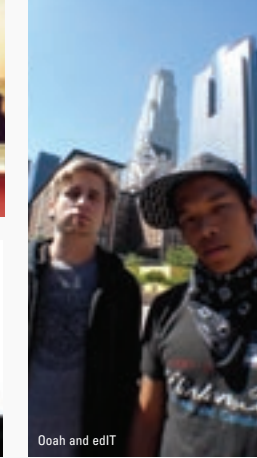
LOW-END NECESSITIES, FROM RAGGA TO DUBSTEP AND BEYOND



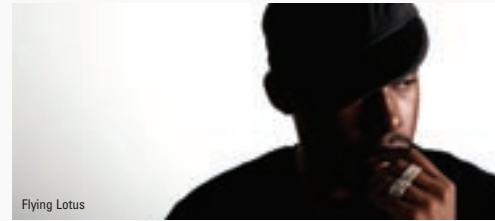
Subeena and Dot



Daedelus (Photo by Laura Darlington)



Ooah and edT




Flying Lotus

Living as I do in San Francisco, I know I'm supposed to hold nothing but bitter contempt for L.A., but I just can't bring myself to do so since the great southern sprawl of a city has shown me and the world nothing but musical love lately. My current re-fascination with L.A. was sparked by a digital single from **Glitch Mob** member **Ooah** that completely surpassed my expectations. "Hacksaw" b/w "Tubstomper" is out now in digital form from Alpha Pup. The first track lopes along in an easy but hefty style, vocals gliding snake-like over rhythms only slightly more glitched-out than a **Rick Ross** beat. "Tubstomper" shows clear grime and dubstep influence, but it's so tightly wound and heavy in the low end that it's a new take on both the genres, one that Americans would do well to sit up and take notice of. No surprise that fellow mobster **edT's** new single, "Battling Go Go Yubari in Downtown L.A." is totally bangin' too, a sure sign that Glitch Mob's style of heavily reworked hip-hop rocks in the headphones as well as on the dancefloor. "Yubari" and its b-side, "Crunk De Gaulle," (featuring **Busdriver**) is also out on Alpha Pup, and edT's full-length, *Certified Air Raid Material*, will be out soon.


Now for a couple other Angelenos who are twisting beats even further and adding their own soulful twists. I somehow missed **Flying Lotus** until **Kode9** dropped a few of his sinuous, jerking tunes at the end of a set, but now that I know his sound, I'm on top of everything he makes. Last year's 1983 LP on Plug Research laid the blueprint, and now an EP called *Reset* drops this month from Warp, a label that still knows what's what after all these years. Also, the prodigious **Daedelus** has the *Fair Weather Friends* EP coming on Ninja Tune, sure to be a great asset to their roster. Great moments include the layered, sweeping rock drums and ecstatic harmonies on "El Subidon," joyous shouts on "Fair Weather," and thumping kicks to get the feet moving on "Hermitage." This is just a prelude to no less than three new albums of DJ-friendly tracks by Daedelus and various collaborators in the works for '08.

Immigrant Recordings out of London has made a real strong showing with their first release, bridging the gap between dubstep and grime in awesome new ways. Tracks from label bosses **Subeena** and **Dot** worth checking for the dark, driving, creeping beats and doubly worth supporting since they're from the only female producers/label owners I know of in dubstep or grime! **Random Trio's Cyrus** adds extra zaps and low end on a remix of Subeena's "Justice," and master craftsman **Elemental** dubs out Dot's operatic "China White." Subeena's from Bulgaria by way of Italy, and Dot's from Slovenia—they're blurring musical boundaries as only immigrants can. They also run the lively Platform 1 every month at Corsica Studios in London.

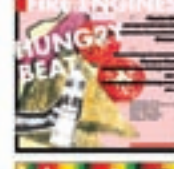
Got to end with a quick shout for a supreme B-more remix of George Harrison's "(Got My Mind) Set On You." All I know is **Tittsworth** has been banging it. He lists it as being done by **Jim!! Mighty**, and man does it rock hard.




Eric Copeland *Hermaphrodite* CD/digital
Black Dice member's debut solo record is unlike any other, crossing the wires of foreign radio, space transmissions, artificial vocal ensembles, electronic street conversations and lost pop music.
Out now on Paw Tracks.



Wiz Hearts *Threads Rope Spell Making Your Bones* CD/digital
Second full length from Baltimore's Wiz Hearts creates a unique sound that blends the organic and synthetic, digital and analog, difficult and easy, and other musical dichotomies yet to be defined.
Out now on Carpark.




Fire Engines *Hungry Beat* CD/digital
Considered one of the three main movers on the fertile Scottish post-punk scene of the early 1980s, The Fire Engines released 3 singles and a mini-LP, all of which are contained on Acute's new compilation *Hungry Beat*.
Out in October on Acute.



Black Dice *Load Blown* CD/mini-LP/digital
The beats drip and roll, fat-pit voices sing into an oil can, and the guitars crank like callopie. Some tunes crackle and burble like submerged television, others burp and click along like a Summer Jam concert series from another dimension.
Out in October on Paw Tracks.

Coming soon: Excepter, First Nabor, The Lines, Beach House, Dan Deacon, Ariel Pink and Belong.

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Simon Flower



Kevin Saunderson



Gene Hunt

On a recent trip to Sweden, I had the honor of meeting a cheerful fellow named Christoff Berg (a.k.a. **Hird**). A frequent remixer for the likes of Compost and Exceptional, Berg's own material has been reserved for his own imprint, DNM (Dealers of Nordic Music). His latest release, "From Dark to Light" b/w "Rotating Perspective," encapsulates the depth of Hird's capacity for both contemplative and kinesthetically focused production. "Rotating" is laden with anthemic synth strings that climax into an acidic lead, while "From Dark" is a classic R&S-styled tech workout for the sweaty early hours. Also from Sweden, Rucksack Records has enlisted **Gene Hunt** to release "Chilites," a bouncy groover that will have fans of that mid-'90s deep Chicago sound psyched. On the flip, Hunt offers a serious slice of history with a tune that he co-produced 20 years back with Music Box legend **Ron Hardy**. "Throwback 87" is unbelievably jacking and will no doubt have the collectors in a frenzy.

A name that's starting to make some new noise in the tech-house scene is New Zealand's **Simon Flower**. A staple on the Auckland scene for many moons, primarily releasing as Peak Shift on his own Nurture label, Flower had a stunning release this summer entitled *Send in the Clowns*, on **Matthias Tanzmann's** Moon Harbour label. This fall will see another single from him on Poker Flat, as well as remixes on Dessous and Compost.

A bit further along the tech spectrum, NY-based label Addon is back with the debut release from Brooklynite **Stefny**. The *Radiolaria* EP is a three-track deep-sea exploration of abstract minimal house textures that will make you want to take your bong to the dancefloor.

Original Basement boy **Teddy Douglas** is adding to his A&R, DJ, and producer duties with the launch of the Save Your Soul imprint. The label's debut release, "Whatcha Gonna Do," is a unique Latin-tinged jam that features vocals in a serious southern R&B twang from **Margaret Grace**.

Some have mistaken the production for **Quentin Harris**, but rest assured—Teddy's done the job solidly.

These days it's not only **Mr. V** rocking hip-house—**Louis Benedetti's** SoulShine Cutz is soon to drop **Melchior A's** "Funkapella." Melchior works a true old-school vibe over some really chunky beats, so it will be interesting to see how this is received by the house nation.

On a divalicious note, Switzerland's MAP Dance has been taking soulful commercial vocals to new heights with their upcoming release, *Tropical Paradise*, by **Miles Numan**. Though the vocals have that typical "take me higher" cliché quality and rather questionable lyrical content, the production is nothing less than superb. Numan really grabs my attention towards the end of the tune by sneaking in the little guitar intro from Junior's classic "Mamma Used to Say."

Through either cosmic powers or a sheer coincidence that I missed my deadline, I was lucky enough to get the scoop on the following: The next Planet E release will be a pair of mixes of classic **Inner City/Kevin Saunderson** tunes by **Carl Craig** and the duo of **Locodice** and **Martin Buttrich**. Though I hadn't heard the tracks at the time of press, said mixes of "Till We Meet Again" and "Bassline" are sure to comprise one of this fall's most sought-after releases.



House Guest Reviews:
DJ Yellow

Alain Ho (a.k.a. DJ Yellow) has been around the block a few times when it comes to the Paris DJ scene. Although his early years were defined by his hip-hop sets and avid support of the emerging French rap scene, Yellow truly made his name with the founding of Yellow Productions in 1993 with French Touch taste-maker Bob Sinclar. This turn also marked Yellow's shift to the hypnotic, churning, melodic deep house and techno that he is still associated with today. With recent 12" releases on Ovum, Morrison, and Deep Focus, not to mention his own new Poussez record label and a non-dance project called Paule, Yellow has remained as restless and productive as ever in his 15-plus years behind the decks. Here a few 12" singles that have caught Mr. Ho's attention recently. *Ross Holland*

DUBFIRE
"RIBCAGE"

Desolat/GER/12
This techno masterpiece produced by Ali, one half of Deep Dish, is the debut release on Locodice's and Martin Buttrich's own Desolat label. "Ribcage," already in the top fives of guys like John Digweed, Sasha, and Tiefschwarz, is a long, hypnotic, and amazing trip that will twist the dancefloors all over the world. Super! *DJ Yellow*

BEHROUZ
"COMING HOME"

White/US/12
Deep, melancholy, moody, and mysterious, "Coming Home" is essentially house, with nice bleeps, an awesome bassline, and a vocal that grabs you the first second you put it on. Definitely a track for the big rooms, from one of the most recognized producers of dance music. *DJ Yellow*

TRAFIK
"FIND ME (GUY J REMIX)"

Global Underground/UK/12
Guy J is one of the upcoming producers that really brings something fresh and new to the dance scene. This rework of "Find Me" keeps all the feeling and sensibility of the original, a downtempo electronica track, taken from the *Club Trafikana* album. The leading synth and the breakdown will definitely freak you out! *DJ Yellow*

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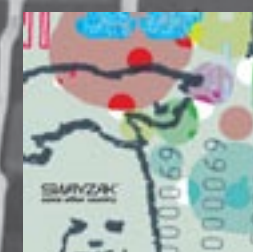
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v/a one five zero
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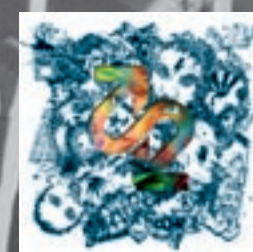
LISTEN TO THIS AD!



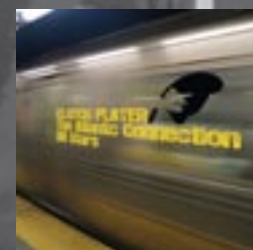
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some other country



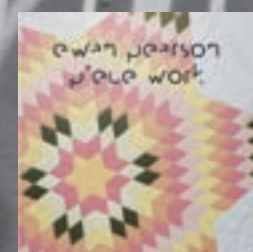
ROBERT STRAUSS
MR FEELINGS



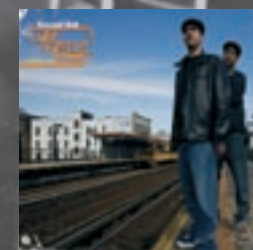
MICHAEL PAKESCH DOS



CLUTCH PLAYER
The Atlantic Connection All Stars



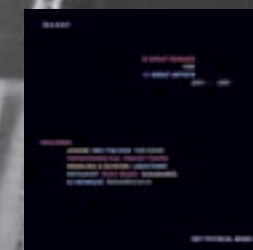
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Broken Business
By Peter Nicholson
FUTURE JAZZ AND BUSTED BEATS



Get out your passports—it's time for some globe-trotting, courtesy of the interwebs and my boy the mailman. We'll start things off this month with a visit to the home of Tim Horton's (mmm, donuts...) to check in with the good sorts at Toronto's Do Right! Music. They've got an album coming from songstress **Elizabeth Sheppard** and a pair of 12s are on their way to tease. I'm particularly partial to the **Natural Self** remix of album's title track, "Start to Move," with Sheppard's piano bumping you nicely against some chopped kit and a punchy trumpet.

Staying up north but holding things down on the left coast is Seattle's **SunTzu Sound** who have a real gem on their hands with their second EP. It's got the same tracks as *EP01* but is worth mentioning for the **Blakai** remix of **1Luv's** "Black Daylight," which brings the soul with lovely vocals over a strictly-business beat. Plus, the flip has a pair of **Domu** re-rubs for "Tickles" by **AC Lewis**—I dig the vocal version, which keeps **N'Didi Cascade's** sassy voice front and center.

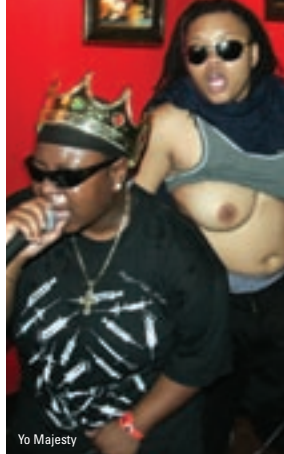
Sinking further toward the equator, but bouncing back East, let's check in with **Wajeed** (of Platinum Pied Pipers) who's currently based in New York City after coming up in Detroit with the likes of Slum Village. The latest from this producer is a trio of versions for Honest Jon's Records of **Tony Allen's** "Kilode," with his Wajeed Rework Vocal featuring the talents of **Zaki Ibrahim**, who adds a sweet lilt to Wajeed's subtly shuffling, broken Afro beats.

Now it's time to jump the Atlantic and head over to Italy where Deja Vu Recordings remind us that Nicola Conte isn't the only jazz cat in the land of espresso. **Idea 6** is the band, and they get a gaggle of remixes for swingers from the likes of **Doctor Zoil** and **Jazzinvaders**. The standout is **Gerardo Frisina's** rolling, rollicking bossa revisit of "Windy Coast," which turns up the layers of percussion and turns loose Dino Piana's trombone.

Bounce on up to Amsterdam, where **I.N.T.** has gone nuts over "Best Deejay" from **Rednose**



Read the Label
By Jesse "Drosco" Serwer
HIP-HOP MIXTAPES, WHITE LABELS, AND SHIT



I've seen the future of leftfield hip-hop and its name is **Yo Majesty**. Shunda K, Jwl B, and Shon B have been the subjects of a steadily increasing wave of hype since dropping their *Yo!* EP (Out There Recordings) last year, but after catching their transcendent European debut (minus Shon B) at Norway's Oyafestivalen recently, I'm sure that the sky is the limit for these three out lesbians from Tampa, FL. While there's been much talk about whether openly gay rappers will ever gain wide acceptance, there has yet to be an act with the goods to appeal to both non-gay rap listeners and the largely untapped gay urban youth audience (which tends to see a better reflection of itself in hyper-masculine mainstream hip-hop than in perceived "gay music"). Until now. Armed with eclectic yet club-ready beats from producers **HardfeelingsUK**, the still-unsigned group continues to chart its progress through tracks uploaded to www.myspace.com/yomajesty4life. The most recent addition, "Meet Me at the Bar," is the best yet. Damn, girls.

After locking down Chocolate City with infectious Go-Go-flavored joints like "Ice Cream Girls" and "Good Girls," everyman-ish DC rapper **Wale** looks poised to become the next Lupe Fiasco. *100 Miles and Running*, a free online mixtape curated by Nick Catchdubs, has **Mark Ronson** and a cadre of unknown producers backing up the Nigerian-born MC's relatable rhymes.

Long Island foursome **The UN** dropped one of the decade's best back-to-basics rap plat-ers in 2004's *UN* or *U Out*, then disappeared. After nearly four years, the group's flagship MC, **Roc Marciano**, has finally re-emerged with an LP expected for release on Universal/SRC later this year. "Snow," the first track to leak, places Marciano's ice-cold coke-rock rhymes over a RZA-like beat of his own creation. If the rest of the album is this hard, it's going to be a cold winter.

If you told the members of **Sputnik Brown** that they were stuck in the past, they'd probably take it as a compliment. *The Brownout* EP, the

first release from the multiregional collective (members are spread across Long Island, Brooklyn, DC, and Japan), is full of elusive loops that will have even Soulstrut.com lurkers scratching their heads. Watch out for a full-length version of *The Brownout* in early '08.

I try not to be repetitive in this column by telling you what everyone else is already in your ear about, but you can't cant talk hip-hop in 2007 without giving it up to **Lil Wayne**. Perhaps rappers should try talking about taking drugs instead of selling them. Following closely on the heels of his highly regarded two-disc mixtape, *Da Drought 3*, Weezy has outdone himself with his best track to date: "Outstanding," which I believe (it's hard to tell these days) first appeared via **The Empire's** *Southern Slang 6* mixtape. Over a slow, rolling beat by **Cipha Sounds** and **Solitair** (and not Dr. Dre, as was widely reported) Wayne drops hall-of-fame-level, WTF-inspiring lines like "I ain't dying just yet, I take a shit in the coffin/I already know how to piss in the toilet/I'm trying to get the pot to piss in in the morning." To borrow another phrase from "Outstanding," other rappers need to "duck like Howard."



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Serengeti & Polyphonic Dont Give Up
Emotional vulnerability, irony and depression distilled into a glitchy, electro futuristic rap album. "the music is beautiful ... [Serengeti's] off-kilter singing adds to that exponentially. And Polyphonic's array of sonic textures ... is rapturous." - Okayplayer
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Serengeti Noticeably Negro
Crunchy and lo fi the Getiking swaggers on the mic like a postmodern bard drunk on TV and raw deals. "You haven't heard anyone like this one. Dense and schitzo. ... HIGHLY RECOMMENDED" - Erasoul
"Abstract witty nuances are mere child's play for Serengeti" - Smother

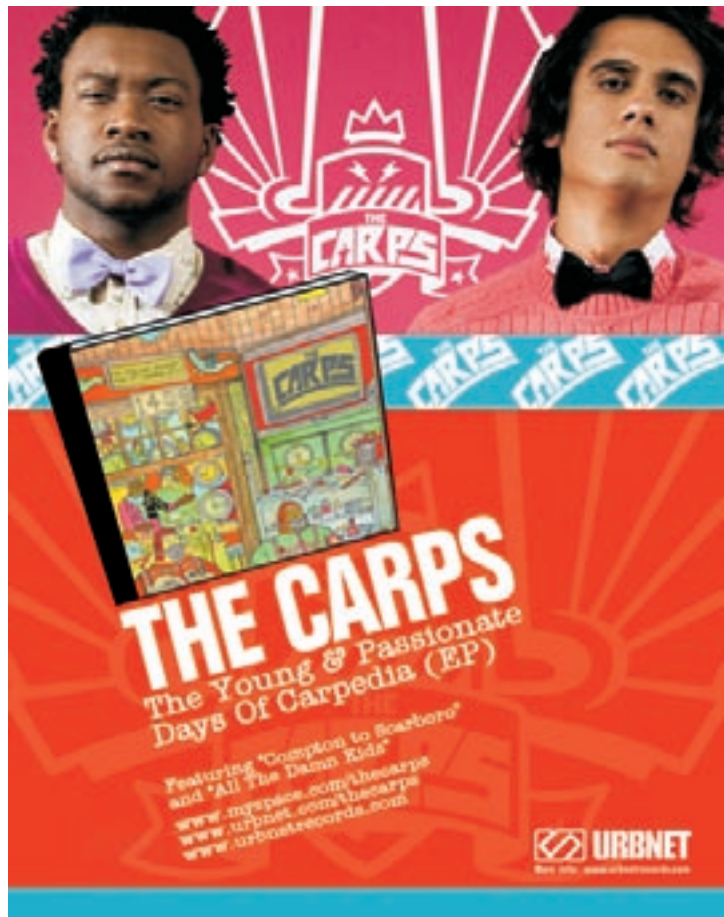
Juba Dance Orange
Collaboration between Ben Lamar and Polyphonic the Verbose
"an otherworldly amalgamation of jazz, blues and hip-hop with Brazilian rhythms and abstract downtempo electronica ... mesmerizing" - Metropolis (Japan)
"beautiful, like plugging headphones into a blender full of back issues of Wax Poetics." - Okayplayer



Polyphonic the Verbose Abstract Data Ark
"Stewed into a laid-back dub flavor and hyper-aggressive penchant for glitchy gymnastics, Polyphonic's entrees steam with originality and avant-garde flavors." - Urb Magazine
"plays like a dreamscape of noise, where warehouse glitch and hip-hop bounce exist peacefully" - Popmatters
"Eerie and yet brilliant, this is a dub album, an IDM joint, and an electronic hip-hop masterpiece." - Smother Mag



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Diesel



Mental Overdrive



Cosmic Metal Monster



Drtyhaze

Never thought in a million years I'd be writing about Iron Maiden, let alone writing about them in this here column, but so it goes with today's wacky, impossible-to-pigeonhole disco music! Norwegian disko hero **Mental Overdrive** has covered the heavy metal gods' "Run to the Hill" in his inimitable style for the Airtight label, and has also managed to rope in NYC rising sons **Drtyhaze** for remix duties. If you haven't already, make a beeline to your local vinyl emporium and pick up the duo's recent debut on Tirk. "Drtyhaze Groove" is a keeper for sure.

Speaking of Tirk, our boys in London have lined up one helluva release schedule this autumn, reeling in legends like disco doyen **Chaz Jankel** for a retrospective album and Human League producer **Martin Rushent** for his new **Disco Unlimited** project! Tirk hasn't eschewed nurturing new blood by any means, what with a forthcoming single from **Sugardaddy** and the debut release from **Arcade Lover** (a.k.a. **Darshan Jesrani**, **Dan Balis** from **Escort**, and famed singer **Lisa Shaw**).

Mr. Jesrani also works his disco magic on **Mock & Toof's** corker "Black Jub" for the ambitious Tiny Sticks imprint. London dance music hero and X-Press 2 member **Diesel** joins the label's ranks with his **dflex** project with Restless Soul's **Felix Hopkins**. Diesel's been quite a busy-body of late as he's also re-launched the mighty Moton label. Yes, you read correctly—the hugely influential edit label started by Diesel, **Harvey**, and **Dave Jarvis** from Faith is back! New York's own **Citizen Kane** contributes to the first new 12" from the resurrected Moton with "Kane's Spanish Home," while continuing to put out the goodies on his own Disques Sinthomme imprint. Due up next is a heavyweight EP boasting **Cosmic Metal Monster's** late-night jam "We R" backed with a remix by the seemingly unstoppable **Nick Chacona**. New Jersey's **Professor Genius** rolls out the b-side with the Italo-informed jam "Pegaso," as featured on Italians Do It Better's *After Dark* compilation.

Elsewhere in the Big Apple, Speak Recordings have signed up **In Flagranti** for two mighty-fine weirdo-disco cuts, and I mean that in the most flattering way possible. "Additional Alpha Blocker" is a choon and then some! The Rong camp continues to kill it with new releases by **Free Blood**, featuring John Pugh III, formerly of **!!!**. They've also enlisted West Coast house head **DJ Buck** to do a cover of **Bobby Konders'** classic "Nervous Acid" for their Tu Rong label. The aptly titled cover, "Nervous Rock," is—you guessed it—decidedly rock-y while still dance-y as can be.

Try as I may to *avoid* writing about the DFA camp in my column, I just can't help it! They've got not one, not two, but three new artist signings making their debut this season. **Hercules & Love Affair**, **Holy Ghost!**, and **Still Going** (a.k.a. **Rub-N-Tug's Eric Duncan** and **Olivier Spencer**) all have 12"s due in the imminent future, so start wagging those tongues...*now!*



Oddball Dance Guest Reviews: Cosmo Vitelli

With a youth spent in Côte d'Ivoire, Africa, Cosmo Vitelli (real name: Benjamin Boguet) doesn't seem to share much with the character from whom he borrows his moniker: the laconic, gambling protagonist in John Cassavetes' *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie*. (Maybe it's the sleaze factor or maybe it's just a sweet-sounding name.) Calling Paris home since 1993, Vitelli has slowly built up quite a resume of releases, and in the process has developed a unique—and wildly diverse—sound. With an inclination toward stripped-down, lo-fi rhythms and organic synth melodies, Vitelli perpetually shifts between genre boundaries (house, techno, electro, dance-rock) as effortlessly as he does between job titles (producer, remixer, Bot'Ox band member, globetrotting DJ, I'm A Cliché label owner). Here's a quick taste of what the man's been listening to lately. *Derek Grey*

ETIENNE JAUMET "REPEAT AGAIN AFTER ME"

Versatile/FRA/12
Etienne Jaumet is the mastermind behind *Zombie*, a duo whose project was to rewrite a Dario Argento movie soundtrack. Jaumet's own solo tracks usually sound like beautiful melancholic synth loops, somewhere between Terry Riley and Raymond Scott. A 12" with a Joakim remix was released earlier this year, and their great album will be out in January. This first 12" is more Goblin-oriented, and its killer *Âme* remix will make you like the saxophone again. Definitely one of the next months' floor fillers! *Cosmo Vitelli*

THE OSCILLATION "HEAD HANG LOW"

DC Recordings/UK/7
The Orichalc Phase 12"s ranked high in my top 10 these last two years. Demian Castellanos, the man behind the project, now comes with a complete album on DC as *The Oscillation*, which will feature versions of his first two singles and nine great new tracks. This one-sided 7-inch that it comes with reminds me of a sentence on a library record cover I have: "The sound your eyes can follow." It also comes with some digital-only goodies, remixes by Chrome Hoof, Kelpe, and Depth Charge. But check the titular Julian Cope cover! *Cosmo Vitelli*

PONI HOAX "ANTIBODIES" (CHÂTEAU FLIGHT REMIX)

Tigersushi/FRA/12
Château Flight's "Antibodies" remix may be the best thing DJ Gilb'r and I:Cube have ever made together. A long intro full of all the dubby delays and effects you'll need leads further and further into a killer Chicago-like piano-and-marimba break. Bass comes in after four minutes and the track turns into a great disco-house tune. A must have! *Cosmo Vitelli*

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THU	OCT 11	Minneapolis Foundation	FRI	OCT 26	San Francisco Mighty
FRI	OCT 12	Chicago Smart Bar	MON	OCT 29	Pomona Glass House
SAT	OCT 13	Atlanta The Loft	TUE	OCT 30	San Diego House of Blues
TUE	OCT 16	Orlando The Social	WED	OCT 31	Hollywood Knitting Factory
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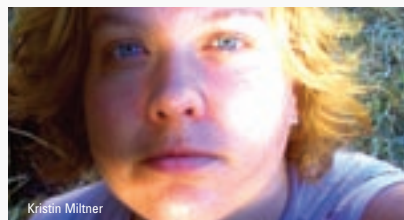
After Silence
By Martin De Leon
THE OUTER ORBITS OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC



Cloudland Canyon



Sweat.X



Kristin Miltner

First off, internet radio is temporarily not going away. During a Congressional hearing, **SoundExchange**, a not-for-profit digital-performance-royalty distributor designated by the U.S. Copyright Office, startlingly said they would not enforce the new royalty rates on internet radio stations. That certainly doesn't mean they never will but for now, play on, playa! Now let the good times roll.

South Africa's **Sweat.X** is a good reason to dust off that turntable. The duo's avant-booby rap on *Ebonyivorytron* (Citinite) uses classic Miami bass synths on "Pop That Coochie" and classic Baltimore-influenced dirty beats on "Glitterati." You ever wonder what a South African Spank Rock would sound like? Hop to it.

Slowing it down, **Cloudland Canyon** makes you nostalgic for Europe's Krautrock past. If Neu! were from Memphis and recorded in Brooklyn and Germany, they might resemble Cloudland Canyon's drone magic on the *Silver Toned Sisyphus* EP on Kranky. An 11-minute track full of long, pretty ambient waves, "Dambala" is followed by the German-psychedelic title track, which even packs some Ash Ra drums.

Chicago's **Locks** are harder to pin down. Their brilliant debut EP, *Bad Words* (Static Station) starts out like Slint with the track "Where in San Diego is Ana Mendieta?" then goes all blip-hop on your ass. Like a weird Anticon side project, Locks are probably cLOUDDEAD's rock cousins, if "Fly Information" is any indication. This band will probably be around for a while.

Sadly, one of Brooklyn's great experimental music venues and art spaces, **Glasslands Gallery**, won't be, as the space shut its doors earlier this month. Owner Brooke Baxter promises to open up again under a different name, but with the same emphasis on supporting good avant-garde art and music. The art gallery's closure is just another example of how these underappreciated places need more public attention and art-community love.

Quiero Club, an experimental indie-rock band from Monterrey, Mexico is looking to gain a new audience. Last year's record, *WOF* (Happy Fi), was only released down South, but starting with their new 12" single, "Ziggy's Dead" (also on Happy Fi), they'll thankfully see a U.S. release. The new track features lead singer Priscilla's silky vocals and the same synth rock as that of founding member Gustavo Mauricio's old band, **Zurdok**.

Kristin Miltner's *Grains* EP (Praemedia) shows that Fennesz-like instrumentals such as "Grains Need Water and Light" can be dirty but plenty listenable. Has this sort of IDM—the pretty clicks and Ableton Live vocal cuts—become the new classicism in electronic music?

If you can, get your hands on The Fader/Southern Comforts' uber-limited-edition 7" series. 500 copies may not be enough for the **Black Lips'** cover of The Tamrons' 1967 track "Wild Man." Like the world was their garage, Black Lips' surf riffs give way to the b-side where Portland producer/singer **Yacht's** beat-less grunge take on "No Favors Policy" would make Sleater-Kinney proud.

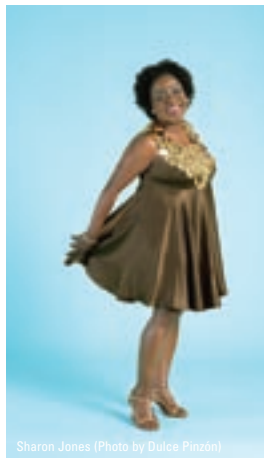
Some favorite noise bits of late: the much-needed release of **Dälek's** *Deadverse Massive, Vol. 1: Dälek Rarities 1999-2006* (Hydrahead) and North Carolina's **Opening Flower Happy Bird's** self-released glitch EP *Endings*. Both rock in different ways, much like **Deerhunter** singer Bradford Cox's side-project **Atlas Sound's** *Fractal Trax* EP (Hoss), which is basically Deerhunter's noise under a different name.



Downbeat Diaspora
By Rico "Superbizzee" Washington
GETTING YOU UP ON THE SHARPEST SOUL, FUNK, AND R&B



Davina



Sharon Jones (Photo by Dulce Piazini)

Hot damn, y'all! It's time for five more minutes of funk from the kid with soul and class by the pound fo' that ass! I got a whole lotta fresh sounds to share! Somethin' old, somethin' new, somethin' borrowed, somethin' blue. So dig, dance, and download to your heart's delight (legally, that is).

A lot of y'all thought that the mighty-mighty 110 lbs. of soul also known as Ms. **Sharon Jones** would be somewhere cryin' the blues while **Amy Winehouse** snatched her band and vaulted to the top of the charts. But don't you worry 'bout a thang, 'cause Sharon Jones snatched her **Dap-Kings** back and ran off to the studio to record a fresh batch of throwback goodies called *100 Days 100 Nights* (Daptone). Expect more of that same Lyn Collins/James Brown funk'n' from Ms. Jones and crew as they set it off over the course of 10 cuts of super dynamite soul!

In case y'all ain't heard, the one and only eccentric rock n' soul pimp **Van Hunt** is coming back with a new album on a new label! The new full-length joint, *Popular*, will be released via the venerable jazz giant Blue Note Records in January. 'Til then, you can cop his digital four-track EP, *The Popular Machine*, to satiate your jones!

Don't call it a comeback, but mid-'90s boho soul priestess **Davina** has officially dropped another gem in the form of *Return to Soul* (Soul Line Associates/HustleMode). All those folks that remember her 1998 Loud Records debut should definitely get a thrill from this.

It must be the season of the soul vet, 'cause **Chaka Khan** and **Al Green** both got new joints to bump this coming season! The good Reverend Green is in the lab as we speak, workin' on his third Blue Note Records opus featuring duets with the likes of **Alicia Keys**, **Anthony Hamilton**, and the incognito son of neo-soul **D'Angelo**. Word has it that **?uestlove** of The Roots will be assuming the production duties. Meanwhile, Ms. Khan is busy puttin' the finishing touches on her upcoming record, *Funk This* (Burgundy), produced by **Jimmy**

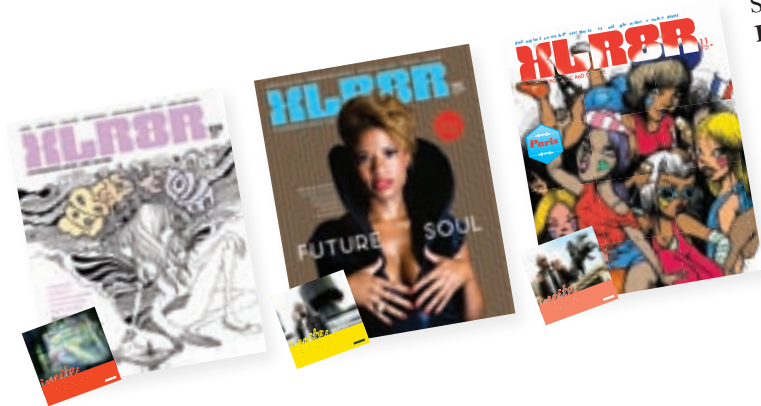
Jam & Terry Lewis, which should no doubt make her a household name once again! Nonbelievers, check the first single, "Disrespectful," featuring the queen of hip-hop soul, **Mary J. Blige!**

It must be jumpin' down at Soulsville, 'cause **Angie Stone** is 'bout ready to release her Stax Records debut, *The Art of Love and War*. For the jump-off single, "Baby," Angie reached waaaaaaaay back and grabbed '70s soul siren **Betty Wright** for a scorching duet that'll make you run home and slap yo' mama!

When things git too damn funky over at Ubiquity Records, their sister label, Luv N' Haight, is all too glad to take up the throwback slack! Case in point, the recent exhuming of unreleased gems from the **Roy Ayers** '70s brainchild, **Ramp**. More than just sample fodder for **A Tribe Called Quest's** classic "Bonita Applebum," Ramp is set to give y'all a taste of what's really good with a forthcoming full-length of buried treasures. Check for the 12" single "Paint Me Any Color" b/w the extra funk, vamped-out "The Old One, Two" out now!

Okay, y'all, that should be 'nuffa variety for the meantime and in-between time. 'Til we meet again, always remember to never let your funk guard down!

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Lucky 13 By Toph One

Toph One spins every Wednesday at the RedWine Social at Dalva in S.F.



Still from *Brasilintime*



Gogol Bordello

It's been a summer of awe-inspiring meanness on the part of the gods, but after they stopped stealing my bikes and canceling my gigs, secret, blissful moments of mundane beauty crept upon me like a new windchime from River Road or the first California poppies of the season. I had to smile and count my losses as a "donation" to the great unknown. You have to do that sometimes—just step away from it all and laugh, otherwise the crushing unfairness of the world would explode your head right there on the corner of Church and Market.

1. GOGOL BORDELLO SUPER TARANTA!

Side One Dummy/US/CD
Along with their brothers Balkan Beat Box, Eugene Hutz and crew are making the most original and exciting music around. It's like a three-day Gypsy wedding in a faraway junkyard, with the Dead Kennedys and Cyclecide bike club presiding.

2. M.I.A. "BOYZ"

Interscope/US/12
Keeping with the outernational funk, young M.I.A. rips all over this blistering *baile* track by London's Switch. Hot as a motherfucker—this gal can do no wrong in my book.

3. JAMES PANTS "KASH"

Stonethrow/US/12
Blue-eyed synth-soul from Texas? Why the hell not? People (read: me) better start having mad sex to this tune quick. I just may end up enjoying this millennium yet.

4. NIYI "YO MUMMY"

Tummy Touch/US/12
Electro-raunch from Tummy Touch is always a good thing, but really I must tell you about Boy Scout Recordings, Tummy Touch owner Tim "Love" Lee's new baby label specializing in organic, leftfield folk sounds. Check out the *Thrifty, Brave & Clean* compilation and folks like Mossy Rock, Joe Richardson, and Turner Cody.

5. LIVEWIRE "SAVE DIRTY"

Kompute/US/download, 12
Nothing gets the young 'uns squirming like fuzzy Chicago electro-trash, and Kompute seems to have plenty of weapons in its arsenal. Also be on the lookout for Interrobang's "Benzene Machine."

6. GOODWORD COULDA BEEN THAT

One League/US/CD
"Play Some Hip-Hop" is the shit, but "Track 8"?! This cat, along with vocalist Baby Wonder and producer Steven Radison, is making some serious music, and might have a new Bay classic along the way. Cocktails for West Marin.

7. FLOW DYNAMICS "BOSSA FOR BEPO"

Freestyle/UK/12
This is the sound of Indian summer—all swing and Latin boogie and snappy straw hats and flowing, flowery skirts. Did I just spill my sangria on J-Boogie? Well, yes, I am happy to see you!

8. YES KING ROCK THIS WORLD

Yes King/US/CD, LP
Mark Rae is back! And he's brought that big ragga-hip-hop sound with him to the beaches of L.A. Along with the legendary Dawn Penn, Veba (remember "Without You Now"?), and a host of other guests, this album promises some big blasters. Check "Champion Sound" as soon as you can.

9. MAGIC FLY THE MAGIC FLY EP

Bastard Jazz/US/12EP
DJ DRM can spot the funky beats from across oceans, and he's brought a hot one back from the U.K. for his boss Brooklyn label. "Champion Mushroom" (is there a theme here?) is a loping, spacey head-nodder for the dancefloor while "Thinking Toy" is a classic reggae jam for the cool-out sesh.

10. NYG'Z YA DAYZ R #'D

Year Round/US/CD, 12
Ain't nothing like a Primo beat, and now the man behind so many classics is putting out longtime Gang Starr Foundation members NYG'Z on his own label.

11. MATLOCK MOONSHINE

Gravel/US/CD
Matlock and producer Kaz1 hold it down for their hometown Chicago in true grimy fashion. RA the Rugged Man guests on "Pignose," and the bluesy "Cursed" stands with some of Top'R's finest tales of woe. Also peep labelmates Giraffe Nuts for their wicked "Eat Them" for further Chi-Town insanity.

12. CHE'NELLE

"I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE DJ (FEAT. CHAM)"
Capitol/US/12
Man, I hate reviewing major-label records, but this shit is just burning! Good Lord, she's another MySpace discovery, too. The music business today is just fucking comedy.

LUCKY 13) BRASILINTIME

Mochilla/US/DVD
Filmmakers/photographers Mochilla (B+ and Eric Coleman) take the *Keepintime* crew of US jazz-funk drummers and DJs, including Paul Humphrey, Babu, James Gadson, and J.Rocc, to São Paulo on a sort of pilgrimage of learning and respect for Brazilian music. The crate-digging and street scenes are fun and insightful, but of course the real magic occurs on stage. Stunning imagery and hours of extras make this a must-have. This could be our *Jazz on a Summer's Day*.



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IN THE STUDIO: PARA ONE

The Parisian prince of hip-hop/electro-house fusion talks shop over coffee and cigarettes.

WORDS: KEN TAYLOR PHOTO: CAMILLE VIVIER

Producers like Para One are one-of-a-kind. Schooled in the ways of hip-hop and techno from a young age (the former through the crew he joined at age 14; the latter through his cousin Saint Remy's mixtapes), the man known to his *maman* as Jean-Baptiste de Laubier twists genres and beats with equal ease, while approaching his productions from an entirely DIY aesthetic—his formal sound-engineer training notwithstanding. His hybrid use of analog and digital machinery suggests obvious ties to the past, but squelchy, future-forward club hits like “Dun-Dun” and “Midnight Swim,” and his countless remixes for his French, British, and American contemporaries speak for themselves. He's also the *de facto* producer for Parisian hip-hop group TTC, who sits in on “Musclor” on de Laubier's full-length *Epiphanie*. Para's signature thump hits harder than most mainstream rap producers—and holds its own on the dancefloor. We talked to Para One about how—and *when*—to get the most booty-bang for your buck.

XLR8R: WHERE IS YOUR STUDIO LOCATED?
Para One: Near the République metro stop in Paris.

IS THERE ANYTHING SPECIAL YOU DO TO PREPARE YOURSELF TO GO IN THE STUDIO?
First, I have to drive across Paris on my scooter—fast! Then I drink coffee—liters of it. Then I smoke cigarettes—a lot of them. Then I finally get sped-up enough and I can do music. And I do it as early in the morning as I can, sometimes as early as 5 a.m. The worst time for me to record is around 2 p.m.—that midday depression, where I have suicidal tendencies—but the energy comes back around 6.

DO YOU SPEND MORE OR LESS TIME ON YOUR OWN PRODUCTIONS THAN WHEN YOU'RE PRODUCING OR REMIXING SOMEONE ELSE'S STUFF?
The time I spend on production is always very short, actually. It's more about time that I spend *thinking* about production! And it can be really long when it comes to my own tracks. I just sit there, staring at my work for weeks, then suddenly I make a move and it's finished within a day. I can't explain why that is. But it's much faster for the remixes, obviously, with A&R guys being on your ass all day.

DID YOU STUDY RECORDING AT ALL? OR IS IT SOMETHING THAT YOU THINK CAN BE LEARNED ON YOUR OWN?
I learned when I had to go to studios and pretend, in front of scary ghetto rappers, that I knew shit about what I was doing. Then it became actual knowledge! After that I did get a degree in sound engineering but don't bother. Learn by yourself, definitely.

WHAT'S THE MOST PERSONAL THING YOU HAVE IN YOUR STUDIO?
My Sequential Circuits Pro-One synthesizer is my pal. You can't ever tune the two oscillators together properly, so it always sounds a bit sad, like it can understand you and express it all. Especially for bass, it's the best. Its sound hits your chest like real pain. But my favorite things in my studio besides the Pro-One are a Neve Kelso mixer, a Linn Drum, a Korg MS 20 with SQ10 step sequencer, and my Roland TR-808 drum machine.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE TYPE OF SONG TO REMIX?
I love remixing songs with good acapellas and the right tempo. I'm fed up with the tearing-it-all-apart-then-putting-everything-back-together method... [Even in regular production] I rarely use samples. When it happens, I chop them up until they're mine.

WHAT'S YOUR LIVE SHOW LIKE? HOW DO YOU MAKE IT EXCITING FOR THE AUDIENCE?
When I have to fly, I only take my Mac and a MIDI controller, because if I carry the 909 or the Pro-One with me, I just won't make it to the venue—I'll be hanging out with terrorists in jail instead. I use Ableton Live and Reason synchronized together though ReWire. It allows me to improvise more than just triggering loops in Ableton like every average, lazy-ass pseudo-performer is doing nowadays. It's difficult to improvise, and to actually *do* something live. The key is to take risks, to add new ideas every time, and to learn stuff from the show—not just to “do the job.”

WHAT ABOUT THE VISUAL EXPERIENCE?
[With others' visuals], I just have to grin and bear it every time, what with those horrible, local homemade vids that make you feel sick or paranoid or depressed—like loops of subway shots or mutilated puppets dancing.

ANYTHING YOU HATE ABOUT PRODUCTION?
What I hate about producing is that every time you make something happen, you know you're going to suffer from it later.

Para One's *Epiphanie* is out now on Naïve/Ryko/Institubes.
www.paraone.fr



In Para One's studio (clockwise from above), Korg MS-20, Korg SQ-10, Roland TR-808, Sequential Circuits Pro One





ARTIST TIPS: ALAN BRAXE

Alan Braxe (real name: Alain Quême) is no novice when it comes to creating killer dance cuts. From his seminal, late-'90s "French Touch tracks (such as the hugely popular "Music Sounds Better With You," recorded with Stardust) to his work with Fred Falke and Kris Menace, Braxe's throwback disco synths, loose '80s drum patterns, and airy Jazzercise melodies have been bobbing heads and filling dancefloors for more than a decade. Recently, it's been Braxe's remix work that garners the most attention. Annie, Test Icicles, Röyksopp, Goldfrapp, and Justice have all received the Braxe treatment, and while the reworks may vary in genre, their yield is consistent: blissful, four-to-the-floor gold that's equally ready for headphones or the dancefloor. Here, Braxe gives us the inside scoop on how to create the perfect remix from start to finish. *Ross Holland*
www.myspace.com/alan_braxe

1. Pick the right song

I think it's important to love the original song, otherwise the remix process could turn into a nightmare. I prefer to remix songs that sound really far from electro; it could be anything from rock to R&B as long as it's not sounding too electro or dance. I find it more exciting to work this way as it turns the remix process into a challenge.

2. Respect the artist's identity

It's good to remember that when you're remixing, you're working for another artist. This is why most of the time I preserve the full vocal take. To me, it's the best way to show respect to the artist. The next step is to build a completely new song around the vocal, with new harmony, new drums, etc.

3. Use the right tools

For a few years now, I've done all my remixing with Ableton Live; it's a really creative and intuitive sequencer. You can easily edit, transform, pitchshift, and time-stretch the audio, which are all incredibly useful tools for remixing. It's so easy to find exciting and unexpected loop points in the audio file, and to change the tones using the pitch envelope functions.

4. Keep the drums solid

For drums, I mainly use the Roland MV-8000 or an old MPC-60. I use my own sounds sampled from 12-inches or CDs. It can be dance or rock sounds; it doesn't really matter. There is always a point in the mix where I ask myself, "Do I add a big kick to make the mix more clubby?" but I try to avoid this as, for example, on the Test Icicles and DFA 1979 remixes, the drum kit is more rock to begin with. The result is maybe not that clubby, but musically it seems more coherent.

5. Impose a deadline

One really good thing with remixing is the deadline. Most of the time it's quite short but it's good to have some pressure to make quick decisions—it's the best way to preserve spontaneity.



Clockwise from left, Roland MV-8000, Ableton Live, Akai MPC-60



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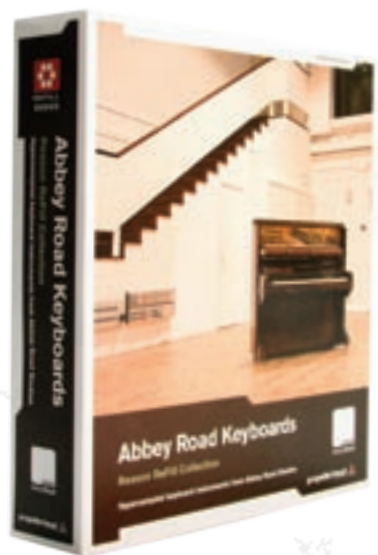
KRK's **VXT 4s** aren't the smallest monitors ever created, but they're compact enough to fit on your desk without too much re-org. And they bump: They're about as good as you're gonna do for heavy bass response from a set of monitors this size (without a proper sub). The sleek curvature supposedly provides a wider sweet spot, and doubles as a reminder not to put your falafel combo on top of them while you kick out the jams (trust us, it will slide off). While we found the tamper-resistant switch covers on the back a bit too us-resistant, the VXT 4s make a good choice for those with limited desk real estate (but reasonably deep pockets). *Evan Shamoon*



DUB NARCOTIC

Image Line Morphine Additive Synthesizer**MSRP: \$159; www.image-line.com**

Recreating complex sounds can be tedious and processor-intensive, but with **Morphine's** logical and flexible architecture, complicated patches are now simple equations. By directly tweaking harmonic overtones manually, or taking any input sample and re-synthesizing into one of four independent voices, audio visions become conceivable realities. What makes Morphine different than other plug-ins is the 128-harmonic oscillator engine built on 32-bit mathematics. This gives it an infinite number of sonic snapshots per spectrum and the ability to map unique spectra to each key—you can basically build an intricate patch and then subdivide various permutations of it across the keyboard. Try inputting one of your own WAV files and you will find that you can turn simple drum samples into chaotic orchestral mayhem. With all the features of a standard subtractive synth, plus voice possibilities for miles, it's no wonder all the rave kids are crazy for Morphine. *Praxis*



HOP IN PROPELLERHEADS' TIME MACHINE

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Propellerheads Abbey Road Keyboards ReFill Plug-In**MSRP: \$229; www.propellerheads.se**

Hop in Propellerheads' time machine and head back to 1960s London, when the Fab Four were recording epics like "Come Together" using some very odd instruments. Mellotron, Harmonium, Tubular Bells—even the names conjure trippy vibes. With help from Abbey Road studios' devoted engineers, these rare keyboards were the backbone of countless hits. **Abbey Road Keyboards ReFill** presents six vintage keyboards and one set of bells (for use with Reason's Combinator device) all mic'd through analog equipment from multiple vantages. The result is a flexible set of sound tools geared toward the sophisticated user (both 24- and 16-bit samples are included). The Harmonium, with its organ-y, melodica-type sound, is an exotic addition, while the Hammond Leslie Model 122 organ produces one of the richest, adaptable tones around. The multi-velocity samples can be struck soft or hard producing different timbres. Launch your own *Yellow Submarine* with this unique collection. *Tomas Palermo*



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Mondo Mint DMS300 iPod Speaker System**MSRP: \$349; www.mondo-usa.com**

Situated towards the high end of the now completely over-crowded iPod speaker market, the **Mondo Mint** is arguably the nicest looking of the bunch. And though it'll cost you more than a few Benji's, you generally get what you pay for: It includes two iPod docks (one of which is wireless—though, annoyingly, requires its own power cable), a line-in jack for non-iPod sources, and a USB port to connect with your computer. The lack of EQ settings and photo/video support may steer some away, and the inability to wirelessly stream from my computer definitely came as a disappointment. Still, sound quality is above average for an iPod dock, and the thing actually gets loud enough to make your neighbors want to beat you up (a good thing). *Evan Shamoon*



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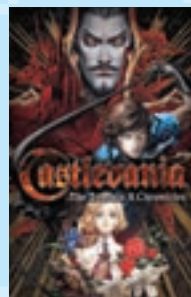
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SCARE TACTICS

Games get ghoulish this fall.

WORDS RYAN RAYHILL

BOO! What?! Not terrified by our lame attempt to frighten in this ookiest, spookiest month of the year? Okay, fair enough. But there are plenty of games coming out this fall that will do a better job of chasing the lunch out of your backside, games that are actually as fun as they are creepy.



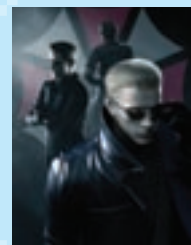
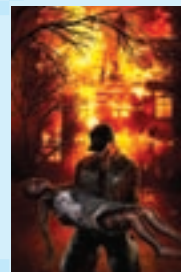
CASTLEVANIA: THE DRACULA X CHRONICLES

Perhaps no one can continue to make our blood run as cold as the Goth-father himself, Count Dracula, who manages to resurrect himself (surprise!) in **Castlevania: The Dracula X Chronicles** (Konami; PSP). A 3-D-infused update of the 2-D vampire-hunting classic *Rondo of Blood* (until now a Japan-only title), *Chronicles* also features an unlockable version of *Symphony of the Night* (a.k.a. The Best *Castlevania* Ever).

SILENT HILL: ORIGINS

While *Castlevania* brings lightning-fast, old-school action, **Silent Hill: Origins** (Konami; PSP) uses tense pacing and atmosphere to explore the genesis of the most mind-bendingly creeped-out series ever. As a trucker who may or may not be all there upstairs, you find yourself in the long-troubled town of Silent Hill

where a house fire compels you to play hero to a girl trapped inside. Alive but badly burned, you take the girl to the local medical facility where not only does she disappear but the staff is a little less than friendly. Or human. And then things really get weird.



RESIDENT EVIL: UMBRELLA CHRONICLES

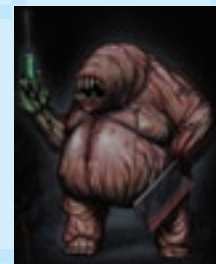
And speaking of animated corpses, with the new *Resident Evil: Extinction* flick hitting theaters, **Resident Evil: Umbrella Chronicles** (Capcom; Wii) makes it easier than ever for fans to get their Jovovich on at home—the new Wii Zapper attachment quickly turns your Wii-mote into a sub-machine gun for a first-person twist on the classic

series. Many of the main players from previous *Evil* games appear as the series takes a closer look at Umbrella, the evil corporation that started the flesh-eating, mutant-spawning epidemic that's plagued us (in the most awesome way) for over a decade.

DEMENTIUM: THE WARD

Heretofore known mostly for puppies and *Pokémon*, the Nintendo DS finally gets a game with, er, guts. **Dementium: The Ward** (Gamecock; DS) finds you in a derelict mental hospital (is there any other kind?) frozen in time (why not?) and full of zombie-fied medical experiments (natu-

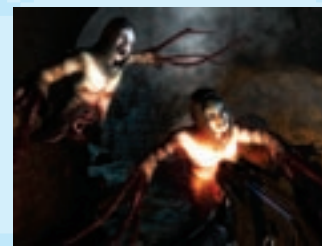
rally) that seem bent on tasting your flesh (duh). The DS allows for some unique gameplay as you can use the stylus for everything from exploration and puzzle-solving to piercing undead flesh with pinpoint accuracy.



Clive Barker's Jericho

CLIVE BARKER'S JERICHO

If modern firepower and ancient daemona are more your thing, then fret not, the creator of *Hellraiser* has you covered (in monster innards) with **Clive Barker's Jericho** (Codemasters; PS3, 360). As a part of Jericho Squad—the U.S. government's team of highly trained ghost-busters—take to the streets of Al-Khali, a Middle Eastern city that's become a hotbed of paranormal terror as God's maleficent "Firstborn," his failed first attempt at creating life before Adam and Eve, return to make Earth their own once again. Sounds heavy, no? And we haven't gotten to the Nazis, blood magic, or gun-toting priests yet.



FUTURE FRIGHT

Three more games destined to make you squirm in the coming months.

BLACKSITE: AREA 51 (MIDWAY; PS3, 360)

The U.S. government can no longer contain a secret alien that has taken over a small Nevada town, and they've sent you to cap the threat.

ALONE IN THE DARK (ATARI; PS3, 360, WII)

Set to reinvigorate a stale series that began in '92, *Dark* explores bizarre, cult-related occurrences in modern-day NYC.

CONDEMNED 2: BLOODSHOT (SEGA; PS3, 360)

Like *X-Files* meets *CSI*, your task is to track down both a psycho killer and your missing partner.



loading...

XLR8R picks the hottest videogames and gear of the month.

WORDS: RYAN RAYHILL



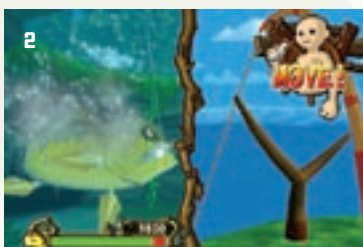
A modern take on the traditional point-and-click adventures of yore (but cuter), *Zack & Wiki: Quest for Barbaros' Treasure* (Capcom; Wii) centers around the titu-*arr* young pirate and his flying, transforming monkey pal as they solve all manner of jungle-type puzzles to uncover legendary treasure.

Did someone say legend? Oh yeah, I did. And so will millions of DS owners this month as they ask their favorite smug-grinned game-store employee for a copy of *The Legend of Zelda: Phantom Hourglass* (Nintendo; DS). We can honestly say, without a hint of irony, that *Hourglass* is not only the best reason to own the innovative DS this season—it's simply one of the best adventure games on any system you will play all year.

For those about to rock...again, we salute you...again, as *Guitar Hero III: Legends of Rock* (Activision; PS3, 360, Wii, PS2) once again melts your face on all major systems, with downloadable content, wireless guitars, songs from Iron Maiden and Stone Roses, and a one-on-one battle with Slash. Welcome to the jungle, bitches.

For those who were disappointed with *The Simpsons Movie* (not to say we were... much), *The Simpsons* game (EA; PS3, 360, Wii, PS2) offers hope as the buttery-skinned family finds itself trapped inside a videogame pitting them against the evil power of... Matt Groening?! Jeebus!

Get ready to stalefish all over the East Coast once again as *Tony Hawk's Proving Ground* (Activision; PS3, 360, Wii) hits Philly, Baltimore, and DC with all-new skater classes, online customization, and video-editor mode to capture all your killer grinds. Skate. Die. Repeat.



The series has not changed a whole lot over the past 14 years, and *Virtua Fighter 5* (Sega; 360) proves why: Because it's always been awesome. The Xbox 360 version improves on the earlier PS3 version with online kickass-ery.

Beautiful Katamari (Namco Bandai; 360) also follows the "if it ain't broke" philosophy with a bigger, better, and—as the title suggests—beautiful-er ball-rolling bonanza! Say that 10 times fast. Or even once. Then slap yourself for wasting precious seconds of your life.

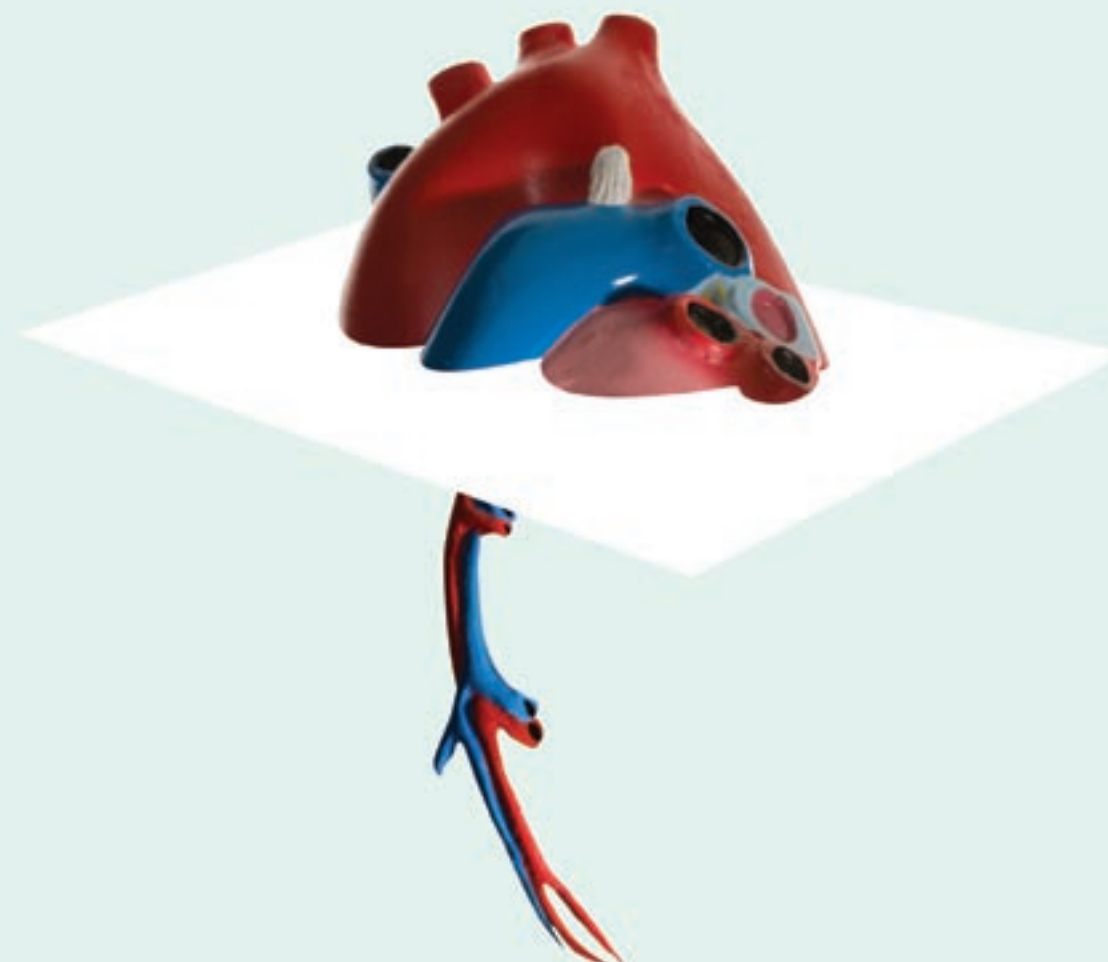
Not satisfied with merely swinging your Wii-mote around like a sword? Want it to actually look like one too? Prepare to look even sillier as the *Camy Pro Gear Hero Pack* (Wii) allows you to slip your controller and nunchuk into a *Zelda*-esque sword-and-shield combo.

Proving that Microsoft is determined to take over everything you do one way or the other, they unleash the *Xbox Live Messenger Kit* (360), which connects a 47-button keyboard and headset to your controller allowing for both voice and text chat over Xbox Live.

If anyone remembers 1998 like we remember 1998, then you know that Viagra, George Michael's public potty party, and *Final Fantasy Tactics* for the PlayStation were some of the most awesome things that happened that year. *Final Fantasy Tactics: War of the Lions* (Square Enix; PSP) recaptures the original's strategy-RPG glory with some all-new content. No Viagra needed!

1. CAMY PRO GEAR HERO PACK
2. ZACK & WIKI: QUEST FOR BARBAROS' TREASURE
3. VIRTUA FIGHTER 5
4. TONY HAWK'S PROVING GROUND

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Je T'aine... Moi Non Plus

Rap troubadour Buck 65 recounts his years spent in Paris—and why he had to leave.

Paris. She didn't want my money. She didn't want my accent. She didn't want my tears. She only wanted my songs.

Paris loves the artist being an artist. Paris raises her glass and sounds her bells. But there are always too many moments—even days on end—when the artist is the regular Métro passenger, he who waits in line at the grocery store, and whose bicycle is in need of repair.

Paris is the gorgeous ice-queen dragon lady. She's the pathological liar with everything going for her. She knows she's great, but is still desperate for attention and reassurance. She's cold and emotionally overwrought. The legendary lover who can't stand being touched.

I hate her for her resistance to new ideas and love her for her devotion to the old ones. I hate her for her intolerance and love her for her pride, even in her ugliness. I hate her airport.

Paris hates America for being exactly like her. She'll never admit it. Paris ain't takin' no shit, and can't take "yes" for an answer. Her

favorite pastimes are protest and pop-culture consumption. On TV and in the movies she talks and talks, but on the street she won't even look at you.

Paris gave us Serge Gainsbourg and took jazz from us. Paris offered us Les Rita Mitsouko and took Billy Crawford off our hands. Paris gave us cinema and mimes.

Paris wants us to know that she's the most beautiful city in the world, has the best food, art, and fashion, is ultra-romantic, but doesn't want us to visit her. Paris hates tourists—especially Yankees (and she can't tell the difference between Canadians and Americans, unless you're from Quebec, in which case she'll laugh in your face because you talk funny).

What it comes down to, I believe, is that Paris has been built as a Shangri-La for French people. If you're French, Paris is paradise. But it's a very unwelcoming place for a visitor. I'm always amazed at how many stories I've heard of friends who've found themselves crying on a set of steps there somewhere, feeling incredibly alienated and lonesome.

It's as common a sight as dog shit on the sidewalks. They should sell postcards with beautifully photographed images of Americans crying on the steps of the Sacré Coeur. In

North America, we're raised with the idea that individualism is a good thing, a strength. But Paris doesn't want your opinions, your ideas, your beliefs, your look, or your spirit. She doesn't want to be reminded that there's another world outside the perfect little one she's created for herself. If you enter, be French. And what can you say to that, really?

I understand why she does it. I get it. She's protective. She resists Westernization and Americanization with everything she has. When the French voted "no" in the referendum for the European constitution a few years ago, I wasn't surprised at all. The French don't want to be European. They just want to be French. Paris refuses to give herself up, or to be destroyed. It took me a long time to fully understand that. And when I finally did, I left. I almost felt like apologizing to her as I was leaving.

So farewell, Paris. I tried. You make me jealous. I resent your beauty. I hate you for hating me, but I'll always admire you from afar.

Buck 65's *Situation* is out October 30 on Strange Famous. www.buck65.com



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